# ROME IN IRELAND

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# ROME IN IRELAND

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BY

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AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND," AND "PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN IRELAND"

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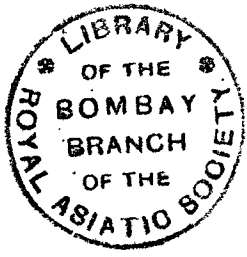
"And the Priests thereof teach for hire, and the Prophets thereof divine for money."—MICAH iii. 11.

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# PREFACE

ON looking through my correspondence files, I find I have received applications by post from various parts of the United Kingdom, every week since I began the delivery of the lectures now printed in *Rome in Ireland*, asking me if I intended to publish some particular one of them separately in pamphlet form. It is largely, though not entirely, in deference to a public wish so generally expressed that this book now appears.

I had always intended to publish the addresses at some time or other. The delivery of them formed an agreeable recreation amid the continuous labour entailed in writing *Priests and People in Ireland*, and the still more exacting duties imposed by the large work, now approaching completion, upon which I am still engaged.

Each of the lectures was prepared with a purpose and, taken together, they possess a cohesive entity. A sequence of fact, illustration, and argument will be found to pervade them, calculated to stimulate thought on the relationship which ought to subsist

between Religion and Education, a problem which we hope to see solved before we have advanced far into the twentieth century.

The personal experiences and the pictures of Irish life and scenery fall naturally into their places in connection with each lecture, and will not, I hope, be found without interest and value.

MICHAEL J. F. McCARTHY.

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# CHAPTER I

## EDUCATION IN IRELAND

THE speeches and addresses published in this book cover a period of two years and three months, commencing with the 18th of October, 1901, and ending with the 22nd of January, 1904. The lecture on "Education in Ireland," delivered in the Round Room, Rotunda, Dublin, on the 18th of October, 1901, was the first address ever delivered by me in public. I cannot remember having spoken previously at a public meeting; and, therefore, I was nervous and doubtful as to the success of that event.

*Five Years in Ireland*, which appeared in March, 1901, had brought me very prominently before the Irish public. At the date of this lecture the book was in its sixth edition and in constant demand. Indeed, it still continues high in public favour, its tenth edition having been larger in quantity than any previous impression.

About the second week of March, 1901, an influential deputation had waited upon Lord Cadogan at the Castle to request the Government to take up the question of University Education in Ireland, with the ultimate view of providing a Roman Catholic University which would satisfy the

demands of the bishops and priests. At that date there was not a cloud on the priests' horizon in Ireland. The Irish Protestants were apparently prepared to surrender to the arrogant pretensions of the Roman-Irish priests in everything. It seemed as if the questionable methods of those priests, both in controversy and in religion, were being imitated by a certain section of the Church of Ireland parsons, and by a small number of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and other ministers of religion. The Roman priests' party was the winning religious party in Ireland. Governments, public bodies, and individuals seemed to be willing to accept the pronouncements of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood as the decisions of a final court of appeal. I never remember a time at which public spirit was at so low an ebb in the country.

Lord Cadogan promised the deputation that he would appoint a Commission *instanter;* that the Commission would commence its deliberations at once; that it would sit only for a brief period; that it would present its report without delay; and finally that legislation would immediately follow its report. It was to be different from all Royal Commissions ever appointed in all these respects. It seemed, as the result of the Lord Lieutenant's reply to this deputation, that the priests' worst ambitions were at length to be realised in the endowment of a rich Roman Catholic University completely under sacerdotal control.

It was within one week after the delivery of Lord Cadogan's reply to the deputation that *Five Years in Ireland* was published, on the 18th of March, 1901. It is no exaggeration to say that it fell upon the

priests "like a bolt from the blue," to use an expression which countless writers and speakers have since that date applied to the appearance of the book. One of its most overt results has been that not one of the promises held forth to that deputation by Lord Cadogan has since been fulfilled. In the first place, the promised Commission was not immediately appointed. On the contrary, six months elapsed from that date before the Commission could be got together. In the second place, its deliberations were far from short. In the third place, its report was long delayed; and, so far, legislation has not followed upon its presentation.

If the Roman priests' forces in Ireland have been partially discomfited, their defeat dates from the appearance of that single volume whose only merit was that it disclosed some of the bare facts and truths of the condition of priest-governed Ireland.

One of the objects on which I had set my heart in writing *Five Years in Ireland* was the defeat of the scheme for the endowment of a Roman Catholic University under priests' management. Bad as may be the influence of the priest in the primary and secondary education of the country, his domination would be infinitely worse in the realm of state-subsidised University education. I, therefore, decided to deliver my first lecture upon the priest's influence in Irish education, with special reference to the Royal Commission, whose appointment had just been announced and which had commenced its sittings.

It was not without trepidation that the promoters of this lecture engaged the Round Room of the Rotunda. Half a dozen sandwich men were sent

into the streets bearing placards announcing that Mr. M. J. F. McCarthy, author of *Five Years in Ireland*, was to deliver a lecture on "Education in Ireland" in the Rotunda. I well remember the shock I experienced at first meeting them in Westmoreland Street. Disturbance was anticipated, and a large audience was by no means looked forward to. The power of the priests rendered people of position chary about identifying themselves with a Roman Catholic who had openly and uncompromisingly attacked the sacerdotal organisation.

Sir Robert W. Jackson, C.B., Chairman of the Pembroke Urban District Council, presided at the lecture; and I shall ever feel that the cause of mental freedom in Ireland owes him a great debt of gratitude for having had the courage of his convictions. He is one of the most distinguished officers of the Army Medical Department—a veteran who attended to our soldiers in the trenches before Sebastopol, in the Indian Mutiny, in the Ashantee Campaign, in the Zulu War, and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. Writing of Sir Robert Jackson as he was at the time of the Crimean War, Lord Wolseley says: "Our delightfully Irish assistant-surgeon, dear old Jackson, now Sir Robert Jackson, the cheeriest and best of comrades and least complaining of men, was on duty with us."[1] And again, speaking of the Indian Mutiny, Lord Wolseley says, "My good friend Dr., now Sir Robert, Jackson, our regimental assistant-surgeon."[1]

Mr. R. L. Crawford acted as honorary secretary, and to him is also due much of the credit for the success with which the lecture passed off. In

[1] *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, vol. i. pp. 111 and 310.

addition to the chairman and secretary there was a band of men who energetically assisted in its organisation. I should be happy to mention all their names if I thought they would wish me to do so; but I think under the circumstances, they will be best pleased if I reiterate my thanks to them collectively for their exertions, and put it on record that I believe the cause of human freedom in Ireland is indebted to them, in a measure, no less than to the chairman and secretary.

When the eventful evening arrived, Major-General Dillon, Miss H. G. V. Dillon, my wife and daughter accompanied me to the Rotunda, where I found an audience numbering from seven to eight hundred persons assembled in the Round Room. Several well-known Dublin people were present; and, to their credit be it said, were not in the least afraid to take up prominent positions in the hall. Reporters from all the papers attended, and a partial list of names of those present was published in the press. A well-known Roman Catholic merchant of the city occupied a seat on the platform.

When I made my bow to the audience I felt exceedingly nervous. My head swam and my voice seemed to have deserted me. I could not hear myself uttering the opening sentences. When sight and hearing returned to me, one of the first objects I distinguished from my position on the platform was the corporal presence of a burly and by no means beautiful priest, seated in one of the front rows, within about two yards of where I stood. I also noticed more than one priest farther back in the hall. All through the early portion of the lecture the priest in the front seat hissed when

the rest of the audience applauded; and I shall never forget the evident disappointment and surprise with which he looked around for support amongst those who sat on both sides of him. After a few ebullitions of hissing he discovered that he was in uncongenial company, and his face became purple with self-consciousness and bad temper. He sat out the lecture to the end, but his hisses grew fewer as I proceeded, though my language against the priests waxed stronger. There were some young men in the gallery who at first appeared inclined to interrupt me, but their efforts collapsed as I proceeded, and I can truly say that I carried my first lecture through successfully and closed amidst unanimous applause. There was no disturbance of any description except the hissing of the priest; but I felt inexpressible relief and thankfulness when it was all over and I had made my first bow to the public in the flesh.

I had printed the lecture beforehand, so that there could be no doubt as to what I intended to say; and I had supplied copies to the press. The sacerdotal newspapers acted unfairly, either giving an account of the proceedings which was inaccurate and disrespectful to me, or not reporting the occurrence at all. The other Dublin papers, considering the difficulties of the situation, treated the lecture fairly, though, of course, none of them reported it *verbatim*.

I have not altered the text of this lecture in any particular, as I think the chief interest in the publication of such a collection of addresses as these, would be considerably lessened if the deliverances were subjected to a process of editing by the author in the light of subsequent experience.

I began by thanking the audience for having come to hear what I had to say on Education in Ireland. "Before beginning my lecture," I went on, "let me read for you a short passage about myself. It is from the *Spectator* of last week, and occurs in a review of *Five Years in Ireland*:—

"Mr. McCarthy passes before him all sorts and conditions of men, and every variety of political and social event, and gives his opinion in a frank, good-natured temper of mind. He never descends to personalities. Thus he keeps his pages sweet, and he takes us further into Irish sympathies than one had hoped for from an Irishman writing on Ireland, . . . One can almost see the tears between the lines. Absence of personalities, abnegation of ancient grudges, earnestness, and common sense are his attributes, and he does not lack humour."

I shall endeavour to be true to that character of myself to-night; and, if I am forced, by the logic of facts, to express strong conclusions, let my hearers, in the words of the *Spectator*, believe that those conclusions are indeed interlined with tears.

Few indeed, even of those who differ from me, will deny that the position I have taken up on this question is one demanding courage and involving risk. Well, so be it. I accept the risk and I claim no credit for the courage. I do not personally fear my own people, whether they be priests or laymen. I am bound to express my convictions.

I hope to show the United Kingdom that we can differ, if necessary, upon such a question as

"Education in Ireland" without personalities, without outrage, or violence of any description.

We are met together in this historic room at a momentous period in Ireland's history. We have certain rights as free men. We have duties as fathers and as Christians. We have responsibilities as citizens of the United Kingdom. We are of all denominations and of all politics.

Speaking for myself, I will not surrender my right to openly discuss the vital question of my children's education through fear of any man, or body of men, official or non-official, lay or clerical. Nor will I transfer my responsibility for my children's education to any caucus, or to any Secret Commission, no matter how authoritatively convened, or however versed may be its members in the domain of book-learning.

I am here to-night in the interests of no particular political party; and under the patronage of no religious or political organisation.

I stand before you as a fellow human being, the father of children, a born Irishman—a Catholic Irishman—who lives in Ireland, and who has no intention of leaving it.

Let me ask: What are we Irishmen of all denominations anxious for in the matter of education? Do we desire our children to pursue those paths of knowledge and instruction which lead onwards to truth, and to individual and national advancement? Is that our common object, no matter what denomination we belong to? If so, why can we not travel together? Why should our tendency be to sub-division; to misunderstanding, to perpetuation of ancient grudges, to sectarianism,

all of which lead, not to individual and national advancement, but to national perdition? That is the moral which I shall draw from the instances which I shall give you of how education is managed in prosperous foreign countries, Catholic and Protestant.

Education has become almost entirely sectarian in the Irish Primary or National Schools. There were 8,651 national schools in operation in 1899; and 3,278 of them were attended by pupils of both denominations; 2,303 of them were under exclusively Catholic teachers, the pupils being 94 per cent. Catholic, and 6 per cent. Protestant; 931 of them were under exclusively Protestant teachers, and the pupils were 89 per cent. Protestant, and 11 per cent. Catholic. There were 44 schools under conjoint Protestant and Catholic teachers, the attendance at which was 59 per cent. Catholic, and 41 per cent. Protestant.[1]

The remaining 5,326 national schools are avowedly sectarian; 3,925 of them Catholic and 1,401 Protestant. But sectarianism—which, in a small island like ours, is but another name for internecine strife and factionism and national disunion—sectarianism is swiftly and surely growing. In 1889 47·5 per cent. of the national schools were non-sectarian; in 1898 that percentage had fallen to 38, while in the same period the number of sectarian schools had risen from 52 per cent. to 61 per cent.

We are told by thoughtless Irish writers that the genius of Ireland is sectarian. Alas, my fellow-

[1] The latest available statistics for 1903 will be found in Chap. III.

countrymen, that is no compliment; it is but another way of telling us that we possess the genius of the Kilkenny cats. Let us ask ourselves the question, Are we not committing the crime of national suicide? Are not our people emigrant, and disappearing from the face of Ireland? Those emigrants are my own kith and kin, and I know them with a knowledge more than skin-deep. Does any one say that they are flying from a bad Government to a good Government? If so, let me quote the words of a parish priest of my own church, and, if necessary, I can multiply such evidence on the subject.

Father Casey, P.P. of Abbeyfeale, says:—"They flee from Holy Ireland, but is it to better themselves? By no means. Bad as the Government is under which they live, that under which they hope to prosper is infinitely worse. In New York these young fellows are compelled to dig sewers or die." Father Casey goes on to say: "If they all run away what will happen? Ireland will have lost them, and, as experience teaches, their children under foreign influence will lose their holy faith, and despise and deny their very names and country."

Let me ask Father Casey, Have they not to dig sewers just as well at home? Have they not to live in hovels while their priests live in luxury and officiate in temples of a magnificence which is altogether out of place in a poor country like ours? And if they learn to despise their name and country in America, is it not because of their country's pettiness, its religious factionism, and the apparent hopelessness of ever improving it?

And if they fly from a bad Irish Government to a worse American Government may it not be because at least in America there is no sectarianism implanted in the receptive mind of the school-boy, in schools supported by the money of the nation?

There the child gets a fair chance of starting life *at peace with*, instead of *at war with*, his brother-citizens of all religious denominations. In that great land across the Atlantic—the home of the free, the industrious, and the brave—as we shall see later on, the priest is in his proper place; whereas Ireland—God pity her!—is the paradise of the priest.

I yield to no man living in my respect for the priest when he is in his proper place. But we ourselves and our Government have conceded entirely too much secular power to him in Ireland.

Let me give one instance of the power of the priest in connection with education in Ireland:—

There are 5,893 Catholic National Schools in Ireland, and of these 5,726 are under priest-managers and only 167 under lay-managers, the priest having forty times the power of the layman.

There are 2,565 non-Catholic National Schools, and of these 1,821 are under clergymen managers and 744 under lay managers, the cleric being only twice as powerful as the layman.

And let us consider what this school managership means. It means a patronage equivalent to £1,433,477 of our money in the year. That money is not priests' money; it is not the money of the Commissioners of National Education; it is OUR MONEY; the money of the servant-teacher, for instance, in a far greater degree than that of the

master-priest. This school-managership means the patronage and power of appointment and dismissal, at three months' notice of 12,990 principal and assistant teachers; it spells power and domination over the wives and children and relatives of these 12,990 servant-Irish men and women.

That is not for the nation's good. Those teachers are servants of the State as much as are the judges of the land; they are not the domestic servants of the priests.

Far be it from me to advocate any policy which would lessen the influence of the minister of religion over the religious instruction of the pupils; but I do think, and I am certain the feeling of the country is, that the national teacher should obtain fixity of tenure during efficient service, under the supervision of the Education Department, as a right from the nation, not as a concession from the priest. The teacher's independence, manliness, and self-respect should be fostered for the sake of his pupils, who will learn from him either cowardice or courage—either straightforwardness or duplicity.

Such is the power of the priest over primary education in Ireland. He is also absolute master over the Intermediate grade of education, and takes the lion's share of the lucrative Intermediate Result Fees, amounting to £50,000 a year. And over the so-called Industrial Schools and Reformatories, which draw close upon £200,000 per annum, he is the unquestioned monarch. The priest has, in fact, made State-subsidised teaching in Ireland a profitable monopoly, and has crushed the whole profession of lay Intermediate teachers out of existence.

We are now told that if we make him master of State-subsidised University Education, we shall have solved the Irish problem. Let us consider the question calmly. My position, as a lay Irish Catholic, is this. I want my children to receive such a training as will fit them to compete successfully in after-life with Protestants. All the great industrial nations are Protestant. In fact, the world is a Protestant world, wherever it is a wide-awake world. Isolation from Protestants, distrust and hatred of Protestants, have not enabled ourselves and our fathers to compete successfully with Protestants. I hold that it is not necessary, as Father Casey says, to forsake our ancient religion in order to compete successfully with our fellow-citizens of all denominations. But it must be conceded that the study of Catholic theology and Church history, and the lives of our innumerable saints and martyrs, does not fit our youth for success in the practical pursuits of life. An excessive amount of time spent upon Catholic religious exercises and observances did not enable our ancestors to advance the race intellectually or commercially. Our forefathers have done nothing for us in this practical matter. It has been left for us who are alive to-day to face it, and fight the good fight for our children and our children's children.

The road upon which we have been travelling has led, as we all see, to prosperity for the cleric, and to the reverse of prosperity for the layman. The Irish priesthood has become the wealthiest and the most prosperous in the world, while the Irish Catholic laity remain the least progressive, the most

timid, down-hearted, and despondent white race in the world.

Will the creation and endowment of a Priest's University for Catholic Laymen change this condition of things? Or will it intensify the prosperity of the priest, and still further accentuate the distress of the priest-pecked layman? Before coming to a decision, let us survey the other civilised countries of the earth, and see what is the priest's place in secular university education. In some of those countries the Catholic religion is in the ascendant; in others the Protestant religion is the dominant one; and in others the two religions are almost equal. But they are all, except one or two Catholic countries, far ahead of us, as our emigrant brothers discover when they meet their citizens in foreign lands.

We, Catholic Irishmen, are often proud to remember that the full profession of our religion has not been found incompatible with the management and maintenance of an important country like Austria-Hungary, with its population of over forty millions. The Austrian portion of that empire has a population of 24,736,700, of which 19,505,993 are Catholic. The Law of April 27, 1873, regulates all universities in Austria; and the twelfth section of that law lays it down that—'Eligibility for Academic office is not dependent on creed.' And the theological faculties are separated by statutes from the secular faculties of the eight universities; the theological faculty, in two universities out of eight, being given the office of Chancellor. The entire expenditure on the Austrian universities in 1897 was 3,758,274 guldens, of which only 147,037 guldens

went to the theological faculties; that is to say, about one-thirtieth of the whole. The Catholic students numbered 11,915 out of a total of 16,059 in 1897: and 1,529 of them were theological students, a decrease from 1,626 in 1893. Here with us in Ireland, with a Catholic population only one-sixth of that of Austria, our theological students, instead of being only one-eighth of the whole body of secular university students, are greater in numbers than all the others put together.

In Hungary the Protestant population is slightly in excess of the Catholic, being 52 per cent. of the entire population of 16,000,000. The position of the priest in secular University Education in Hungary is thus stated by the British Ambassador: "No University with a religious character exists in Hungary." There are Catholic theological faculties; but they have nothing to say to secular education.

Now let us take Bavaria, which affords a closer parallel to Ireland than any other European country. Its population is over 6,000,000, and is increasing. Its superficial area is 5,000 square miles less than Ireland. Of its inhabitants, about 4,000,000 are Catholic, and 2,000,000 are Protestant. What provision is made for the university education of Catholics in Bavaria? Let the answer re-echo throughout Ireland. It runs thus:—"As no statistics of creed exist, it is not possible to ascertain the proportion of the Catholic population receiving university education. There is no limit whatever in respect to creed. Originally private institutions, under clerical influence, the Bavarian Universities gradually became secularised, and are now completely subject to the authority of the State. As the

Universities are opened to students of all creeds, the Church exercises no control whatever." There are separate endowments for Catholics and for Protestant theology.

Is not that an example for us in Ireland, given to us by a country of about the same size and population as our own, but differing from our unhappy country, as the result of the different character of its educational system, in this respect, that its population, its wealth and its importance are increasing, while ours are all on the wane? Incidentally let me point out to my fellow-religionists that while the 4,000,000 Bavarian Catholics have but two archbishops and six bishops, the 3,400,000 Irish Catholics have four archbishops and twenty-four bishops.

Next, let us consider Belgium, the population of which is almost entirely Catholic. It is only a little over one-third the size of Ireland, yet it contains over six-and-a-half millions of people, and its population is increasing. In this prosperous little Catholic country, what position does the State concede to the priest in secular university education? The answer is: "Neither of the State Universities of Ghent or Liège, nor the Free University of Brussels, has any denominational character." In reply to my inquiry, writes the British Minister, "as to the relations between the State Universities and the Roman Catholic Episcopate, the Director-General of Higher Education writes that no such relation exists." The six-and-a-half millions of our fellow-Catholics in Belgium are content with one Archbishop and five bishops, making a total of six as against our twenty-eight.

What have these six Belgian bishops done to provide sectarian Catholic university education for those laymen who desire it? They have founded the free Catholic University of Louvain, whose professors "must hold the Orthodox faith, and think rightly of the Roman Catholic religion." How is that Catholic University in Belgium supported? The answer is forthcoming—1st, from students' fees; 2nd, from a fund collected by the Belgian Episcopate; 3rd, from bequests and donations; 4th, from half-yearly collections made in all Roman Catholic churches in its behalf.

That is a concrete instance of what our Irish Catholic bishops might have done during the last fifty years. The Belgian Catholic University was founded in 1835 by the six Belgian bishops, who have maintained it as a going concern to the present day; and out of a total of 4,835 University students in Belgium, 1,636 were attending the University of Louvain in 1895. Our twenty-eight Irish bishops founded their Catholic University in 1852, and in their hands it has become a wreck, and lies a sheer hulk to-day by the roadside in Stephen's Green.

How have our twenty-eight bishops employed themselves and their millions of money in the half-century since 1852? The answer will be found in my forthcoming book on the Catholic Church in Ireland.[1] The position of the twenty-eight Irish bishops in this matter, as compared with that of the six Belgian bishops, is one of disgrace and reproach to them. Their record is so bad on this point that they are the last body in Ireland to whom a Government should hearken, or apply for guidance,

[1] *Priests and People*, published in August, 1902.

on the question of secular University education for Catholics.

In Denmark, a Protestant country, smaller than Catholic Ireland, but forging ahead, while we are drifting to the rear, "no special institutions or regulations exist relative to Roman Catholics, who are admitted, like other persons, both to University teaching, examinations, and academic degrees."

In France, that great Catholic country, with a population of thirty-eight millions, which stands in the forefront of European civilisation, and which gives a lead to the world in so many departments of human knowledge, the answer of the British Ambassador is: "All Universities are entirely unsectarian. No relations exist between the Universities proper and the episcopate."

Next coming to Italy, the headquarters of Roman Catholicism, with its population of over thirty-one millions, who are entirely Catholic, what do we find? "By the Act of Union of Italy, the Roman Catholic religion is the State religion. The Universities are State institutions, under the direction of the Ministry of Public Education. Theology does not form one of the subjects taught in the Universities. The four faculties in which a degree can be taken are—Philosophy, Law, Medicine, and Mathematics. There are a great number of seminaries for the education of priests; these are under the supervision of Roman Catholic bishops."

In the Netherlands, that rich and prosperous country, less than half the size of Ireland, with a population of 5,000,000, three-fifths of whom are Protestant and two-fifths Catholics, we are told that "there is no Roman Catholic University. The four

Dutch Universities are open to all creeds and persuasions, and no objection is made by the Roman Catholic clergy to persons of their faith attending them."

In Portugal, a Catholic country, not as prosperous as the Netherlands or Belgium or Bavaria, about the same size as Ireland, and with a population of 5,000,000, we are told that "there is no relation whatever of the University to the Episcopate." The significant statement is added that "Mortmain Corporations are disqualified by law from holding real property."

In Prussia, that great kingdom with its population of 32,000,000, of which 11,000,000 are Catholics, we find that "no special arrangements exist in Prussia for the University education of Roman Catholics as such, except in regard to the study of Roman Catholic theology." And we find that out of the 11,000,000 of Catholics in Prussia only 723 were studying theology in the Universities and 408 at the episcopal seminaries. With a Catholic population three times as great as Ireland, Prussia has not got nearly as many theological students as Ireland has.

In Spain we are told that "no special provision for the University Education of Roman Catholics or other religious denominations exists, the whole system being entirely secular since the Revolution of 1868." The word "revolution" reminds me that there are very serious anti-clerical movements afoot in Spain at present; also that our neighbours, the French, are taking strong measures against the Monastic Orders. I hope that Ireland may be spared from such scenes of violence; and that

we shall not be driven to have recourse to strong measures here. But at the same time it should be remembered that the timidity and long-suffering nature of our people cannot be relied upon with overweening confidence. The clerical yoke which we bear at present in Ireland is not easy, nor is its burden light, and the statesman who increases it will have much to answer for.

In Sweden, that happy, highly educated, and prosperous northern land, there are practically no Catholics; at least they are not found in the Universities.

In Switzerland, which has a population of three millions, of whom the Roman Catholics constitute 40 per cent., the answer from all the Cantons is: "That the Universities take no cognisance of differences of religion." In the Canton of Fribourg: "The great majority of the students of the University are Roman Catholic, but there are also students of other creeds." The authorities add: "We are aware of this as a general fact, without being in a position to give you exact figures, owing to the fact that the students have never been grouped from the point of view of their religion. We have a faculty of Roman Catholic theology towards which the Swiss Episcopate stands in relations naturally resulting from the canon law."

We now come to the United States of America, the largest and most expansive nation of white men in existence, with a population of over 70 millions. We in Ireland hear a great deal of exaggeration as to the power of our fellow-religionists in the States. Let us now have a few hard facts. According to the official paper published by the U. S. Commis-

sioner of Education, out of 484 Universities and Colleges existing in the United States, 61 are Roman Catholic institutions—that is to say, 12½ per cent., or one-eighth of the whole number; and of the 52,794 young men passing through a collegiate course in the United States, 5,052 are Catholics—that is to say, less than one-tenth of the whole number; and of the 3,762 graduated students in the United States, only 166 are Catholics—that is to say, one-twentieth of the whole. "Roman Catholic institutions, like those of other denominations, are debarred from public endowments, either from the Federal or State Governments, or from the municipal authorities of the town where they are situated." The American priest is not permitted to make money out of the United States' taxes. The Georgetown University, at Washington, the oldest Catholic institution in the United States, derives £23,782 out of its total income of £24,000, from students' fees. Uncle Sam will not contribute a red cent to the remuneration of the Catholic priest either as a secular instructor or as a theological instructor. That is how the priest stands with regard to all education in the United States of America. That is the reply of the American Minister of Education to Lord Pauncefote's request for information as to what provision was being made in the United States for the University education of Roman Catholics.

In the young, self-governing colonies of the United Kingdom the trend of things is the same.

New South Wales says :—"The University of Sydney is a non-sectarian institution." There are sectarian colleges, but their insignificance may be judged from the number of students in residence—

namely, 16 in the Church of England College; 16 in the Roman Catholic College; and 25 in the Presbyterian College—a total of 57 out of 512 students attending the University lectures.

The colony of Victoria says:—"No special or separate education for Roman Catholics."

The colony of Queensland says:—"No University yet, but three exhibitions of £100 a year, open to all students, without regard to religious faith."

South Australia says:—"The Adelaide University is purely undenominational in character. Out of 1,700 candidates 230 are Catholics, that is to say, one-seventh of the whole number. Out of 102 students who took degrees, ten came from Catholic schools, that is to say, one-tenth of the whole."

In Tasmania, we are told:—"No provision made in the University of Tasmania for Roman Catholics. The Act of Incorporation prohibits the conferring of any degree in theology or divinity."

In New Zealand, we are told: "The University of New Zealand, and the four University Colleges are quite undenominational in character; no means of ascertaining how many Catholic students." The Catholic Archbishop and Bishop are on the senate, "but," says Lord Ranfurly, "these have been elected, not as Roman Catholics, but in the same way as other citizens."

In Cape Colony, we are told:—"No special relations subsist in this Colony between the Roman Catholic episcopate and the authorities of the University."[1]

[1] The most recent parliamentary statistics on the University Question abroad, will be found in Parliamentary Paper, Miscellaneous, No. 2 (1900), containing "Reports from Her

Lastly, we come to the Dominion of Canada. In Manitoba there is only an examining body, with an endowment of 150,000 acres of Government land, of which "practically none has been yet sold." In Nova Scotia, there are two Catholic Colleges for the 122,452 Catholics in the province, attended by 208 students, but they are not State institutions. In New Brunswick, "No State provision is made for the University education of any particular denomination or class." In the important province of Ontario, which is the vital part of Canada, containing the city of Toronto and Ottawa, the capital, the University of Ottawa, conducted by the Oblates, "has no regular endowment," and is the only institution of the kind in the province. In the province of Quebec, which contains the fine and growing city of Montreal (population 220,000), the Laval University, with branches at Quebec city (population 63,000) and Montreal, is the only institution in the nature of a provision for Catholic University education. It is a French institution, founded in 1852 by the bishops of Lower Canada. Its professors and students do not know and do not want to learn how to speak English. This icy establishment was founded and is sustained by the clerical seminary of Quebec.

We have now surveyed the whole civilised world, and nowhere have we found a precedent for the establishment of a State-subsidised University

Majesty's Representatives abroad, on the Provision made in Foreign Countries for the University Education of Roman Catholics"; and a Colonial Office paper entitled "Papers Relating to the University Education of Roman Catholics in certain Colonies," March, 1900.

for the secular education of Catholics as a separate body in Ireland. There is no such institution in England, Scotland, or Wales. The Birmingham University, which was endowed and opened a few years ago, is non-sectarian.

Isolated as Catholic Ireland is; cut off from the society of Europe; taught, alas, to hate and distrust its nearest neighbour, Great Britain; in touch with America, but 3,000 miles away from it; Ireland is the one country in the world where the further subjugation of Catholic education to religion will do the most harm.

Will the retrograde step be taken? Will the present Government commit such a crime, perpetrate such an iniquity? A Commission of strangers has been sitting in secret in our midst. That Commission originated in a promise made to a deputation which waited upon Lord Cadogan last March. The deputation itself, I am informed, originated through the vote of the late Lord Michael Morris, an Irish lawyer, whose faculty of humour was not under-rated, and who received an ample share of taxpayers' money for whatever work he did in his day. This Commission of strangers is presided over by a Scotch lawyer, Lord Robertson, who, when the Commission is dispersed, will shake the dust of Ireland from off his shoes, and return to his own free and happy country. His will be the responsibility in the second degree for whatever evil consequences may accrue to Ireland from this secret inquisition. Far be it from me to cast a slur upon lawyers. Some of our greatest men were members of the legal profession. But, in this particular instance, I cannot help recollecting that this

happens to be St. Luke's Day, the 18th of October, and we all remember those divine words which occur in the eleventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. They are the words of our Saviour:—"Woe unto you also, ye lawyers, for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." Shall we have to apply those words to the lawyers and professors concerned in this business? Not one of those Secret Commissioners will touch the burden grievous to be borne, with which, in the opinion of many, they are about to lade Ireland. I hope our children may not be forced to say of them: "Woe unto you! for ye have built the sepulchre of knowledge for future generations of Catholic Irishmen. Woe unto you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in, ye hindered."

For a new University in Ireland, governed by priests, and established in the face of all evidence to the contrary, will be, indeed, a sepulchre for knowledge, and those who create it, be they lawyers or professors, will have closed the gates of the temple of useful knowledge upon generations of Irishmen yet unborn.

But whose will be the responsibility in the first degree, should such a calamity ensue? Out of his own mouth let him tell us—"The position in which I stand is this—I am primarily responsible for the legislation and policy of the government of the moment in Ireland." Let us hope that his Excellency Earl Cadogan, worthy man, the utterer of those words, will not be responsible for the

infliction of such untold evil upon the youth of Catholic Ireland, and upon its yet unborn generations.

All history proves that priests, from the days of Caiaphas to our own times, have been bad political advisers. I merely state a fact.

I institute no comparison between the Lord Lieutenancy of Judea and the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, or between the High Priest of Jerusalem and the Hierarchy of Ireland. The rule of the priest has had judgment passed upon it by all ages and in all climes. But I ask, What is the verdict of posterity upon Pontius Pilate, who weakly sided with the powerful priesthood of the Ireland of his day which he was sent to govern? There is a victim in Ireland to-day, no less than in the Ireland of Pilate's day—a victim which, according to all the authorities, is being slowly bled to death by the drain of emigration. That victim is not an individual, but a host of individuals; it is what is left of the lay Catholic population of Ireland. And it will not shield 'the minister primarily responsible for the Irish legislation of the Government,' to send for a ewer of water and, washing his hands, to exclaim, 'I AM INNOCENT OF THE BLOOD OF THESE JUST PEOPLE: LOOK YOU TO IT.'"

It was at the close of this lecture, in replying to the vote of thanks proposed to me, that I announced my intention of contesting the Stephen's Green Division of Dublin at the next general election, an announcement which was received with applause. The position of the political parties in the constituency was as follows:—Since its creation under the

Franchise Act of 1884 it had been represented by a Nationalist, until, in 1892, Mr. Kenny, Q.C., Unionist (the present Mr. Justice Kenny), contested the seat with Alderman Meade, Nationalist, a rich Dublin builder, and a man of great influence in the city.

Alderman Meade had been a prominent supporter of Mr. Parnell; and, therefore, was a Parnellite. At that time the priests' party in Nationalist politics were called anti-Parnellites, and they put forward a third candidate in their own behalf. The result of the election was that Mr. Kenny, Unionist, received 2,893 votes; Mr. Meade, Parnellite, 2,878; and the anti-Parnellite candidate 615 votes. Mr. Kenny obviously won the election because the Nationalist vote had been split between the Parnellite and the anti-Parnellite.

In 1895, when Mr. Kenny stood again for the constituency, he was opposed by Mr. Plunkett, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, who stood as a Nationalist. No anti-Parnellite candidate was nominated at this election, Mr. Plunkett's claims upon the priests, as holder of a papal title, being apparently overpowering. The result of the second contest was that Kenny received 3,661 and Plunkett 3,205 votes. Mr. Kenny being appointed Solicitor-General shortly afterwards, offered himself for re-election. Mr. Pierce Mahony contested the seat in the Nationalist interest, but the result of the poll was that Mr. Kenny received 3,225 and Mr. Mahony only 2,893 votes. It was evident from this that the Nationalist vote in the constituency was either dwindling in actual numbers or, that the voters were becoming infected by apathy; for while in

1892 it had amounted to 3,493, it fell in 1895 to 3,205, and subsequently sank to 2,893.

In 1898, when Mr. Kenny was appointed judge, the seat again became vacant. Mr. J. H. M. Campbell stood in the Conservative interest and was opposed by Mr. Plunkett; but Campbell was elected by 3,525 votes against 3,287 votes given to Plunkett, and he sat for the constituency until the year 1900.

In 1900 Mr. James M'Cann, a Nationalist of a neutral type, but an avowed supporter of the priestly autocracy which strangles the development of Catholic Ireland, presented himself to the constituency, and the once powerful Irish Nationalist Party was in such a disastrous condition of disunion and impecuniosity that it did not interfere in the election. The result was that Mr. M'Cann was elected by 3,429 votes against only 2,873 votes polled for Mr. Campbell, who was suspected of having evinced an inclination to temporise with the priests. It was under such circumstances that I thought I would give the electors of Stephen's Green division a chance of deciding between Mr. M'Cann and myself.

Mr. M'Cann died while these pages were going through the Press, and his unexpected demise led to political complications which induced me not to go to the poll at the bye-election, but to wait for the General Election. Mr. M'Cann always voted with the Roman Catholic bishops and priests whenever there was a conflict between the trade interests of the priests' organisation and the true interests of the people of Ireland. Protestant as well as Roman Catholic.

Therefore I decided that, as I live near Stephen's Green and walk twice or thrice daily through the constituency, I would not go farther afield in seeking for a seat at the General Election. It would not decide any of the questions at issue if I were to contest a seat held by a Protestant. My object is to make a stand against the supremacy of priestcraft in Irish commerce, in Irish education, in Irish society, and in Irish politics. Therefore in opposing a fellow-Catholic like Mr. M'Cann I should give one constituency, at all events, an opportunity of deciding between sectarian bitterness and brotherhood amongst Christians, between mental enslavement and mental freedom, between the idle perplexity engendered by superstition and the steady pursuit of intelligent industry.

The announcement of my intention, as I have said, was received with unanimous applause. When the proceedings had concluded quite a number of people came round behind the scenes to congratulate me. Amongst those was a well-known English member of Parliament who happened to be passing through Dublin, and, having heard accidentally of my lecture, had come to hear what I had to say. I shall not readily forget what he said to me. "I have always been in favour of a Roman Catholic University," he said, "but after hearing your lecture I shall always vote dead against it. I want to hear no more about the question now. I always had my doubts, but I was inclined to vote for the project out of a feeling of charity. But now I find that my doubts were well founded, and the question will never again give me any trouble, for I shall vote against it whenever it turns up."

## CHAPTER II

### EDUCATION IN IRELAND

THE Dublin lecture having passed off successfully, I determined to give a lecture in Belfast, a city in which *Five Years in Ireland* was being widely read and warmly praised. Two friends, to whom I shall always feel deeply indebted, undertook the preliminary work of organising; and the large Y.M.C.A. hall at Wellington Place was engaged for the night of November 26, 1901. It was advertised that I would give a second lecture on "Education in Ireland," and Sir James Henderson, D.L., kindly consented to take the chair. I cannot say that I was quite as nervous in anticipation of the ordeal of this Belfast address as I had been in connection with the Dublin lecture. But I felt lonely at heart on my way down to Belfast to deliver a public address to people who, however much I might admire them, were strangers to me. I continually asked myself the questions, "What have these things to do with me? Are not the facts upon which I speak and write known to all? What special mission have I to point the moral of them for all the rest of Ireland? May not all those others be wise in their generation in closing their eyes to the

melancholy truths which I am thrusting forward for all men to see?"

I had no friends in the city, and I spent the day of the lecture alone in Carrickfergus, endeavouring to get some fresh air, for it was damp and foggy in Belfast. I examined the Castle there and investigated the winding ways of the old town, but my thoughts were ever harping upon the effort which was before me in the evening. Carrickfergus is what is called a historic town. It may be a pleasant place in summer, but on a November day I cannot imagine a more dismal spot in which to spend one's time. It is essentially a town of the past. At one time it was the great seaport of the North-east of Ireland, and at that time Lisburn was the chief inland city of Ulster. To-day Belfast, standing midway between the two, has absorbed all the shipping business from Carrickfergus and the inland trade from Lisburn.

Owing to the absence of idlers, all North of Ireland towns seem lonely to a Southern on a week-day. Even the familiar sight of untended children overflowing from the thresholds of crammed and untidy houses, or engaged at their games in the gutter, is not vouchsafed to the sightseer. The streets of Carrickfergus were silent as the grave on this November day, save for the noise made by an elderly tramp who was loudly singing a hymn while he paced slowly up and down one of the poorer thoroughfares. I had never heard a devotional song thus sung in the streets before. I believe that had the poor old man committed such an offence in a Munster village he would have been stoned in the streets as a proselytiser. There the

only songs of the streetside are nonsensical chants of love, rebellion, mendicancy, or carousing.

I remember with extreme vividness my exploration of Carrickfergus Castle, which I thought one of the gloomiest and most deserted buildings I had ever seen. The presence of a few artillerymen within its walls seemed only to emphasise its loneliness. The harbour, which I walked round several times, was empty; some men being engaged in clearing away the seaweed from the bottom of it, as if it were a marine kitchen-garden. I felt as if I were in a city of the dead; and, looking back upon it, I can advise anybody who is about to lecture in Belfast for the first time not to spend the day of his lecture in Carrickfergus if it be November.

I returned to Belfast and dined, and I shall never forget the loneliness with which I walked by myself from my hotel down to the lecture hall. During that short walk I felt as if I were fighting alone against all the world. It was possible, if not probable, that there might be a disturbance. Those who believed in the truth of my cause might not feel sufficient confidence in me to attend the lecture; while the vested interests, necessarily affected by my movement, might, not unnaturally, be induced to disturb the proceedings and thereby help to discredit me at the start in Ulster and the North. When I arrived at the hall, I found people dropping in in considerable numbers, and at eight o'clock I was informed there were about a thousand people present. Some of the leading men of Belfast were not afraid to associate themselves with me; for, besides Sir James Henderson, who presided, there were present on the platform several wealthy

merchants of the city, like Sir Otto Jaffé, the present Lord Mayor; members of Parliament, like Sir James Haslett; prominent professional men, and clergymen of several denominations, including Dr. Nicholas, Vice-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

I commenced by thanking the Belfast people for the compliment which they had paid me by coming in such numbers to hear what I had to say on Education in Ireland. "This great city," I proceeded to say, "which your brains and industry have built up, as if by magic, constitutes a monument of progress and prosperity for which European history affords few parallels. This city of yours has shifted to the westward the commercial centre of gravity of the British Isles; and, if your sound, native, Ulster common sense be not interfered with, Belfast will still continue to attract an increasing share of the world's wealth to Ireland, by the excellence of its work and the industry of its people. Here in Belfast, then, with greater force than in any other spot in Ireland, should the free expression of the people's feelings on this subject of education find vent. Here, in this city, where common sense and sterling business principles are the rule and law of every-day life, is surely the most suitable place to demand that the principles of business and common sense should be applied to education.

Nor are we alone in making such a demand. The distinguished politician who has been placed by the voters of the United Kingdom at the head of the educational department in England—the Duke of Devonshire, a man for whom we all entertain the highest respect—has also been forced to ask for the application of common sense to this question of

education. For, even in England, in the hands of the so-called experts, this noble ship Education, which should carry the nation's youth in safety from infancy to capacity, is being scuttled by incompetence, and has come near to being engulfed in a flood of unintelligible gibberish. "I have occasionally," said the Duke of Devonshire, at Liverpool, on the 26th of October, ult., "to listen in the House of Lords to speeches by an educational expert, not one word of which, I am bound to acknowledge, can I understand. . . . As a fair average specimen of the man in the street, who needs to be convinced, I plead for the use of ordinarily intelligible language."

The Duke of Devonshire pleads for intelligibility: I am here to-night to plead for truth. Our so-called experts in Ireland are not recondite enough to take us out of our depth. Their knowledge is not of a type with which the man in the street need be afraid to measure swords. But the Irish Education Question is, nevertheless, more perplexing than the English. It is, for instance, a wearying and heart-rending task to wade through page after page of casuistry, equivocation, and lies, as I have done in studying the Blue Book just published, which contains the brazen demand put forward by the bishops of my own church for another hand-over to them of taxpayers' money, in connection with education in Catholic Ireland. Their sophistry, their unintelligibility, and their mystery seem to have proved too much even for the successful Scotchman, Lord Robertson, who presides over the secret Commission.

Truth is ever straight and brief; but Lord

Robertson seems to have found the spokesman of the Catholic bishops neither one nor the other. "Apparently," says Lord Robertson (question 378), "I can put no question that can be answered shortly, but I will make another attempt." And again (question 348), "I want to ask you about this mixed education, and, if possible, answer without a long speech." Three long days, September the 19th, 20th, and 21st, Bishop O'Dwyer spent in the congenial task of enveloping the situation in a dense fog, under cover of which the bishops hope, by means of such antique weapons as "dogma," "faith and morals," and "mediæval sophistry," to capture all the positions and emoluments of the new endowment for which Mr. Balfour has led them to hope.

It is a startling fact that Lord Cadogan should have lent himself to the disciples of secrecy and dissimulation, by excluding the Press from the sittings of this Commission. Was it in order to give Bishop O'Dwyer an opportunity of casting the following slur upon the subservient Nationalist Pressmen of Ireland, that the Press was excluded? "But the most astonishing thing is," says this brilliant theologian, "to take up our Catholic newspapers—papers that are avowedly Catholic, that profess to support Catholic principles—they write things that are shocking to a man who understands Catholic principles. But these people do not know what they are writing. The articles are written by flippant Intermediate chaps who go there and turn out their articles. They are uneducated Catholic men."

The Resident Commissioner of Education, Dr. Starkie, interposed and said sneeringly that he

thought it was National Teachers who wrote for the Catholic Press. Will it be credited that the Irish Catholic Press has got so completely into the hands of the priests that neither the *Irish News*, the *Freeman's Journal*, nor the *Cork Examiner* dared to resent this insult? They purred gently under it, with a protestation as ineffective as Commissioner Starkie's quarrel with Archbishop Walsh of Dublin. The people want to know, and have a right to know, everything that goes on from day to day at this inquiry; and if what goes on will not bear the free criticism of the people then the proceedings must be unworthy of the elected rulers of a free country, and must be vitiated from their conception.

What class of people is it who have recourse to mystery? "False priests, false prophets, false doctors," says Charles Dickens, "false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, veiling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been more indebted to that resource, in gaining the upper hand of Truth and Common Sense, than to any half a dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture." We must sorrowfully admit that there is still a large share of popular credulity in Ireland. Do Bishop O'Dwyer, Bishop Clancy, and Father Delany, the three spokesmen of the priests, in this instance, hope to annex for our Holy Mother the Church a large grant of public money by bringing a policy of mystery and sophistry to bear upon our popular credulity in Ireland? If so, that would be an old-fashioned sacerdotal game. But it amazes me, and it is something new to us to find, that an excellent Lord Lieutenant should lend

himself to the practice of the priests by concealing the daily proceedings at this inquiry from the people; for the people are the proprietors of the money which it is now proposed to pour into the already overflowing coffers of the Irish priests.

In my Dublin address last month I showed that there is no precedent in the civilised world for the proposed endowment out of public funds of a separate university for the secular education of Roman Catholics in Ireland. I showed how, in Catholic countries where such universities did once exist, those institutions have all now ceased to exist. And I showed how the State, that is the citizens themselves, progressing with the times, have charged themselves in all those countries with the responsibility of the education of the youth. And I showed how, in Europe and America, the priests' sphere of duty has been compulsorily confined to his altar, his confessional, his pulpit, and his ecclesiastical seminary—four very important spheres of influence, which give him ample scope for his activity.

Had the Irish priest concentrated his powers upon those fields of energy in Ireland for the past fifty years, it would not have fallen to my lot to record the wife-burning case at Ballyvadlea,[1] and the fratricide in Lisphelan,[1] with all their attendant horrors, and the complicity of entire localities. It is a sorrowful subject for me to touch upon. I know of no people in the world who are more to be pitied than the poor Catholic Irish; I know of no people in the world more neglected by their ministers of religion; I know of no people more lovable, more pliant, or more teachable. Well and

[1] See *Five Years in Ireland.*

truly did that widely-read newspaper, *The Scotsman*, say, in reviewing *Five Years in Ireland*, that "the proper work of the Catholic Church must be badly done in Ireland."

What a contrast between these two pictures, for instance! A Catholic bishop mouthing about "emoluments," about "science," about "University Education," about "faith and morals," in the presence of astounded law lords and judges, perplexed professors and idle visionaries, in Earlsfort Terrace; while the Catholics of a village of his own diocese refuse to bury the remains of their honest friend and neighbour who has been done to death by his own family, in the belief that he was possessed by devils!

But it is not with the priests' treatment of our Catholic emigrant poor that I am concerned here to-night. No; that theme must be reserved. It is the grievous wrong which the priests have inflicted upon the middle-class Catholic Irish for the past fifty years that tugs at my heart-strings to-night, and gives me strength and courage to appeal to those of my fellow-Christians who constitute the majority of this United Kingdom. Would that I occupied a position of prominence and power, so that my words might be flashed into all the centres of population of the United Kingdom! But every beginning is weak, and I console myself with the reflection that many a greater cause than ours has been brought to a triumphant issue from far smaller beginnings.

Let us briefly survey the history of state-subsidised education in Ireland, especially with reference to Catholics. The Catholic Emancipation

Act was passed in 1829. Two years afterwards, in 1831, the National Board of Education was established, for the administration of the funds placed at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant for the education of the poor in Ireland. The National Board was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1845. During the fourteen years next following its foundation, the National system was worked on National lines, and it worked so well that in 1845 the then Government, encouraged by the results attained, passed an Act for establishing new colleges in Ireland. And under that Act, in 1849, charters were granted to the three Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, the first President of Galway Queen's College being a Parish Priest, the Very Rev. Father Kirwan!

By the constitution of these Queen's Colleges it was decreed that there should be Deans of Residence, officially attached to each college, for every religious denomination of students attending the college.

Could any fairer proposal have emanated from a Government? Did it not prove an earnest desire on the part of Sir Robert Peel's Government to deal not alone justly, but even considerately, with the recently emancipated Catholics? This is, in effect, what the Peel Government said to our fathers in 1849:—"Your priests declare—you do not declare it yourselves—that it is dangerous to your faith and morals to associate with the heretics and reprobates, who are the majority of your fellow-citizens, and who are endowing these colleges for your benefit, because they do not belong to your own precise denomination of Christianity. Well, untrue and insulting as that contention is to us, the ruling

majority of the United Kingdom, and to obviate any supposed danger to your faith, any contamination to your morals, we give you, the Catholics, who will constitute the vast majority of the students in Cork and Galway, and a considerable portion of the students in Belfast, the right to have your own priests officially established as Deans of Residence in these colleges, exercising a religious power in proportion to the preponderating numbers of Catholic students. We give you equal privileges in all secular collegiate affairs with students belonging to the Reformed Churches. There is no longer to be any inequality or differentiation between Catholic and Protestant. The penal laws are no more! A day of genuine common brotherhood and full social and religious equality has dawned for you in this realm! Forget the past, and at length take your legitimate part in the citizenship and proprietorship of these kingdoms! Become educated, swell the ranks of the professions from which you have been so long excluded. Become cultured, fearless men, with no bounds to your ambition within the law, but the limits of your own capacity." Such, in effect, was Sir Robert Peel's message to Ireland.

Oh, how I respect Sir Robert Peel, looking back over the intervening half a century! And what consideration and tenderness for Catholic feeling did not Sir James Graham show in 1845? "Security must be taken," he said, speaking of the new colleges, "that in the lectures theological opportunities are not seized of making those lectures the vehicle of any particular religious tenets." Those were his words, and can we Catholics not read in them his pity for the weakness of our

fathers, his anxiety to allay their squeamish fears? Yet it was for the use of those words that Sir James Graham was denounced in Ireland as an advocate of "godless" education!

Why, it was under an excess of godliness that the Queen's College scheme laboured!

But Daniel O'Connell, at that time driven to distraction by the Young Ireland Party, and within a few brief months of his death, fallen from his glorious prime, had sheltered himself, like a coward, unworthy of himself, under the protection of the priests! "We, the Catholics of Ireland," said O'Connell, "will not trust the faith of our people to the guardianship of the Crown." That was precisely what our fathers were not asked to do; that was precisely what the office of Deans of Residence was especially constituted to prevent! Deans of Residence were actually appointed for a few years, and in 1851 we find Father O'Connor the Dean of Residence, reporting as follows:—"I have not yet seen, nor have the students yet reported, danger either to faith or to morals at the Queen's College, Cork"!

But the dying Irish lion, conscious only of his personal hatred of Peel, continues: "You, a secular Government, you, a Protestant Government, ask us to constitute you the protector of our people's faith." What rubbish! Why, the whole context of his speech shows that the essential meaning of the words "secular" and "secularism," as he used them, was "godless" and "godlessness." Yet in the same breath he uses the word "secular" as synonymous with the essentially religious term "Protestant" when speaking of Peel's Government.

If the Irish priests and their masters, the Italian Pope and Cardinals, were anxious that our fathers should possess all the educational advantages enjoyed by Protestants, without endangering the Roman faith, they would not have removed the Catholic Deans of Residence from the Colleges; they would have urged the well-to-do, middle-class Catholics to send their sons to those new fountains of learning at which the Irish Catholic's thirst for knowledge—denied to his fathers under the penal laws [1]—might be adequately and bounteously assuaged. Had the Irish bishops and priests done this, the Catholic graduates of Cork and Galway would have been found, in a dozen years from 1849, filling the professorial chairs of these two colleges. And for the past thirty years those institutions would have been centres of lay, Catholic life, enlightenment and energy.

But the Irish bishops first, and then their masters, the Italian Pope and Cardinals, cursed those colleges, and they refused to appoint a Catholic priest to fill the office of Dean of Residence in any one of them. And they rejected that priceless blessing which the Protestant majority of the United Kingdom, acting upon the truest spirit of Christianity—"bless them that curse you"—had generously placed at the disposal of our fathers. The truth is the unmarried oligarchy of Rome and their ordained slaves in Ireland hated and feared education and enlightenment as much in Ireland in 1849 as the Holy College did in Rome in 1616, when Galileo's proposition, that the sun is immovable in the centre

[1] See Chap. X., lecture on "Catholic and Protestant in Ireland."

of the world and that the earth has a diurnal motion of rotation, was condemned as "absurd in philosophy and formally heretical, and erroneous as to faith."

For over fifty years our unmarried Irish priests have perplexed, threatened, and harassed the Catholic parents of Ireland, male and female, into holding their children aloof from those three Queen's Colleges with far more zeal than if those institutions were plague-infected brothels. And the Catholics of Ireland who have acquired University degrees in that period, and who have struggled into the ranks of the professions, have done so, mainly, in defiance of the selfish priesthood of Ireland. During that fifty years our Irish bishops and priests have expended themselves in aggrandising their own order; in building, equipping, and endowing colleges for the education of priests all over the land; in begging, borrowing, yea, one might say, stealing money for the enrichment of those factories for the manufacture of home and foreign priests.

It comes badly from them now to taunt us laymen, as a body, with the inferiority of our position. Bishop O'Dwyer, with all the effrontery of a sacerdotal mendicant—as if to ingratiate himself with the landlords in the Government—has not been ashamed to put the following calumny on record in this Blue Book (p. 15): "You have left the Catholics of Ireland a body of paupers. We have no legitimate leaders. We are a mass, a crowd of people without any one at our head who might naturally lead us and help us."

And again, Bishop O'Dwyer (p. 25) says:—"If we had all through a landed gentry in Ireland in

sympathy with the people, the old traditional gentry, and if the feeling of reverence for them had never been interrupted, I think the country would be in a different condition altogether." What hypocrisy! I am a farmer's son; my mother was a farmer's daughter. My father was one of those people whom Bishop O'Dwyer speaks of as "the peasants of Munster who send their sons to be educated in Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges." I tell the Commissioners that it is the religious hatred perpetuated by the constant preaching of the disingenuous bishops and priests of Ireland which causes all the bitterness that sours existence for the Catholic Irish in their own land.

And Bishop O'Dwyer, exulting openly in the handiwork of his order for the past fifty-five years, since the year 1845, thus describes the condition to which his class has reduced the Catholic young men of Ireland (p. 24):—"I will simply say this in general, that nine-tenths of them are lost, and that they are now going to swell the ranks of the *déclassés*, without an education that is worth a button to them for any useful purpose." Thanks to my father's independence of the priests, Bishop O'Dwyer cannot include me or my brothers in this category of derelict, *déclassés*, Catholic young men.

What would an O'Dwyer University make them useful for? As to leaders, let me remind him that when we, Catholic Irish, needed leaders since 1847 we found them in the ranks of those brother Christians—the ruling majority of the United Kingdom—who extended the right hand of fellowship to us at the foundation of the Queen's Colleges. We, Catholic Irish, have not yet sunk to the position of

a race of paupers. We can keep Bishop O'Dwyer's coffers full to repletion. I find the following public advertisement in the *Dublin Evening Telegraph* of April 13th this year :—"The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, begs to acknowledge the receipt from Miss B. O'Grady, 4, Pembroke Road, Dublin, of £1,660 (one thousand six hundred and sixty pounds) for Masses for the repose of the souls of her late sister, Mary O'Grady, and of her parents and relatives, and of herself, and also charitable purposes in Limerick and Patrick's Well." That is a paltry windfall to Bishop O'Dwyer. Why did it not occur to him to offer it to found a scholarship for the proposed Catholic University ?

Well and truly did the great Apostle say, "For the love of money is the root of all evil." Of money legitimately made in business, of money which is devoted to the rearing of a family of good citizens, of money whose acquisition quickens every faculty, and tends to the advancement of the whole community, I express no disapproval. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." But of money amassed by hovering like a vulture over the deathbeds of the frail and timid, of money selfishly taken from the community for the aggrandisement of a class apart, one can truly say with the Apostle that it is in Ireland the "root of all evil." "Take heed," says the Lord, "and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not of the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Most truly did the O'Conor Don, one of the six lay Catholic witnesses, say (question 1836), "In fact, the whole question is a question of money."

Most truly did Colonel Ross of Bladensburg,

another Catholic witness, say (2163), "I should not say that the bishops and the clergy are experts in educational matters." No; but they are decidedly experts in the art of making money meanly. They cursed the Queen's Colleges because there was a prospect of enlightenment in them for the laity and not much money in them for the priests. They refrained from cursing the Royal University because half its Fellowships were given to themselves. And to whom do they dole out those Fellowships? To such laymen as are their own plastic creatures, and they give five out of the fifteen of them to priests, to members of that Jesuit Society, which, having taken a nominal vow of poverty, does not hesitate to rake in all the money that comes its way, including this £2,000 a year, the handsome combined salary of those five men. "I think," says Colonel Ross of Bladensburg (question 2165), "the primary thing in a professor ought to be that he should be capable of teaching—that he should be the best teacher you can get." But the same witness is forced to admit lower down (question 2198) that "religion must be the principal factor" in the sort of university which the Commissioners are now asked to report in favour of.

In one of his long, shifty speeches (p. 15) Bishop O'Dwyer says:—"Some people say, Why don't you Catholics get up a University for yourselves? You want your own religion. Give yourselves your own religion. The simple answer is that we are not able; and we are not able because you, the English Government, took from us the means by which we could do it." What a mendicant's plea, what a libel on our common Government

that is, in the light of the facts which we have travelled over this evening! And that is the man who steps outside his province and puts the following record about the North of Ireland in the Blue Book for the misinformation of posterity :—"I think the opinion of one man like Dr. Hamilton ought to outweigh the opinion of two or three counties in the North of Ireland, and I will tell you why. I do not suppose that there is on the face of the earth a spot where religious feeling and party and political feeling are so rancorous and bitter as they are in the North of Ireland. Why, they annually beat each other in the public streets in the interests of their religion. I do not suppose that in the world there is anything like the citizens of the same town, men who are working together in the same employment, walking the same streets, getting a fit of mania, like animals in the dog-days, and while that fit is on them, spending some twelve or fourteen days in the month of July beating each other right and left in the public streets. When you are dealing with an atmosphere like that, what is the value of the men who breathe it on the University Question?"

Is Lord Robertson prepared to put confidence in the speaker of that calumny? You are not, I hope, prepared to make a pope of Mr. Hamilton, at Bishop O'Dwyer's valuation. Well may you ask Bishop O'Dwyer the question, "What about Limerick?" In the opinion of every respectable and sensible Catholic, you, the Protestant majority of this city, are to be congratulated upon your toleration and fairness to the Catholic minority in your midst. If many of that minority are prosperous, they have

not to ascribe their affluence to the gospel of sectarian hate which they hear preached from their pulpits. And if many of them are poor and backward, they have little prospect indeed of improving their condition if they follow literally the uncharitable teaching of their priests. Thus stands Bishop O'Dwyer's unwarranted libel, upon Belfast and the North of Ireland, on record in the left-hand column of p. 32 of this Blue Book. We are told that certain persons need to have long memories. Bishop O'Dwyer, luckily for truth, is deficient in that necessary accomplishment. For in the right-hand column of the same page he says:—"I think such a city as Belfast is an ideal place for the setting up of a University!"

What is this Catholic Bishop's estimate of our Irish Nationalist Parliamentary representatives, which he also volunteered to the Commission, in the hopes of ingratiating himself with its members—those ever-to-be-pitied M.P.'s that now have a bishop for their paymaster? "People will be led by some one," he says sneeringly, "and if they are not led by a rational man, they will be led by some one else, and the result will be that you will have in Ireland a set of men representing the country who are not fit to do so, and who really do not represent what is genuinely good in the country." Bishop O'Dwyer holds very different language when he is in Limerick. How comes it that John Dillon lies down so tamely under that aspersion?

And, again seeking to ingratiate himself, speaking of the Corporation of Limerick, this priest and so-called lord and father of the poor says:—"It is practically composed of working men,

labouring men. . . . There are three or four among them of the better class, but they are absolutely powerless, without any influence whatever. That working-class are an uneducated body of men, an unenlightened body of men; they are absolutely and entirely unfit for the duties they have to discharge." Then he added :—"It is neither unkind nor disrespectful to them to say it." Not he, but they, are to judge of its unkindness and disrespect. And the time will soon come when the working men, the labouring men of Catholic Ireland, will take those prelates and priests to book, and call for their removal from the positions of patrons and managers of the National primary schools of Ireland, in which, upon their own showing, they have abused the trust reposed in them by the nation. The Catholic working men and labouring men of Ireland must not remain "uneducated" and "unenlightened."

According to Bishop O'Dwyer, the witness, and his confederate, Bishop Healy, the commissioner, the whole condition of things in Ireland will be changed if Mr. A. J. Balfour only induces the Government to give the Irish Bishops the pecuniary control of a new richly-endowed University. But, should not the Commissioners rather ask themselves the question :—If such has been the result of a sacerdotal autocracy, extending over two generations in primary Catholic education, and over one generation in secondary Catholic education in Ireland, does it not constitute a powerful reason for curtailing the power of the Irish priest in education rather than for increasing it ? And what an increase of power this hoped-for, new University would mean for the priest ?

Cardinal Cullen's view was, "That the four Roman Catholic Archbishops, for the time being, shall be visitors" of the proposed new Catholic University, "and their authority shall be supreme in questions regarding religion or morals, AND IN ALL OTHER THINGS IN THE SAID COLLEGE." Bishop Healy, the representative of faith and morals on the Commission, endorses this (p. 309) :—"There can be no doubt," he writes, "that the latter would be the simplest, and, perhaps, the most satisfactory way of securing to the Bishops that supreme control in all those things relating to faith and morals which has been indicated above." Is not that a large draft upon popular credulity ? Cardinal Cullen also laid it down, mindful of the loaves and fishes, that the "Four Visitors shall be Trustees OF ALL PROPERTY belonging to the College." Bishop Healy is gracious enough to concede that a certain number of laymen, judges preferably, should be admitted to a share in the government of the College.

But the supremacy of the Bishops is essential. "You cannot have the play without Hamlet," writes this learned theologian. "You cannot have a Catholic college without effective episcopal control." Is there anything else that this episcopal Hamlet from Loughrea would like ? Yes, he informs us :— "If Trinity College gets £40,000 a year, are not the Catholics entitled to as much ? Nay, they should, in fair play, get more." It is not the Catholics, the lay Catholics, who would receive that £40,000 a year, if a government of Bedlamites should ever be found willing to grant it to a University so constituted. It is the Hamlets from Loughrea and the Horatios

from Limerick and their colleagues who would benefit by it.

The following is Bishop Healy's appeal to Mr. A. J. Balfour to subscribe the capital necessary for this episcopal flotation. Ernest Terah Hooley himself never waxed more eloquent over a company promotion:—"Let Mr. Balfour," he writes, "make an honest effort to give us"—US—"the capital necessary to work those rich intellectual resources of Ireland which we so much want." Then this Hamlet from Loughrea proceeds to threaten Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. Michael Davitt if they dare come between him and his capital. "Mr. Balfour has already proved," he writes, "that as an administrator he is not afraid of Mr. Healy or Mr. Davitt, and he need not fear them in this matter either. There is a limit beyond which even they dare not go."

If I thought it worth while to address an adjuration to Mr. A. J. Balfour,[1] I would implore him not to coerce Messrs. Healy and Davitt into playing the parts of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern for all time to the mercenary Hamlets of distracted Limerick and poverished Loughrea.

But whither does all this avaricious episcopal evidence tend? Let me supply the English Commissioners with the clue to its meaning. Maynooth was endowed, in 1795, by the Irish Protestant Parliament for the education of Roman Catholics, lay and clerical. The endowment was subsequently increased by the generosity of Sir Robert Peel, when he founded the Queen's Colleges in 1845. It is

[1] Mr. A. J. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1887 to 1891. At the date of this lecture he was First Lord of the Treasury; and he is now (1904) Prime Minister.

now a matter of history that the priests grabbed that entire endowment for ecclesiastical students.[1]

That is ancient history, you may say. Let me give you a modern instance of the same thing. Half the endowment of Portora Royal School at Enniskillen was, unjustly as I think, taken from that institution by the Endowed School Commission in 1885, on the representation of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clogher that there was no Intermediate School for lay Catholics in the district, and that it was only fair to divide the ancient endowment, as Portora was a Protestant school. The endowment was divided; but, from that day to this, the lay Catholics of the district have got no Intermediate School, and the reply from Monaghan to all inquiries and protestations from Enniskillen is that they have been spending the money, something like £1,200 a year, in the Diocesan Seminary where the young priests are educated.[2] The lay Catholics of Enniskillen have again and again condemned the improper proceeding. The North Fermanagh Executive of the United Irish League passed a public resolution denouncing it, and calling for restitution in the month of July this year. A petition and protest were presented to the Endowed School Commissioners from which I take the following sentence:—"The Catholic population of Enniskillen numbers 3,000, and is as large as the entire population, Catholic and Protestant, of the town of Monaghan. Nevertheless, Monaghan has absorbed the whole Catholic portion of

[1] See Chapter III. for full details.
[2] See *Priests and People in Ireland.*

the endowment in maintaining its Diocesan Seminary, in addition to which there are well-equipped Christian Schools imparting Intermediate education in the town. Enniskillen has one National School for the entire school-going male population of the town and neighbourhood."

Let us now pass from small affairs to great, and let us judge to what purposes these new moneys, which the priests hope to get under a new university, or under a fresh deal of the old Queen's College cards, will be devoted in Ireland. Bishop O'Dwyer says ominously, speaking of the want of a Catholic University in Ireland (question 324) :—"In the case of the Catholic clergy this is very serious as well for themselves as for general education. Almost all secular education in Ireland is in the hands of the clergy. The clergy that teach have never received a true education. There are no laymen competent to teach at all." What an avowal to make! It epitomises the triumph of priestly scheming for fifty years, since the rejection of the Queen's Colleges.

"The Bishop," says Bishop O'Dwyer, "selects amongst his young priests, generally, one just ordained. He chooses the best-educated and cleverest as teacher of the school." Then Bishop O'Dwyer adds, with episcopal modesty, that he was so selected himself. He describes for the Commissioners the mental destitution of young Father O'Dwyer :—"I had a limited schoolboy course of classics. I had got no classical education in the sense that a classical education is understood in Oxford, Cambridge, or Trinity College. And when I went on to Philosophy and Theology I ceased to

read Classics." He hopes the Commissioners will pity the classical sorrows of the poor philosopher!

Then he gives us the grand reason, as I believe, the true reason, why the Catholic clerical demand for this new University extends over 166 columns of the Blue Book, while the evidence of Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, the only representative lay Catholic so far examined, does not run to twenty lines. And it explains why the Declaration of the laity, signed by ten Peers, three Privy Councillors, and 705 others in 1870, consists of the vaguest generalities, and might be engraved in copperplate on a threepenny-bit, it is so brief; and why this Declaration was repeated without the change of a single word in 1897, and automatically signed again by ten Peers, six Privy Councillors, and 1,076 others, every man of whom is under some compliment or other to the sacerdotal class!

The general body of lay Catholics have, in fact, nothing to do with this demand put forward by the priests for University money.

Here is the real root of the whole business:—"These young priests are clever men; very many of them have great natural ability," says Bishop O'Dwyer (p. 21), no doubt recalling his own youthful days, "their philosophical and their logical training in Maynooth is first-rate. They come out of Maynooth with very clear intellects and very great logical power; but *they are absolutely deficient in all classical education and in all scientific and mathematical education.*" What education, of a useful nature, then, is it that they possess? What a character to give of the

men who have crushed the whole profession of lay Catholic Intermediate teachers out of existence! How have they spent their time in Maynooth?

Is not their ignorance a just judgment on them for, and the logical consequence of, their selfish isolation? The Irish priests refuse to be taught by any one but themselves. They have combined to prevent even the Catholic laity from attending any College or University except one in which they shall receive instruction from men who are either priests or priests' creatures. What a position!

But Bishop O'Dwyer has worse still to say of the Irish priests:—"They are deficient in that indefinable thing," he goes on to say, "that is not knowledge, but culture, something you cannot put your hand on, *a something which cultivates a sense of honour and a right judgment with regard to the affairs of life*"! (*See Note at end of Chapter.*)

It is a lamentable thing that our religion should be of such a kind as to render it necessary that the minds of its ministers should be thus intentionally dwarfed and stunted in their youth. It is criminal for one human being thus to crush out another's individuality. "Even despotism," says John Stuart Mill, "does not produce its worst effects so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called."

Bear in mind that Bishop O'Dwyer is the accredited spokesman of the clerical portion of the Irish Catholic Church in this instance. Let the Commissioners ask themselves whether a University governed by such men as Bishop O'Dwyer describes the Irish priests to be, is likely to be a curse or a

blessing to the country. Destitute of all learning, with no culture, no sense of honour, no right judgment in the affairs of life, are the Irish priests a body of men to whom any sane Government would hand over the management and control of a large sum of money for "higher, general, and technical education"?

Even if the proposed University is to be only an institution for enabling the ecclesiastical students of Maynooth to acquire degrees in Arts, how can such a concern be of any real service to them—beyond the acquisition of the coin constituting the endowment—when the place will be run by priests and the nominees of priests, from whom no better enlightenment can come than the Maynooth students possess at present? Oh, the proposal is too mad, too preposterous! It only requires to be enunciated to meet with universal condemnation.

Citizens of Belfast, I am done. If I have succeeded in exciting your interest in this question, and setting your minds to work upon it, I have done my duty. Many of my friends will say to me: "Ah, McCarthy, the priests will be too strong for you; they will crush you, man!" I reply that that is no disgrace to me. That useful writer, Dr. Smiles, tells a short story in his book on Duty. It is as follows:—An eclipse of the sun happened in New England about a century ago. The heavens became very dark, and it seemed that the Day of Judgment was at hand. The Legislature of Connecticut happened then to be in session, and on the darkness coming on, a member moved the adjournment of the House; on which an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, rose up and said that

IF THE LAST DAY HAD COME, he desired to be found in his place and doing his duty; for which reason he moved that candles should be brought, so that the House might proceed with its business. Waiting at his post of Duty was the maxim of the wise man, and he carried his motion.

In my humble way, I, too, shall wait at my post of Duty, while life lasts, until this eclipse of sacerdotal obscurantism—from which so many thousands of our Catholic youth are flying to the free air and sunshine of other lands—has passed away; or at least until its blighting shadow has been dissipated from the domain of education in Catholic Ireland."

My address was received with applause, in some instances amounting to enthusiasm, and I closed amidst a prolonged ovation. The lecture was reported *verbatim* in the *Belfast News-Letter* of the following day, and favourably commented upon in the other Belfast papers, except the priests' local daily paper. Thus the Ulster people got an opportunity of knowing what I had to say, an advantage which the people of the other three provinces do not even yet possess. What I say may or may not be to the point; but, at all events, Ulster knows what my position is, whereas Roman Catholic Leinster, Connaught, and Munster have been deliberately kept from that knowledge by the priests' press in those provinces. If this illustration of the dissemination of knowledge in regard to myself be applicable, as I believe it is, to many other cases, then the public can readily understand how Ulster people possess a fulness of information which the people of the other provinces do not enjoy. There exists a

most keen desire for knowledge amongst all classes in Ulster and the more practical the knowledge is, the greater is the general eagerness for its acquisition. In Munster and Leinster practical knowledge is not desired ; whereas unpractical, useless, verbal communications and rhetorical flourishes seem to be the highest mental effort of which the people are capable.

The lecture, as I said, closed amidst general enthusiasm ; a vote of thanks was carried in which the greatest encouragement was given to me by the kind words of the various speakers ; and I felt within myself that I had made a distinct advance on the Rotunda lecture. My voice and method of delivery were better, though still far from being as good as they ought to be ; and I was beginning to have more confidence in myself. When I left the hall to return to my hotel I had no lack of sympathetic companions. Captain F. H. Crawford, then recently returned from South Africa, and many of his friends, called upon me the following morning, and I have ever since experienced much friendship at their hands. In company with Captain Crawford I spent the next day at Larne, and I could not help contrasting the brightness and modernity of that town and its harbour with the slowness and antiquity of Carrickfergus. I have referred to my visit to Larne in *Priests and People in Ireland.* I think this is the right place in which to say that I owe a deep debt of gratitude not only to Captain Crawford, but to his excellent and cultured wife, for their kindness to me on that and many subsequent occasions.

I was very busy at work on *Priests and People in*

*Ireland* at this time, so that it was with great pleasure, after my success in Belfast, that I returned home to take up my task of composition with renewed vigour. Both the Dublin and Belfast lectures on "Education in Ireland" were published in pamphlet form, and several thousand copies of each were sold immediately on their appearance, so great was the desire for information on the questions discussed in them.

NOTE (page 55).—In one of my addresses during the bye-election in the Shepherd's Green Division in March, 1904, before my retirement from the contest, I put the educational position to the Home Rule candidate, who is now the member for the constituency, in the following words :—

"I ask Mr. Waldron to give us the detail of his plan for securing 'equality and fair play between Catholics and Protestants' in the matter of University education. We Catholic laymen do possess 'equality and fair play' at present, but our priests prevent us from enjoying it.

"Does he know that in a vain attempt to make good the deficiencies of our education our priests have been forming a coercive league for us to compel Protestants to give employment to our Catholic young people, whose services, owing to the system of education which prevails, are not of such a quality as to be in demand in the open market? Has he heard of the 'Catholic Association'?

"If our clergy, by their own desire for exclusiveness, have reduced themselves to a position of mental inferiority to the clergymen of other Christian Churches, I, as a lay Catholic, am not prepared to condemn my children to perpetual inferiority, as compared with Protestants, in order to gratify the selfishness of the unmarried sacerdotal class. I recommend Mr. Waldron to study the evidence of Bishop O'Dwyer in the Report of the Royal Commission on University Education."

## CHAPTER III

### A SUMMARY OF THE IRISH PRIESTS' POWER IN EDUCATION

I THINK it right now to break the chronological order of those addresses for the purpose of giving the reader a brief but comprehensive historical sketch of the priests' baneful interference in Roman Catholic education in Ireland from 1795 down to the year 1904. At the date of the Belfast lecture the success of *Five Years in Ireland* had been assured. Those who have read the two preceding chapters will guess with what diffidence I had written that book, although there are no opinions in it save those to which I had been accustomed to give expression freely in conversation ever since I began to think seriously on the unsatisfactory condition of Roman Catholic Ireland. Thousands of my fellow Roman Catholics, almost all of those amongst whom I was reared, including a numerous circle of relatives, held and hold more or less the same views about the priests as I enunciated in *Five Years in Ireland*. But to put those views in print, to enunciate them fearlessly, to stand by and to act up to them, that was another matter—a thing not to be thought of!

The position of the Roman Catholic laity in Ireland reminds one of the state of things which existed in Italy in the sixteenth century. The heart-rending words of Mr. John Addington Symonds, in his work on the Italian Renaissance, recur to me when I think of the state of my own Irish kith and kin for the last twenty years :—"There was not a man who ventured to speak out his thoughts or write the truth ; and over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuit hypocrisy."

It was under some such circumstances that I had "dared to speak out my thought" and "write the truth" when I published my first book in March, 1901. Its unexpected success and the still greater success of my second work, published in August, 1902, have been chiefly gratifying to me as proving how widespread was the feeling to which my writings have given expression. But as I do not intend to make this book in any sense autobiographical, I shall proceed with my theme without further preface.

I. The primary education of Ireland, in so far as it is provided by Government, is controlled by the Board of National Education, eighteen commissioners selected upon no intelligible principle except that of religious creed, ten Roman Catholics and eight members of the various Reformed religions. They are not representative men ; they do not accept, nor is any one who knows the country disposed to saddle them with, responsibility for their own corporate acts. The Managers of the schools, and not the Commissioners, are the real masters of the teachers. The Resident Com-

missioner, who is a Roman Catholic, possesses the executive power, so far as the Board of National Education is concerned. He is a Government official, and is paid a handsome salary of £2,000, per annum; the other Commissioners getting no salary, beyond an attendance fee and railway expenses. The principle of their selection is illustrated by the fact that they comprise two judges of the High Court, one Roman Catholic, another Protestant; two judges of the County Court, one Roman Catholic, another Protestant, and so forth. Until quite recently there used to be a Roman Catholic bishop and a Protestant bishop. But the Roman Catholic bishop resigned in a dudgeon because the present Resident Commissioner, a distinguished Fellow of Trinity College and past president of Galway Queen's College, was not as subservient to the priests as his predecessors in office had been. The Resident Commissioner was so courageous as to deliver an address at a meeting of the British Association, in which he censured the priest-managers of National Schools for their indifference in the discharge of the public trust imposed on them. It was an unheard-of display of courage in an Irish public official and the Resident Commissioner was punished for it, not only by the resignation of the Roman Catholic episcopal commissioner, but by resolutions calling for his dismissal which are being passed at bishops' meetings and priests' conferences in the Catholic portion of the country. The Roman Catholic laity do not understand the quarrel in the least. The predecessors in office of the present Resident Commissioner had been

making things pleasant for themselves by submitting in everything to the will of the Roman Catholic bishop who was a member of the Board, with the result that the system of National Education, devised with the best intentions, has been completely diverted from its original purpose and changed into as bad a system of sectarian education as even the Roman Catholic priests could wish for.

The history of the National Education system begins with the year 1831, when grants of public money for the education of the poor in Ireland were entrusted by the British Parliament to the Lord Lieutenant, "to be expended on the instruction of children of every religious denomination," under the supervision of Commissioners appointed by the Crown, and called The Commissioners of National Education. It was laid down that "the schools shall be open alike to Christians of every denomination; that no pupil shall be required to attend at any religious exercise, or to receive any religious instruction of which his parents or guardians do not approve; and that sufficient opportunity shall be afforded to the pupils of each religious persuasion to receive separately, at appointed times, such religious instruction as their parents or guardians think proper." The underlying principle of the system was that of combined secular and separate religious education. After fourteen years of trial, the new system was found to be working satisfactorily, and in 1845 the Commissioners were incorporated. The perfect equality on which the newly-emancipated Catholics were admitted to education with the dominant Pro-

testants was devised on the truest lines of Christian charity. But, in that respect, it was only in keeping with the kindness and toleration of Protestants to Catholics in Ireland ever since the beginning of those religious distinctions in the British Isles in the reign of Henry VIII.[1] In 1831 the number of pupils on the rolls of the new national schools had been 107,042. In 1845, the year of the incorporation of the Commissioners, the number had increased to 432,844. If the system had not been interfered with by the Irish priests, acting under foreign inspiration, I do think Ireland might have been a prosperous and a happy land to-day. But having obtained equality by law, the Roman priesthood proceeded to demand exclusiveness, and plotted to obtain ascendancy. They pronounced it to be sinful for a Roman Catholic to learn reading and writing, geography and history with a Protestant; and the poor Irish laity allowed themselves to be duped for the thousandth time by the threat of penalties after death. Or, rather, the British Government, failing in its duty to its Irish Roman Catholic lay citizens, who were indifferent and uninformed in the matters at issue, yielded accommodatingly to the pressure of the priests.

The result is that the national schools of Ireland to-day are rather sectarian hatcheries than centres of secular enlightenment. They have been diverted from their original purpose and are now an asset of emolument and patronage in the hands of the priesthood as much as the churches, monasteries, and convents.

In the latest report of the Commissioners of

[1] See Chapter X., "Protestant and Catholic in Ireland."

National Education, which now lies before me, presented to the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Dudley, on the 7th of July, 1903, one may find the broad footprints of the priest on every page. There were in operation during the year 8,712 schools, on the rolls of which there were 737,086 pupils, the average daily attendance being only 487,098. Of the total number on the rolls, 550,185 were Roman Catholics, and 186,901 were members of the various Reformed Churches—a ratio of about 3 to 1, which nearly represents the religious cleavage of our diminishing population. Those 8,712 schools are governed by managers, or patrons, who have the sole power of appointing the teachers and of dismissing them at three months' notice without consulting the Commissioners of National Education. Of the 8,712 schools, there are 4,199 which now have Roman Catholic teachers and pupils exclusively; and 1,523 which have Protestant teachers and pupils exclusively. At the remaining 2,981 schools, Roman Catholic and Protestant pupils, to some degree, attend in common; but there are only 29 schools in Ireland now in which the teachers are of both religions. Of the 2,981 schools which are still attended by pupils of both religions, 2,077 are under Roman Catholic teachers exclusively, and 875 under Protestant teachers; the percentage of Protestants attending the 2,077 Roman Catholic schools and of Roman Catholics attending the 875 Protestant schools being merely nominal.

There are now 5,944 ascertained sectarian Roman Catholic national schools in Ireland, and 2,573 Protestant schools. Of the 5,944 Roman Catholic

schools, 5,770 are under priest-managers and only 174 under lay-managers. Bearing in mind the absolute power of the managers, we thus find that the priest has obtained a controlling power over the entire national education system on which £1,240,710 is expended annually.

But the reader may, perhaps, object that the teachers in those schools are protected by the National Education Board, that they must be trained teachers to the satisfaction of that Board, and that the public interests are to that extent protected against the priests. By no means. The Board has a training college for national teachers, to which all religious denominations are admitted; but the priest-managers refuse to appoint teachers who have been trained in that college. The Government, yielding to pressure, have, therefore, at various times, granted large sums of money to the priests for building sectarian training colleges under clerical management; and, in consequence, there are now no less than seven training colleges for teachers in Ireland. Five of them are managed by priests and nuns; one belongs to the Episcopalian Protestant Church, which unfortunately followed the evil example of the priests in claiming a Government grant for a sectarian training college; and there is the original college of the Board which the Presbyterians mainly attend. In the year 1901–2 the five priests' training colleges drew a Government revenue of £30,426, as against £13,180, spent on the training college of the Board. The result of this policy is twofold:—(1) It places increased pay, patronage, and profit in the hands of the priesthood; and (2) it makes the teachers

subservient and, as I believe, incompetent. The teachers trained at the Board's college, are said to be the best men now working under the National system in Ireland.

But the entire extent to which the priests control the National Education system has not yet been disclosed. In addition to the 5,994 schools and five training colleges under priest-managers, there are 373 convent and monastic schools, receiving capitation fees and consolidated salaries from the Board of National Education, which do not even profess to employ national teachers, or to be under recognised management. No less than 110,769 pupils attended such schools in 1901–2, and no less a sum than £129,353 was paid directly during the year to the priests and nuns who own them.

There is no plea more commonly advanced by the priests in justification of their control over national primary education than the argument that substantial contributions are made for the erection and support of these sectarian schools from local sources, and that, as it is the priest who begs for and collects these local contributions, therefore the priest is the proper man to be master of those schools. Now there is no country in the world, where education is in part supported by private donations, in which the local contribution is more insignificant than it is in Ireland, being only 2s. 10½d., as against £2 8s. 7½d. contributed by the State. In almost every Catholic parish in Ireland a begging appeal is made annually by the priests for the support of the parochial national schools, of which the teachers are paid by the Government; but no regular account is given, so far as I know, of how the money is expended.

Thus it has come to pass that the National Education system has been thwarted to subserve the priests' policy, and that policy is the same all over the earth, being synonymous, as Lord Macaulay said, with "the stunting of the human mind."

II. Let us now consider secondary education. The first State aid for the secondary education of Roman Catholics in Ireland was given by the exclusively Protestant Irish Parliament in 1795, when it allotted a sum of £8,000 a year for the higher education of Roman Catholics, lay as well as clerical, at Maynooth College. This endowment was subsequently increased by the Imperial Parliament in 1845 to the large sum of £26,360 per annum. The original intention was to constitute Maynooth into a Catholic University. But the priests frustrated the plan; for, being invested with the entire control of the institution, they excluded lay students by degrees from the college, and finally converted it into an entirely theological college for the production of priests. Thus the priests "cornered" for themselves the first grant for the higher education of Roman Catholics in Ireland. When the Irish Protestant Church was disestablished in 1869, Government could not logically continue to subsidise a sectarian institution like Maynooth. The yearly grant was, therefore, withdrawn from Maynooth; but a capital sum of £372,331 was paid to the priests as compensation.

The priests plumed themselves on the issue of that deal, by which they achieved a double success: (1) They enriched themselves, and (2) they deprived lay Roman Catholics of any State help

whatever for secondary education. Matters stood thus for thirty-three years until, in 1878, the Government granted a capital sum of £1,000,000 to the Lord Lieutenant for secondary education in Ireland, to be administered by a new body to be called the Commissioners of Intermediate Education. The yearly produce of that sum amounted to about £30,000 per annum. In 1892 this grant was further increased, and, according to the latest report of the Commissioners, which is now before me, and which was presented to the Lord Lieutenant on the 1st of July, 1903, the income of the Intermediate Education Board in the year 1901–2 was £111,443. The Intermediate Education System was, like the National Education System, intended to be perfectly non-sectarian. The Intermediate Board appointed certain examiners, who composed examination papers on specified subjects. Examination centres were fixed upon all over the country, and superintendents were appointed to distribute the printed examination papers at those centres to the students, to supervise the examination generally, to collect the written answers of the students and return them in sealed envelopes to the head office in Dublin. Exhibitions and prizes were awarded to the successful students, and result fees were given to the teachers.

It was then the priests turned their attention to "cornering" the secondary education grant. Owing to their own conduct in depriving laymen of the benefits of the Maynooth grant, there were very few Catholic laymen competent to give a secondary education, except some superior Catholics who had been educated at Protestant schools.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, deposed in his evidence before a Royal Commission on University Education in 1901 (question 324), that "There are no Catholic laymen competent to teach at all" even at the present day! But, immediately after the Act of 1878 had been passed, the priests started secondary schools all over the land. Every male and female monastic order in the country has now its intermediate school. The Catholic Headmasters' Association, which meets periodically to criticisè the Intermediate Board, consists *entirely* of priests. In the year 1900 the result fees paid to the priests and nuns who own intermediate schools amounted to £33,568 14s. 3d.

The original non-sectarian character of the Intermediate Board is almost as completely forgotten as that of the National Board. Its commissioners and examiners now seem to be appointed upon a religious test, rather than for their capacity and educational standing. They may be divided into two bands, namely, the priests' men and the men who have not been appointed on the priests' nomination. The same can be said not only of the superintendents who conduct the examinations, but even of the local centres themselves which are now almost all sectarian. The only unsectarian principle which now remains for the priest to abolish in connection with state-subsidised Intermediate Education in Ireland, is the public, or common examination papers, in which Roman Catholic pupils are set the same questions as Protestants in classics, mathematics, modern languages, &c. The priests have been agitating for some years to get the common system of examinations abolished,

to substitute private examinations by inspectors at the schools, and to have the result fees awarded on the reports of those inspectors. They have partially succeeded, and I do not doubt they will eventually accomplish their project in its entirety. The teachers' money is now given as a "school grant," not as "result fees," which is a first step to the end in view. If the public or common examination papers are discontinued, as I anticipate they will be, the priests will practically have in their own hands the appointment of the inspectors on whose reports the Government grant will be awarded.

Let us now consider how the large annual subsidy for intermediate education is spent. I see from the report lying before me that out of the total income of the Intermediate Board last year, £111,443, only £13,328 was expended on exhibitions and prizes to students, being an outlay of about £1 10s. 0d. per head, on the 8,379 students who presented themselves. But the "school grant" to teachers of all denominations amounted to £57,513, being at the rate of nearly £7 per student.

The Roman Catholic pupils are made up on a great many useless subjects to obtain marks at the examinations and consequent fees for their masters. Italian, Spanish, and latterly Irish, are favourite subjects with the priests. They seem to aim at getting Irish Catholics to speak and write Irish, as the Canadian Catholics write and speak French. The Protestant boys do not waste their time on those outlandish subjects; and hence the anomaly is constantly witnessed of a soundly-educated Pro-

testant boy obtaining fewer marks at an examination than an ill-educated priest's pupil. Such have been the frauds suspected in connection with the intermediate examination papers on several occasions that those documents have had to be sent out of the United Kingdom, I am informed, to be printed, even so far afield as Hungary or Sweden. If you want a condemnation of the system of Intermediate Education as conducted in Ireland, you can get one out of the mouth of a priest. Indeed, the priests constantly make the most damaging admissions against themselves in their frantic efforts to grasp at endowments of public money in all spheres of education. Bishop O'Dwyer, it will be remembered, referring to this Intermediate Education System, which is the life of all the priests' secondary schools, at the Royal Commission before mentioned, said of the Roman Catholic young men thus educated by the priests, that "nine-tenths of them are lost, and that they are now going to swell the ranks of the *déclassés*, without an education that is worth a button to them for any useful purpose!" The reader may ask in amazement, What induced him to make such an admission? It seems to me that the priests over-reach themselves in their eagerness—(1) to discredit the system of common examinations still in force; and (2) to extract from the Government a large fresh endowment of public money for a sectarian Roman Catholic University to be run by priests. Their contention is that if a state-subsidised, priest-governed University were established now, in which more money might be made out of those poor *déclassés* young men, by inducing

them to proceed to a Bachelor of Arts degree, the deceived young fellows would then cease to be *déclassés* as the result of the additional course of priestly educational narcotics. I do not think they will find any sensible person to agree with them. If two doses of a particular medicine have brought a patient to death's door, the administration of a third dose of the same drug would not be likely to restore the patient to health.

III. That statement brings me to the third section of my summary, namely, the priest's position in Irish University Education.

The history of the University education of Roman Catholics in Ireland is only another chapter of the same disheartening tale which has been told of primary and secondary education. I have explained how the Government subsidy to Maynooth, which had risen from £8,000 per annum in 1795 to £26,360 per annum in 1845, should and would have made naturally a handsome nucleus for a liberally-endowed Roman Catholic University, if that money had not been "grabbed" by the priests for the exclusive use of the sacerdotal order. Having deprived their lay brethren of so much, and thereby shown the quality of their strength, one might have expected the sacrificing priests to be merciful and allow the laymen to take advantage of the higher education placed at their disposal by the generosity of the State. Sir Robert Peel's Government established three Queen's Colleges in Ireland, at Belfast, Cork and Galway, in 1845, the same year in which the Maynooth State Endowment was increased to £26,360 per annum. Those three colleges were manned with the best professors obtainable by the

Crown; they were non-sectarian; the Roman Catholics were given all the privileges open to Protestants.

Nay, to completely mollify the opposition of the priests, the Government frankly accepted the misappropriation of the Maynooth educational grant, and the establishment of the new Queen's Colleges was taken advantage of to increase the yearly stipend to the sacerdotal college. Furthermore, a Roman Catholic priest, whose qualification was rather sacrificial than educational, was appointed first President of the Queen's College at Galway with a handsome salary, and held that position from 1845 to 1849. A lay Roman Catholic was appointed President of the Cork Queen's College. Roman Catholic priests were appointed as Deans of Residence in all three Queen's Colleges. The Rev. Father O'Connor, Roman Catholic Dean of Residence in the Cork Queen's College, after six years' experience, wrote as follows in the year 1851: "I have not yet seen, nor have the students yet experienced, danger either to faith or to morals at Queen's College, Cork."

At length it seemed as if the Irish Roman Catholics were on the threshold of getting a fair chance in the three colleges of the new Queen's University. But the priestly hatred of education was not dead: it was only sleeping. When the large subsidy to Maynooth had been paid for five years and had, so to speak, become an old-established annual claim on the British Treasury, a synod of Roman Catholic bishops and priests was convened at Thurles in 1850; a resolution was passed which resulted in the withdrawal of the Roman Catholic Deans of Residence

from the three Queen's Colleges, as a stigma of ecclesiastical disapproval; and a Catholic University, so called, was founded shortly after. Thus matters stood for twenty years, but the Queen's Colleges progressed admirably meantime under the partial disapproval of the priests, thousands of Roman Catholics taking out their degrees in them. Indeed, to the present day the island abounds with Roman Catholic professional men who graduated in the Queen's University.

In 1869, the Protestant Church in Ireland was disestablished; the annual subsidy to Maynooth was therefore, as I have said, discontinued; a capital sum of £372,331 was paid over to the priests; and, joy of joys, the priest was free from the control of the British Treasury! Free to smash the Queen's Colleges in which the better-class Roman Catholics were getting on so well with their Protestant fellow-Christians! Accordingly, as soon as the capital sum mentioned had been paid over, the Roman Catholic bishops met in October, 1871, and pronounced their first solemn condemnation of the Queen's Colleges which were doing such good work.

The Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland was then under the direction of an Italian Irishman, named Cullen, expressly educated at Rome for the purpose and raised to the rank of Cardinal by Pius IX. He was appointed Archbishop of Dublin, not by the Irish priests, but by the Pope; and it was he who, as soon as the capital money had been received from the Government, engineered the campaign against the Queen's Colleges.

"In union with the Holy See," said the Cullen resolution, "and the bishops of the Catholic world,

we again renew our oft-repeated condemnation of mixed education as intrinsically and grievously dangerous to faith and morals." Cardinal Cullen did not scruple to ascribe the Fenian Rising of 1867 to the Queen's Colleges—one of the most absurd and untenable propositions ever advanced even by an Irish priest. The undergraduates and graduates of the Queen's University were as much opposed to that pinchbeck rebellion as any body of civil servants in the pay of the British Government. But the priests can and always do count upon the ignorance of those who are influenced by their pronouncements. "Recent events known to all," proceeded the resolution with laughable solemnity, "and especially the acts of secret societies and of revolutionary organisations have strengthened our conviction and furnished conclusive evidence that Godless education is subversive not only of religion and morality, &c., &c."

There is no epithet which so aptly describes the frame of mind of the composers of such a resolution as the slang word "cheek." How many promoters of and participators in the Fenian Rising were men who had ever gone to a Queen's College or received a "mixed" education? The Fenians were, rather, priest-reared Roman Catholics for whom the priests were primarily responsible! But we need not labour this point to any one at all acquainted with the history of the sacrificing priesthood of Rome on the continent of Europe.

Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1873 to establish a Roman Catholic University in which the rights of laymen would to some slight extent be protected; but the Bill was rejected by the Irish bishops and,

happily, defeated in the House of Commons. The priests, as I have said, had established what they called a "Catholic University" in Dublin and collected upwards of £250,000 for its endowment. It was a conspicuous failure; and there is not a shred of a building or an asset of any importance to mark how that fund of over £250,000 disappeared. No account is volunteered by its recipients or their successors, and no explanation is demanded by its subscribers!

When the excitement of collecting this fund had subsided, and when a sufficient time had elapsed in which its collection might be forgotten, the "Catholic University"—the life of which was a lingering death—was suffered to expire, and a fresh agitation was set afoot demanding a large Government grant for a new Roman Catholic University in Ireland, to be managed by priests. The new agitation does not suggest that any local subscriptions should now be forthcoming. To ask for them might provoke some uncomfortable inquiries as to what became of the money subscribed on a previous occasion. It is now demanded that all the money must come from the Treasury.

The British Government and, so far as they understand it, the British people, staggered by all these priestly proceedings, seemed at several dates, within the last ten or fifteen years, on the point of yielding to the priests' clamour. The lay Roman Catholics, as I said of them in reference to primary and secondary education, do not understand the question in the least. They hold an occasional meeting to ask for a University when the priests urge them to do so. But it is not the priests' cue to

bring the laity much to the front; as the priests mean to run the University themselves if, unhappily, the money required for its endowment should be granted by Parliament.

The British Government, anxious to clear away the mists and cobwebs in which the Roman Catholic University question has been immersed by the priestly theologians, put itself into communication with all the civilised foreign governments of the world,[1] in order to ascertain whether in any one of them the education of Roman Catholics was dealt with at the public expense in the manner demanded by the theocracy. They knew that the universities of Great Britain and Ireland, whether old-established or new, afforded no precedent for yielding to the ultimatum of the Irish priests. The new Universities in England, such as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Wales are not only completely non-sectarian, but also have been founded and endowed by private local subscriptions. I recently received a letter from the Registrar of the Manchester University in which he says "its expenses were guaranteed by private subscribers"; also a letter from the Secretary of the University of Birmingham, in which he says: "The capital and endowment (including site and buildings) of Mason College was upwards of £200,000. Apart from that, a large fund was raised at the date of the grant of the Charter which amounted to about £350,000. All these endowments came from private sources." It is the same with some slight difference of terms, in the case of

[1] Parliamentary Papers, Miscellaneous, No. 2, 1900, before referred to.

the Liverpool and Welsh Universities. The Anglican bishops and priests of the Established Church of England, as such, exercise no authority over Oxford or Cambridge Universities. Neither do the ministers of the Established Church in Scotland, as such, control any of the Scotch Universities. Neither do the Protestant bishops wield any authority over Trinity College, Dublin. All those Universities are open to students of every religious denomination alike.

It was thought that perhaps some of the great self-governing colonies might afford a precedent; and Mr. Chamberlain wrote to all the governors of those colonies for information on the point. But, as I cursorily showed in the first chapter, the replies do not disclose a solitary precedent for complying with the Irish priests' demand.

The official publication on the question of sectarian education in the Colonies deserves a more minute examination than I was able to devote to it in my first public lecture. Canada is the only colony in the British Empire which can be described as "priest-ridden," after the manner of Ireland. We have two Canadians in the British House of Commons, and, although neither of them belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, they both act as priests' henchmen, when questions affecting the sacerdotal position arise in the legislature. Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist, is an upholder of the Education Act of 1902, which gave the Anglican and Roman priests increased control over primary education in England, and which has roused Protestant antipathy to a pitch unprecedented in recent times. Mr. Edward Blake, the other Canadian, is a member of the Irish Nationalist Party,

which is supported and governed by the Irish-Roman priests, a party which dare not oppose any legislation—no matter how anti-nationalist or unpatriotic it may be from their own point of view—if it involves a pecuniary emolument for the priests' organisation. The province of Quebec is the happy hunting-ground of the priest in Canada. In that province the French priest, who is being expelled from France as a *mauvais sujét* and a corrupter of the youth, is coddled and pampered under the British Government. It is the pride and boast of Canada that its Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is a Roman Catholic; and it is the pride and boast of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the sacrificing priesthood of Rome occupy a place of special honour at Canadian Government banquets and other functions, and that they offer up their sacrifices under Government sanction. "I would point with pride to the fact," says Sir Wilfrid Laurier, addressing the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, at a public banquet,[1] "that here in this nineteenth century in Canada a Roman Catholic Archbishop (Bruchesi) can say *I am a British subject, and I claim the rights of a British subject, the rights of conscience.* . . . Our friend the Archbishop has told us," he continued, "that we must have peace in this land. We can all hope to secure that peace by respecting the rights of conscience." If it is by the grace of Archbishop Bruchesi that Canada enjoys peace, as we are led to infer by its Prime Minister, then it cannot be peace with honour which that colony enjoys. It is peace destined to bring war in its train—peace which

[1] *The Times*, January 14, 1898.

does not tend to enhance public respect for Canada at home or abroad.

Mr. Chamberlain's letter to the Governor of the province of Quebec, asking for information on the provision for University education of Roman Catholics, was written in English, but the reply to him was couched in French, as if to show how the French priests interpret their duty to the language of the Empire. Laval University was founded in 1852 by the Quebec Seminary on the initiative of the bishops of Lower Canada. The Dominion Government granted it a charter, but no endowment; and the Pope blessed it with a Bull twenty-four years afterwards. It is entirely governed by priests, and has four faculties of divinity, law, medicine, and arts. Its Visitor is always the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, and its Rector is always the Superior of the Seminary. "By virtue of the Bull *Inter varias solicitudines* the University has for its protector at Rome his Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. The University is exclusively maintained by the Seminary of Quebec." "It is no exaggeration to say that the Seminary has consecrated at least a million of piastres" to the Laval University, and has to aid it with a yearly grant of "ten or twelve thousand piastres." I shall not translate "piastre" into English. The Laval University at Montreal has a branch establishment—*une succursale*, a chapel-of-ease, so to speak—possessing two faculties of law and medicine, which receives a grant of somewhat under £4,000 (twenty thousand dollars) yearly from the provincial government; somewhat under £1,600 (eight thousand dollars) yearly from the Canadian bishops; and, for the

rest, receives about £4,250 (twenty-two thousand dollars) from students' fees. The great M'Gill University at Montreal has nothing to do with the priests, and makes no sectarian provision for Roman Catholics. That is the sum total of what the Canadian Government does for the priests in University education. In none of the other provinces of the Dominion of Canada, happily, can we find even a parallel for the Laval University or its *succursale* at Montreal. In Manitoba the University is only an examining body, having in affiliation with it four sectarian colleges, namely, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist, each of which has full charge of its own internal affairs, and sends seven representatives to the University Council. In Ontario, the most important province of Canada, the Roman Catholics maintain what they call a University, namely, the University of Ottawa, but it has "no regular endowment, and is conducted by members of a religious order, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate." The great University of Toronto takes no cognisance of Roman Catholics as such. In the province of New Brunswick "no State provision is made for the University education of any particular denomination or class. Besides the provincial University, there are two colleges with University powers," one Roman Catholic and one Methodist. But "these denominational institutions are maintained wholly by fees and private endowments, and receive no grants whatever from the public treasury." In the province of Nova Scotia there are two so-called Catholic Universities, drawing a small combined revenue of about £2,250 (twelve thousand dollars) from endowments and fees.

The present Duke of Argyll, King Edward VII.'s brother-in-law, who, when Marquis of Lorne, was Governor-General of Canada, used to say truly that "the Universities of Canada were too numerous," owing to the fostering of denominationalism in education; but it is something to be thankful for that the priests receive comparatively little Government money as yet in the Dominion.

In New South Wales Earl Beauchamp tells us that the University of Sydney, incorporated in 1850 "for the promotion of useful knowledge without any distinction whatever" of creed or class, is endowed with a sum of £12,000 per annum from Government, and with an equal amount from private benefactions. An Act of 1854 conceded a building grant of £10,000 to £20,000 each, for four religious colleges, namely, Church of England, Church of Rome, Church of Scotland, and the Wesleyans, *provided that an equal amount were raised by private subscriptions*, and the colleges so built were to be affiliated with the University. Up to the year 1900 the Wesleyans had not taken advantage of the offer. Three of the colleges are built and occupied as follows:—Church of England, 16 students; Church of Rome, 16 students; Presbyterian, 25 students. Thus only 57, out of a total of 512 students attending the University, reside at the sectarian colleges. The University itself "is a non-sectarian institution, no inquiries are made as to the religious persuasion of the students," and "the authorities of the University are seldom or never brought into contact with the Roman Catholic episcopate." Even the Roman Catholic sectarian college is under the control of laymen, for, of the

18 fellows, "6 must be duly approved priests and 12 must be laymen."

In Victoria Lord Brassey reports that the University of Melbourne provides "no special or separate education for Roman Catholics. Encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal education is held forth to all classes and denominations without any distinctions whatever. Statutes may be made for the affiliation of colleges to the University, but no statutes can be made to affect the religious observances in such colleges." Three colleges have been affiliated, namely, Church of England, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan; but the Roman Catholics had not been able to establish a college up to the date of the report.

In Queensland Lord Lamington says:—"There is no University, but three exhibitions are granted annually by the Government, available at a University approved by the Governor in Council and tenable for three years," open to all "without regard to religious faith," the examination being conducted at Brisbane by the Department of Public Instruction.

Lord Tennyson, writing from South Australia, says the University of Adelaide "is purely undenominational in character, no religious test is required, and no distinction is drawn between Roman Catholic and other members of the community. . . . Out of 102 undergraduates proceeding to degrees this year, 10 came from Catholic schools."

Mr. Braddon, Prime Minister of Tasmania, says "there is no provision made in the University of Tasmania for Roman Catholics, as such." The act of incorporation prohibits (*a*) religious tests, and

(*b*) the conferring of degrees in theology. "Consequently," says the Premier, "there is no occasion for any official relations between the Roman Catholic episcopate and the University."

The Earl of Ranfurly writes that "the University of New Zealand itself and the four University Colleges are quite undenominational. . . . My Government have no means of ascertaining how many of the total number of University students are Roman Catholics."

Lord Milner, writing from Cape Town, says there is no special University education for Roman Catholics in South Africa. The University of the Cape of Good Hope is an examining body, and takes no cognisance of religion; and "in the six colleges aided by the State, under the Higher Education Act, no religious tests are enforced."

With regard to foreign countries, not one of the replies from the British ambassadors forwarded to the Marquis of Salisbury discloses a precedent, either in Europe or on the continent of America, for yielding to the Irish priests' latest demand. In the first chapter I have given the replies received from Austria-Hungary, Bavaria, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and Spain, which are all Roman Catholic countries, and in no single instance are the priests now accorded any official control over education in those lands. In France, which can hardly be classed as a Roman Catholic nation, the priests and nuns are now forbidden to keep even private schools: and they have not had anything whatever to do with University education for a generation. In the Protestant countries, Denmark, Netherlands, Prussia, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States of

America it is the same. No *locus standi* is accorded to the sacrificing priesthood of Rome in education. A minute investigation of the systems in force in those countries would be an interesting theme, but it is quite outside the scope of this chapter.

In South America, if anywhere—that empire founded and ruled and, if I may say so, ruined by the priests of Spain—we should expect to find the ecclesiastical arm omnipotent over University education. But even there the priesthood have been forced out of the Universities. In the Argentine Republic "there are two Universities, viz., at Buenos Ayres and at Cordoba, but both are lay in character, and neither is in any relation with the episcopate, nor are there in either any special dispositions affecting the education of Roman Catholics. . . . The number of students is 2,597, and no one attending them being required to specify to which religion he belongs, it is not possible" to say how many students are Roman Catholics. "There is no Roman Catholic University in Brazil in the English sense of the word. At present the young Brazilians either go to the Brazilian Universities, *where no religion is taught*," or those who desire a Catholic University have to go to Europe in search of it. In the United States of Colombia the University at Bogota has ceased to exist. "There exist merely Faculties for the granting of degrees in various branches, such as medicine, law, engineering, &c., each one of which is independent of the other." In Mexico "there are no institutions which can be said to correspond to European Universities. In the schools maintained by the Government, whether primary or for instruction in technical subjects,

such as law, engineering, or the fine arts, no account is taken of the religious persuasion of the pupils." In Uruguay, though "the State religion is Roman Catholic, no special provision is made for the University education of Roman Catholics." The Monte Video University is managed by a rector "who is chosen by the Government out of three candidates elected by the vote of all citizens on the books of the University having the title of Doctor or Licentiate."

Every British Government which has held office since the foundation of the Queen's University by Sir Robert Peel in 1845 has been most reluctant, nay, antagonistic, to the Irish priests' clamour for endowment. It has been repugnant to the innate sense of justice of Englishmen to injure their deceived lay Catholic fellow-citizens. English statesmen have not been misled by the semblance of a false popular demand rigged up by the priests, though they have gone beyond the verge of prudence in their concessions.

In 1879, for instance, the last Government of Lord Beaconsfield rearranged the Irish University system with a view to depriving lay Catholics of even a superficial grievance. They passed an Act dissolving the Queen's University and establishing a Royal University for which a new fund of £1,000,000 was provided. The three Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway remain intact and directly responsible to the Government as before; but they are incorporated, or, rather, work in conjunction with the Royal University. Two additional colleges also act in conjunction with the Royal University, namely, the Jesuits' College in Dublin,

which occupies the house which used to be known as the Catholic University, and the Magee Presbyterian College in Derry.

The Royal University is governed by a Senate whose members, like the National Education and Intermediate Education Commissioners, may be divided into two sections, namely, those appointed on the nomination of the priests and those not so appointed. By the amended statutes of the University the Senate has power to appoint twenty-nine Fellows without an examination test, and three junior Fellows by yearly competitive examination. The Fellows who get their appointments without passing an examination, and the junior Fellows constitute the University Board of Examiners. The 29 Fellows hold office for a period of seven years, renewable for life, and receive a salary of £400; but the three junior Fellows appointed annually, hold office only for a fixed period of three years, at a salary of £200. The object of establishing those Fellowships, whose holders were not required to pass an examination, was to place emolument and patronage in the hands of the priests in an unofficial way without creating a statutory precedent. Parliament is supposed to know nothing about it. "The primary object of the institution of the Fellowships," said Sir J. C. Meredith, Secretary to the Royal University, in his evidence before the Royal Commission in 1901, "was to constitute an indirect endowment for University College, St. Stephen's Green (the Jesuits' College before referred to). The Senate came to an understanding that one-half of the Fellowships were to be given to Professors in University College,

and that understanding has been strictly adhered to. It was arranged that the other half should be distributed, one to Magee (Presbyterian) College, Londonderry, and the remainder among the three Queen's Colleges."

The Jesuits, therefore, received the power of appointment of fifteen Fellows at £400 per annum each, a total endowment of £6,000 per annum. They appointed four priests, members of their own order, and eleven teachers in their own college. Those fifteen priests' Fellows and the Fellow at Magee College are the only men who draw full salaries, for it is laid down that the twelve Fellows who are professors at the Queen's Colleges only draw as much pay as will bring their salaries up to £400 per annum, and they only draw £1,250 between the whole of them.

But the sum of £6,000 paid them for Fellowship salaries is only a small portion of the gain resultant to the Jesuits from this arrangement. Do they not, by virtue of it, command a majority of the Fellows and, therefore, wield a controlling influence over the examining board of the Royal University? Do not the priest-appointed Fellows know precisely what questions the examination papers to be set by themselves will certainly contain? If you attend the lectures of an examiner in any college, are you not thereby enabled to forecast the questions he will ask? If the pupils of the Jesuit College have been enabled to carry off a considerable percentage of the prizes and emoluments of the Royal University; and if Protestant students, anxious to gain a University prize, have found themselves compelled to attend the lectures delivered

by the majority of the examining Fellows at the Jesuit College, it is in the arrangement explained by Sir James Meredith, and not in any superhuman excellence on the part of the professors, that the man in the street will seek out the cause of such distinction.

I shall not pursue the subject further. Let it suffice to say, in conclusion, that in Trinity College, Dublin, one of the oldest and best Universities in the world, open alike to Catholics and Protestants; in the three splendidly-staffed Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, open to all creeds; in the endowed Jesuit College in Dublin; and in the Royal University; Ireland possesses, for its size, as generous a provision as was ever made by the State in any European country for University education. There is not a shadow of justification for the allegation of the priests that Irish Roman Catholics are deprived of University education. The fact is the Catholics have got University education in its best form; but it is the priests' business to prevent the Catholic laity, by every species of deception, from taking free and full advantage of the privileges given to them by their Protestant fellow-citizens.

But there is another explanation of the priests' eagerness for more State subsidies, another reason why they are now at their wits' end to procure the new grant of University money from the British Treasury. Liberal as the Irish Catholics are in their contributions to the priests; lavish as they may be in the fees which they are willing to pay for sacraments such as the baptisms of infants, "churchings" or purifications of mothers, absolutions of penitents, matrimony, and the extreme unctions of the sick,

and for sacrifices such as high and low masses, nuptial masses, butter masses, and funeral masses; eager as they seem to be on their deathbeds to leave all their real and personal property to the priests—still the priests are in need of money.

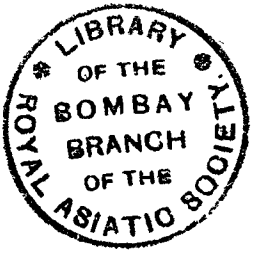
The priests, monks, and nuns of Ireland are increasing in numbers year by year, while the lay Roman Catholic population on whom they live are diminishing with alarming rapidity. At the census of 1861—that is to say, forty years ago, the total number of priests, monks, and nuns in Ireland, on their own admission, was 5,955. At the census of 1901—that is to say, to-day, the admitted number of priests, monks, and nuns is 14,145, showing an increase of 137 per cent. The lay Roman Catholic population of the country in 1861 stood at 4,505,265; to-day it only amounts to 3,308,661, being a decrease of 27 per cent. in the forty years.[1]

But, the reader may exclaim: "The existence of such a state of things as you have described must postulate a condition of mental incapacity in the lay Irish Catholics which is so great as to be almost inconceivable!" That is true. The Irish lay Catholics are the most hopeless and unintelligible people in North Europe. To find a close parallel for the degree of ineptitude to which the priests and their own credulity have reduced them, one must seek it in the condition of the Russian peasants under the influence of the Greek priests. "Amongst the Russian peasants," writes the eminent Scandinavian thinker, Georg Brandes, "there is an ignorance which renders it almost impossible to begin the communication of information."

[1] See *Priests and People in Ireland.*

I was born in Ireland; I have lived all my life in Ireland; I am, on my father's side, an Irishman belonging to one of the oldest Irish clans or families, and, on my mother's side, to a family descended from the earliest Norman settlers. I feel for my own people as no stranger can feel for them. But I can only say of the great mass of my fellow Irish Catholics, as Brandes said of the Russians,[1] that there is amongst them a continuing, priest-begotten ignorance which renders it "impossible to begin the communication of information" to them on this subject of education, or on any topic which concerns their true advancement in the scale of humanity.

[1] *Impressions of Russia*, translated by S. C. Eastman.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## CHAPTER IV

### NORTH AND SOUTH : CONTRASTS IN CHARACTER

LET us now return to the lectures in the chronological order of their delivery. All through the closing months of 1901, before the date of my first Dublin lecture on October 18th, and up to the 1st of August 1902, I continued to be most busily engaged in the preparation of my second book *Priests and People in Ireland*, which appeared on the 13th of August, 1902, and achieved an instantaneous success.

I advanced further in it, in my denunciation of the superstitious practices of the Irish priests and the un-Christian ways in which they are training the Irish Roman Catholic people. *Priests and People* was regarded by publishers as a venturesome book to publish. It was a novelty, and if the risks involved were to be measured by the uneasiness of my own mind through the year 1902, and for many months after its appearance, great, indeed, must have been those risks. But I knew my ground and, being actuated by the purest motives, was prepared for the consequences. I can truly say that I faced my danger with a full appreciation of all that it entailed; but, nevertheless, I felt impelled to persevere with my task.

I still feel urged to follow the path of duty, and the third book upon which I am now engaged, necessitating more labour than even *Priests and People*, and being wider in its scope, will, I trust, be a proof of that fact to the world.

I need not dilate upon the success of *Priests and People;* the editions in which it was published were far larger in quantity than the editions of *Five Years in Ireland;* and we never had enough of the book until the fourth edition was published on August 13, 1903, twelve months after the appearance of the first edition.

The publication of *Priests and People* in August had raised me in the estimation of the public. I was now the recipient of letters from the five continents, praising my books and praying for my own welfare. American citizens, passing through Dublin, called at my house to "shake me by the hand." One of them knocked me up at 8 a.m. with a request that I would write my autograph in a copy of *Priests and People* which he had purchased, as he was sailing by the next steamer. Unknown people of both sexes were constantly asking for interviews with me. Pretty young girls came with their autograph-books. My friends entertained me with a small portion of the weird gossip that was rife about me in town and country. Presents of books, tracts, newspaper-cuttings, and so forth poured in upon me. Applications for assistance arrived from many quarters; from energetic ladies anxious for the success of bazaars; from little girls with collecting-cards; from national teachers with a grievance against the priests; even from priests themselves; and from distressed North of Ireland men. Queries

innumerable came from distant parts; my attention was specially directed to hundreds of particular texts of Scripture. Many Roman Catholic ladies wrote me letters narrating their own grievous trouble with the priests. My advice was asked in cases of family disputes and legal difficulties. I doubt if any popular writer (and I make no pretence to that designation) ever received more glowing and disinterested and unmerited adulation, through the medium of the penny post, than I was now in receipt of. I used to discredit the paragraphs occasionally seen in the newspapers as to the vast quantity of letters received by certain popular authors; but now I can no longer do so. From Ottawa, Ladysmith, Chicago, Melbourne, Copenhagen, Otago, Korea, and almost every civilised country in Europe, words of encouragement and gratitude came to me through the post. Let me state for the information of all my correspondents that I am more grateful to them than I can express, for the spirit of Christian friendship displayed in their letters. I had no idea that there were so many kindly, disinterested people in the world ready to help one who dares to do what he thinks right and is not afraid to stand alone.

Therefore, when I appeared for a second time on a platform in Belfast, on December 2, 1902, to deliver a lecture on "North and South in Ireland," under the auspices of the Central Presbyterian Association, I found myself, not in an incompletely filled hall and before a somewhat select audience of one thousand people, but face to face with an enormous assemblage numbering, as I am informed, about 3,000 people. The sight of such an immense audience made me nervous, and I experienced some

doubts as to whether I should be able to get through with my long address. But I overcame my faintness and carried the lecture through with a good voice, and, if I am to judge by the applause, to the entire satisfaction of the vast audience who had come to hear me.

I opened my remarks by expressing the pleasure I felt in addressing a Belfast audience once more. "I am interested in Belfast," I said, "and I venture to think Belfast is, to some extent, interested in me. During the past twelve months, as, perhaps, you are aware, I have not been idle. My second book, *Priests and People*, published three months ago, has been received by the public with even greater favour than *Five Years in Ireland*. I have been more or less amazed at my success; and it is especially gratifying to know, as I do, that my book is being bought by all classes of the community, including royalty itself;[1] as well as by all the classes who work for their living, and of whom I myself am one; and, above all, by my own co-religionists, lay as well as clerical.

The address which I am now going to deliver is one for which I alone am responsible, as I am responsible for everything else which I write or speak, here or elsewhere. It is only fair to those who have so kindly connected themselves with this meeting to state so much clearly. It is also only giving the public its due to assure them that they

[1] A few days before I left Dublin to deliver this lecture I was informed by an important firm of booksellers that H.R.H. the Duchess of —— had just visited the shop and asked for a copy of *Priests and People in Ireland* and that the book had been supplied to her.

will always get me at first-hand; and that no man, or body of men, knows what I am going to say to-night in discussing this wide, and, for Irishmen, this all-absorbing subject of "North and South."

Our country is far from being the only one in which contrasts between North and South are observable. Many interesting distinctions, other than religions, are noticeable between the northern and southern inhabitants of several European countries, arising from climate, the productions of the soil, and the varying conditions of life. But, in our small island, those forces have not had much practical influence. Ireland seems to me to be a microcosm of the continents of Europe and America with respect to the contrasts in character existing between North and South. For instance, as I impressed upon the readers of *Priests and People*, the virility of the inhabitants of North Europe stands out in bold contrast with the effeminacy of the natives of South Europe; while in America the preponderating power of the Northern over the Southern character is also remarkable.

In both continents the root of the difference lies in religion and the phase of mind underlying religion. For it is indisputable, however much we may regret it, that one particular set of religious practices is found co-existent with negative stagnation, positive degeneracy, or active discontent; whereas another code of religious practices is accompanied by virility, industry, progress, and contentment. Our conception of God, our relationship towards Him is naturally the first force which operates upon human character. It is so

in Ireland, and our national character, founded upon and formed by religion, differs accordingly in North and South.

If you ask me the question, What is character? Is character so all-important as you presuppose? I reply that we shall accept the valuation of character given by Dr. Smiles for the purposes of this address: "Character is property," says Smiles. "It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of men." Let us recognise at the outset that it is in the training of the mind of the infant that the foundations of character are laid, and that it is in the working of the mind of the adult along the bent received in infancy that national character will find its expression in words and acts.

The mind is the most valuable human attribute, and the power of independent thinking is the most important faculty of the mind. The human being who does not possess and exercise that power is not an acquisition to any community, no matter how deceptive may be his docility. His character is a poor property, and his estate in the general goodwill and respect of men will be found on examination to be a bankrupt one.

The high value set upon mind-power, or free-thought, in the United States may be gathered from a snatch of recent conversation between an English and an American merchant which I saw the other day in one of the newspapers. The Englishman had been describing something, and he wound up by putting to the American the following question, asking it as if it were a truism requiring no reply. "Would you, for instance,"

queried the English merchant, "take the advice of your office-boy?" But the American's unexpected answer was: "Yes, and I would not keep an office-boy in my employment if he could not give me advice when I asked him for it."

Now the Southern Irishman has surrendered from his infancy the right to think freely, and he has been taught to regard the expression "free thought" as a term of opprobrium. During infancy, youth, and early manhood his reason lies prostrate under the influence of scholastic opiates, or it is deliberately dissipated upon mental butterfly-chasing. Is it any wonder if he so frequently grows up a trifler, a giggler, a gossiper, a reveller in the mysterious, the secret, and the underhand? He prides himself on being a votary of sport and amusement, as if that were in itself something noble; but he forgets that, in the words of Dean Swift, "amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think." And need we be surprised if the Southern Irishmen, being weak, travel in herds for mutual protection, and that before they can accomplish anything effective they must have leagues, associations, societies, and federations? I do not object to combination, but when carried to excess it depreciates the individual, and thereby weakens the nation. When I look at the largest of our Southern organisations, namely, the professional religious, I behold our women herding themselves into convents and our men securely penning themselves up into monasteries in order to save their souls. And I observe our laity, male and female, marching and counter-marching in religious demonstrations, with banners and ribbons,

promenading in self-justification before a merciful God, who, as we profess, but do not seem to believe, has already given His only Son as an all-atoning sacrifice for the sins of humanity. I find we are imbued with the terror of hell fire, and that we have scant faith in the justice of God, who, it would appear, must be continually nagged at and bribed before He can be induced to act fairly.

Fools are always surrounded by flatterers; and I know of no people who are so ruined by flattery as the Southern Irish. Like prodigals wasting their estates, we are overwhelmed by soft-tongued parasites. Let that explain the severity with which I am inclined to handle my own people, when I contemplate their career along the primrose path of self-glorification. Our politicians vie with our ministers of religion, and our newspapers outstrip both, in the excess of adulation with which they decorate our moral and material penury. If we subscribe out of our scarcity to pile up the measure of sacerdotal riches to overflowing, our Faith is lauded to the skies; if we subscribe for politics, our patriotism is said to be superior to that of Epaminondas or William Tell.

Such are some of the misconceptions with which we start. When we do not emigrate, then we swarm into the army, into the police, into the civil service, into the convents, into the monasteries, into the leagues and federations, depending little upon ourselves and less upon God, seeking for safety everywhere in numbers. When we emigrate we do the same things, to a considerable extent, I regret to say. Those of us who do not succeed in getting into the shelter of the folds become a ready prey to

flattering demagogues, lay and clerical. We cannot dispense with flattery. We are terror-smitten when confronted by actuality; and, for the most part, we are incapable of originating anything.

If we should start an exhibition, for instance, following in our belated fashion the example of other lands, creditable though the effort may be, we must be first enabled to do so by the generosity of the community, rather than by our own resources; and then when the amusing show is over, we cry our eyes out because we cannot go on exhibiting for ever![1]

If we find ourselves born and living on a barren hillside, we look upon ourselves as locomotive vegetables, and we remain there. An entire family will stand sullenly at bay for a generation on a patch of Mayo bog, over a difference of a few shillings with the landlord. During the prolongation of the dispute, the thoughtless, mindless family will be found subscribing lavishly for all the consolations of professional politics and professional religion. The time squandered on the mulish struggle, the money spent on procuring the intervention of Parliament and the Papacy between the disputants, would, under the God-given direction of free thought in the individual, have produced, meanwhile, a thousand pounds for every shilling in dispute. We begin life with intellects which have not been trained to work, and when the mind is

[1] The Cork Exhibition first held in 1902 was actually repeated in 1903; on the grounds that, as the buildings had been erected, they should be used for another year's frolic. I doubt if a precedent for this can be found in the annals of exhibitions.

not working smoothly and straightly, there can be nothing but misunderstandings and discontent, as long as life lasts.

It is under those circumstances that the puzzled perplexity of the Southern Irishman has provided endless amusement for the inhabitants of the more fortunate portions of the United Kingdom. Paddy is always scratching his head; always in a quandary. But for me, or, indeed, for any thoughtful and sympathetic observer, it is a melancholy subject of observation. Our people are always trying to reconcile the rights of God, as represented by their theocracy, with the rights of man as represented by their own consciences.

I am far from agreeing with all that has been done at various periods in France, but the French intellect has a faculty of clear expression which we cannot equal. And, my thoughts being bent on Southern Catholic Ireland, my sympathy went forth to M. Clemenceau when he exclaimed in the French Senate, on the 30th of October last, "Freed from the yoke of Rome, we find everywhere free countries." "What we combat," declared the eminent Frenchman, "is the Roman theocracy, a corporation of men having the defects as well as the virtues of humanity, but claiming to represent the rights of God as against the rights of man." I am glad to find that the new reformation in France tends rather to evangelical Christianity than to Atheism, and that one of the most bitter complaints of the sacerdotal party is that the French Protestants dominate the Government. And M. Clemenceau, in words which will soon have to be used in the South of Ireland, thus addressed the represen-

tatives of the theocracy in France: "So long as you ask only for liberty to believe, to practice your religion, we are in agreement, we refuse you nothing. But when it is a question of twisting our domestic politics into harmony with those of Rome, and with your social conception, we can no longer remain in agreement."

Broadly speaking, those few sentences put the situation in the South of Ireland in a nutshell. They help to explain the Southern Irishman's character; and they also indicate what must soon be the attitude of the majority in the United Kingdom as a whole, and in Ireland itself, with regard to the Gaelic-Roman and Anglo-Roman theocracy with which we have to deal.

There is a struggle coming which I shall not discuss to-night; but I shall say that, if men were found ready and willing to leave hearth and home and to lay down their lives for the Empire on the blistering veldt of South Africa, others should not flinch from the final sacrifice, if it be necessary, in a cause which is even nobler still—namely, that of winning freedom of mind for their children and their children's children in their native land. It must be shown, let me say in passing, that the rights of God in Southern Catholic Ireland are in harmony with the rights of man, and that the rights of man shall be and must be the common rights of all men and all women, and not the selfish aggrandisement of the professional religious, male and female, as we find the phrase interpreted to-day in the South of Ireland.

Our people are in a never-ending dilemma. Like most weak people, when they come to a parting of

the ways, they most frequently end by going against their consciences; and it is one of the marvellous dispensations of Providence that whoever disregards conscience, whether he be a swineherd or an astronomer, is always unhappy and always perplexed. Do you suppose, then, that the rights of God, as against the rights of man, are triumphant in South, or, as I may call it, Catholic Ireland? If so, you are in error. For, the most astonishing problem presented by the Southern-Irishman's character is that while we profess to be surrendering our rights as men, defined for us by our consciences, in deference to the rights of God, enunciated for us by our theocracy, we do not obey the most express commands of God any more than we obey the British Government and its laws. We seem born to disobey, and our greatest luxury seems to be to proclaim to the world that we are down-trodden and oppressed, and that "only for something or other" we could achieve wonders.

That expression "only for" is never out of our mouths. "Only for this I could have done that!" "Only for that I could have done this!" Ah, my brethren, when will you realise that—

> "Man is his own star, and the soul that can
> Render an honest and a perfect man
> Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
> Nothing to him falls too early or too late.
> Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Sometimes we allege it is the Government that spoils our chance—"only for the Government"; at other times it is a malicious neighbour—"only for

Jack Barry"; not infrequently it is God who has done the mischief—"only for the will of God." When the blame is cast upon the Government or the neighbour, we curse the delinquent, and otherwise proceed to take revenge. Yes; and if we are more prone to one failing than another, it is that of cursing and revenge; and we command a vocabulary of curses which would fill a bulky dictionary, to our discredit be it said.

Again, when we allow that our trouble has come from God, we may profess resignation, exclaiming, "Praise be to God!" or, "God's will be done!" But, alas, we are not really resigned. We have lost the grand faculty of forgetting, often a more useful possession than memory itself; though memory is, perhaps, the best fighting endowment of humanity. We remember, we remember, oh, so long, and, oh, so bitterly! But we remember the wrong things! We are rarely at fault ourselves, in our own opinion, being usually the innocent victims of a conspiracy. But are we not quite wrong in supposing so? Does not our own favourite expression, "I will if I like"—the retort of the pupil to the teacher, of the servant to the master, of the child to the parent—more correctly express our attitude towards the world? "I will if I like!" Do we not practise the sentiment as far as we dare, in every relation of life, towards the Government, towards the neighbour, and even towards the God whose rights we deceive ourselves into imagining that we are preferring to our own? We are afraid of hell; but we enjoy creeping into the shadow and peeping in at hell gates, getting a whiff of the furnace, as it were, and then drawing back with a breath of relief and

resolving never to do it again! I cannot truthfully say that the rights of God are in the ascendant in the South, though they are so continually brought into antagonism with the rights of man. The most sacred, the most personal, the most explicit command of the Lord is, in my opinion, contained in His first commandment. It is the essence of monotheism, or the adoration of a single God. "I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me. Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them."

How do we obey that command? We pucker our brows and we turn up the whites of our eyes. But we say to ourselves under our breath—"I will if I like." And we make those things at great cost, and we serve them with assiduity, if we do not adore them! Need our critics be surprised at any subsequent exhibition of contrariety on our part, in the face of that contumacy?

Government says: "You must strictly observe your civil contracts; otherwise the State would fall to pieces; you must pay your rent."

But Paddy retorts: "I will if I like;" and very often he does not like; but he has to do it in the end.

Our theocracy expend themselves in horror at what they call the King's blasphemy;[1] but let me ask

[1] The clerical agitation for a repeal of the Accession Oath was then in full swing. See *Priests and People* for Bishop Clancy's extraordinary service of expiation.

them their opinion of the blasphemy so characteristic of Southern or Catholic Ireland. The second commandment of God is no less explicit than the first: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." But, alas, we do take His name in vain, and the dreadful habit of cursing is prevalent wherever the Southern Irishman is to be found. He curses high, he curses low, he curses automatically. He hears the command of God, but he replies: "I will if I like;" and he has a litany of curseology which ought to be enshrined in print for the admonition of posterity. Curses and prayers, prayers and curses, are ever on our lips, making up such a jumble of devotion and profanity as Lucifer and the Archangel Michael combined could not excel. Are not our prayers to the devil as frequent as our prayers to God, the curse being followed at once by a prayer for forgiveness? What can be more indicative of low civilisation than such combined exclamations as the following, uttered in a single breath, which are constantly to be heard on our street sides. "May the devil break his neck, God forgive me!" Is it not the antithesis of Christianity to see women, mothers of families, entering into cursing competitions before their own doors on the public roads; and fathers cursing their sons for an hour at the time, every curse being followed by a prayer or by the sign of the cross?

Oh, Constantine, Emperor and Pontifex Maximus of Rome, when you beheld of old that sign of the cross in the skies, bearing the victorious legend *In hoc signo vinces*, you little knew in what contests it was destined to be employed in future ages! The cursing, so frequent as to be unconscious,

to be found amongst respectable surroundings in the South shows that the rights of God, so often deferred to, are little understood.

When I was a boy, I remember seeing two apple women come out of Carey's Lane Chapel in Cork. They were perfectly friendly, and seated themselves on their haunches on the sidewalk, beside their baskets. I hope the recording angel may turn his face away, and also that the susceptibilities of the audience may not be wounded. They were still blessing themselves and making the sign of the cross. They were not tramps or rogues, but respectable women of the dealing class, which makes the matter worse. "You're the divil, Biddy!" said one. "You're the divil's mother then, if I am!" said the other. They were, as I say, friendly and humorous, and rubbed shoulders like a pair of sisterly cows amongst the buttercups.

Imagine how incongruous it was to hear the first woman say suddenly, in a sprightly tone: "God damn you, Biddy, will you give me a match?" To which the other replied with equal cheerfulness: "The divil kill you, don't you know I haven't wan!"

I can never remember a time when I did not consider such exhibitions of character deplorable. And I feel it more deplorable still to have to acknowledge that I see nothing being done to improve the mental condition of such people, whose characters are entirely moulded on religion.

Our surrender of mind-power in infancy produces perennial perplexity, disobedience, and loss of opportunity. The Government says: "Patrick, you must not boycott your neighbour, nor outrage his cattle." Our Divine Saviour, in those marvel-

lous words which have revolutionised the world, being accepted and practised, as they are, by the better half of mankind, says: "Love your enemies." But, alas! our reply—the reply of the Southern and Catholic Irishman—to both commands is: "I will if I like."

The British Government for the past fifty years has been saying: "Pat, you ought to educate your children. Here are colleges and endowments and professors for you in plenty. We use those colleges ourselves, and you see we are happy and prosperous!" But Pat's reply has been: "I will if I like." And we don't like, unless we can get an education, which will be no education, and which will leave us as mindless and thoughtless as ever. We advance the theory that the rights of God, in the matter of education, are against the rights of man. But why should any one wonder at our disobedience to the Government who has noted our disobedience to God? The Lord says: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day." The Southern Irishman replies: "I will if I like." And he doesn't like; and, oh! he is so weary, so out of sorts, so loth to begin the week's work on Monday morning in consequence! And he sneers at the Sabbatarians, as he calls them, who obey the command!

The original error we have made in surrendering our minds into subjection and disuse, leads us into a whole succession of cardinal absurdities. We are not in line with God; we are not in line with mankind; we are one of the butts of the universe. Of course, there are thousands of exceptions; but I speak of the average, typical, patriotic, self-glorifying Irishman, who is found in the cradle of the race;

and found also, to a considerable extent, abroad. If we were happy and doing well, willing partners in the parliament of man, in the federation of the world, I should not raise my voice against our errors. Toleration is the characteristic of the age. We, as a nation, sent a guard of honour to Dover to meet the Hindu princeling who brought his hand-made God and his priest with him to the Coronation. He was happy in his error. But we are not; for we were born for better and higher things. That is why I speak.

Observe a few of our inconsistencies. We are always complaining of the religious exclusiveness of our Protestant fellow-citizens, yet we are actively engaged in a campaign, under the direction of our theocracy, to secure the dismissal of all Protestants from the employment of every bank, railway, and large business-house in the South of Ireland over which we have any influence.[1] Instead of starting independent businesses for ourselves we seek to force our hard-working, successful, Protestant neighbours to reject their own friends and give places to our incompetents on their staffs. I know that it is not the laity who are at the bottom of the movement, but we cannot evade our responsibility; and it is we, lay folk and our children, who will suffer the evil consequences bound to flow from this movement. For the men to whom the theocracy will give such posts as may be placed at their disposal will not be the most capable men, but will be men obedient to the theocracy, men who will do harm by their incompetence to the Catholic body-politic. That is one of the most damaging results

[1] "The Catholic Association," dealt with in Chapter XI.

of theocratic rule in the South, that it is to the unfit, the mindless, and the unscrupulous that most of the prizes of life are awarded.

Government, railway, bank, business house will say to the theocracy, eager to purchase quietness, "Give us your man for this vacancy!" And the theocracy will select a slave who has pawned his mind to them, and will instal him in the post. Forty years ago in Italy a man would have run the risk of assassination or excommunication for making such a disclosure. To-day in the South of Ireland a man is said to be setting himself up as "a lay-pontiff" if he thus criticises the theocracy. "Count" Moore, who represented Derry in Parliament for a short time, and who is the holder of the office of Chamberlain of Honour to his Holiness the Pope, has recently warned the public that "a new class of lay-pontiffs" has arisen in Ireland, and he specifically names four of them, in the following order: McCarthy, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Michael Davitt, and Dr. Starkie. He described those lay-pontiffs as "a vulgar and insolent gang."

I do not feel tempted to retort upon the papal chamberlain. I only wish I could say of him, as Mr. Gilbert said of Mr. Beerbohm Tree in *Hamlet*, namely, that "he was very funny without being at all vulgar." I did not require "Count" Moore to tell me that, so far from being alone, I am one of a numerous class. Let me, however, hasten to assure the chamberlain that I am not a pontiff. Indeed, the last thing I should wish to see on earth would be an increase in the number of popes, lay or clerical, with several different sets of chamberlains. I regret to say it, but, in my opinion, a single

member of that exalted species has proved far too many for the good of Western Europe since the foundation of the dynasty by Phocas at the beginning of the seventh century.

I do not speak for the three gentlemen, whose names the chamberlain has bracketed with mine, on this or any other topic. We are not and have never been in communication. But I feel it in the air, and I know it in my heart, that I represent a school of thought in Ireland which is destined to gain the ascendancy over those devil-affrighted souls who, like "Count" Moore, have put their minds in pawn and can never release them.[1]

Another inconsistency of Southern character is that, though we are eternally praising unity, we are not united. I do not think that unity is necessarily a virtue, and that it is cheaply purchased at any price. But, whether it be a virtue or otherwise, we Southern Catholic Irish do not possess it; for unity is strength, and we are not strong. There is a fictitious or forced unity and a genuine or natural unity. There is the compulsory unity to be found in Belfast jail, and there is the voluntary unity to be seen in the shipbuilding works at Queen's Island. It is the fictitious and forced unity that we possess in the South of Ireland, not the genuine and natural unity, which alone is strength.

You cannot see with the human eye the jail in which our thoughts are incarcerated, for stone walls

[1] "Count" Moore died towards the close of 1903, and was buried with an intricacy of ritual unparalleled in recent years in Ireland. He was interred in the chapel of the Cistercian Monastery at Roscrea, to which I allude at some length in *Priests and People.*

and iron bars are not required to make a prison for the mind. A healthy difference of opinion, freely expressed, is the only true foundation of the unity which is synonymous with strength; and there is no such free play of opinion to be found in the South of Ireland. We are blanketed by a conspiracy of silence upon all the most vital questions that concern humanity. Every difference of opinion from the theocracy is hushed up, or crushed to death. For instance, when the printer who printed *Five Years in Ireland* found that the general trend of that book, with all its miscellaneous contents, was to expose and condemn the excessive power of the theocracy, he refused to put his name on it, for he feared that if he did so he would have been crushed into the bankruptcy court. When I was about getting my second book printed I asked for tenders from three Dublin printers, but they declined to tender, though they all sympathised with my views. A few weeks ago my publishers sent an ordinary trade advertisement of my second book to the two Nationalist morning newspapers of Dublin, the advertisement having been solicited by their own canvassers. The *Freeman's Journal* returned the order and the money, and refused to insert. The *Independent* inserted the advertisement, but on the following day it printed, on its leader page, an apology to its readers for having done so.

A Dublin monthly illustrated paper published a review of my first book and a photograph of myself. But some dozens of copies were returned by female newsvendors at the instigation of a Dublin priest; and the paper would now be afraid to insert even an advertisement of the second book. A County

Cork paper asked for an advertisement of the second book, and got it; but the manager regretfully returned the order, saying that his board would not allow him to insert it.

These incidents are typical of Southern Irish character. They prove how the rights of God are nut into antagonism with the rights of man. I do not tell you these things in any spirit of complaint, for I have not suffered by them. The tide can no more be stopped in its revolution round the earth than the wave of thought represented by my books. Neither refusing to insert advertisements in papers dominated by the theocracy, nor forbidding penitents in confession to read my books and imposing penances upon them for having done so, which I know is being done—none of those petty tyrannies will ultimately avail the enemies of truth.

My position is well defined. I am not struggling in a dilemma between the rights of God and the rights of man, between the commands of the theocracy and the dictates of my conscience. I have taken my stand with God and with my conscience. I recognise the rights of God as being synonymous with the rights of man. I have no doubts as to the justice of my cause, and no fear as to its ultimate triumph. I may die and other men may die, but the harvest of truth, for which I have sown a grain or two of good seed, will yet be garnered into the barns in Southern Ireland.

Another point of contrast in character between North and South is to be found in the sensitiveness of people to what is called "public opinion." Personally I can never remember a time when I cared for what people said of me. But I am an

exception in that respect in the South of Ireland. I do not claim it as a merit. I was born so. But I have known hundreds of people who were driven to distraction at various periods of their lives by the gossip of their neighbours, or, as it is more commonly called, public opinion. A Southern Irishman cannot walk from one end of the street to the other without asking himself the question at every step: "Where do they think I am going now?" or "What do they think I am up to now?" And the deluded man settles it with himself, as it is put, that he is brighter than the whole of them; and that, despite all their imaginings, despite all the hundred eyes of public opinion, none can fathom his motives, none can forecast his acts.

I remember a crowd of land-leaguers, including several prominent members of Parliament, passing along the street of a Southern Irish town, being utterly nonplussed by the cry of a small boy who shouted, "Down with the land-leaguers!" I remember one of the group of leaders saying solemnly to another, "By God, Maurice, public opinion is against us!"

The conscience is a faculty of the mind, no less than memory or reason; and when the mind is neglected, the conscience possesses no useful strength. The question is, "What will they say?" rather than, "What is the right thing to do?"

The Irish Party, as it is called, is, in this respect, emblematical of the Southern or Catholic Ireland which it represents in Parliament. Any one may observe its perplexity between the clashing commands of the theocracy and of conscience, between the rights of God, so-called, and the rights of man.

It deputes its chief whip to proceed to Rome and officially kiss the Pope's slipper on behalf of the Party, a concession to the rights of God. But its leaders at home refuse to obey the commands of Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Logue, the Pope's agents and stewards in the United Kingdom, on the English Education Bill, a concession to the rights of man. They do not revolt openly, and in a manly way refuse to be dictated to by the theocracy. But they mutter between their teeth the well-known southern shibboleth, "I will if I like." And they don't like! It does not amount to much: but it is something gained. Messrs. Harmsworth, in their *Daily Mail*, tell Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien that they will be drummed out of public life for disobeying the theocracy. No, they will not be drummed out. They would have been returned by their constituencies with increased majorities for their little spurt along the highway travelled by the friends of mankind. But their courage did not endure long.

The flight to America of Mr. Redmond, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Blake, and Mr. Dillon, to avoid the dilemma in which they were placed by the Education Bill, was not honesty; but it was pre-eminently typical of Southern Irish character. Had Mr. Redmond and the Irish Party straightly confronted the theocracy, who sought and still seek to domineer over them, in this Education Question, they would have won the approval of the whole civilised world; and, after a few years of propaganda at home, they would find themselves the most influential and the most respected body of public men ever connected with Southern Ireland. Does not Mr. Redmond owe his present position to his stand for the rights

of man at a crucial moment against the theocracy? The Irish Party should have boldly informed the bishops that, as a body, it agreed with its allies, the Nonconformist Home Rulers of England, in holding that the English schools should be under the direction of the ratepayers, and served by the best men to be had for money, and not under the theocracy; and that the Irish schools, in due time, must be put under similar capable government, instead of being a mine of pocket-situations for the creatures of the priests.

The dishonest action of the Irish Party on the Education Question will result, nay, has resulted, in the ultimate abandonment of Home Rule by the Liberal Party. And the despicable conduct of the Irish leaders will hasten the coming Redistribution Bill, under which the 3,310,328 Roman Catholics of Ireland, or, rather, the theocracy of Ireland, instead of possessing 82 votes out of 670 in the House of Commons, will have only 55 representatives, our proper number, representing, as it does, the ratio in which we stand to the 41,605,520 inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

Oh, the contrariety! oh, the unintelligibility of the workings of the crippled intellects of our poor fellow-countrymen! Bishop Clancy, for instance, calls for the re-establishment in Connaught of the Roman Inquisition, whose weapons were the thumb-screws, the pincers, the faggots, and the rack, because Mr. Michael Davitt dares to partially express his thoughts upon the bearings of the land quarrel. But the theocrat finds that times have changed, notably within the last two years; and that stupid utterances, even when they emanate

from bishops, are beginning to be weighed up and appraised at their proper worth by everybody except the sacerdotalist pressmen who serve the theocracy. The theocrat, in return for his intervention in the dispute, deservedly met the fate pronounced against the lukewarm man in the gospel. He was spewed by landlord and spewed by the tenants, because he was neither hot nor cold. (*See Note at end of Chapter.*)

A discussion follows between the theocrat and the politician. Mr. Davitt represents the United Irish League and the Irish Party. Bishop Clancy represents the Roman Catholic theocracy. Do we find the layman speaking straightly on behalf of the League and Party, and laying down the League law? Do we find the theocrat fulminating openly on behalf of Romanism and laying down the Church law?

On the contrary, with a perversity of crookedness, the result of strangled and stunted intellects, we find Bishop Clancy alleging that Mr. Davitt does not represent the Irish League or the Irish Party, but that he (Bishop Clancy) admires the United Irish League and loves the Irish Party, and that he (Bishop Clancy) speaks for those bodies with authority, and not Mr. Davitt. He calls to his aid the entire Nationalist organisation of Ireland against Mr. Davitt, one of its generalissimos!

And we find Mr. Davitt, on his part, instead of sticking to his last of politics, passing himself off as the spokesman and deputy of Rome and of the theocracy; assuring the world that there are sensible men at Rome; and that the theocracy is an admirable institution; and that he (Mr. Davitt)

has all the leading lights of the theocracy on his side in the dispute against Bishop Clancy.

If I acted like either of the disputants, I should hold myself guilty of cowardice and disingenuousness. The theocrat afraid of the political organisation; the politician afraid of the theocracy and of hell! How can we expect good luck to come to Southern Catholic Ireland when such are the open tergiversations of our leading men? Honesty is still the best policy, and had we not better make up our minds to practise it during the twentieth century?

The character of the South of Ireland people, then, as I have imperfectly shown, is to be attributed, in a large measure, rather to external influences brought to bear upon us, as in the case of Spain, France, Portugal, and Austria, than to our own shortcomings. But our character, nevertheless, remains such that we are the most unsatisfactory people in the world to try to improve, help, or do a kindness to. We are only grateful to those who injure us. Almost every man who tried to lead us out of bondage was deserted and reviled before the end, if he continued to adhere to our cause. Was it not so with O'Connell, with Butt, and with Parnell? And did not Mr. Gladstone's dealings with us result for him in his expulsion from office, in the loss of all his power for good, and in the disruption and degradation of the great Liberal Party? Indeed, the Liberal Party, that once marvellous engine of reform, has long deserved the soubriquet of the Stupid Party—an epithet of contempt which, in its hour of strength, it was wont to hurl at the Tories. It has become,

by its temporising, its vacillation, and the surrender of Liberal principles involved by its alliance with the Irish priests, more Irish, alas! than the Irish Party themselves.[1]

In the North, on the contrary, I find free thought everywhere amongst the majority of the people. It is a common delusion to associate the term "free thought" exclusively with the higher fields of contemplation, such as astronomy, biology, higher biblical criticism, metaphysics, and what is called philosophy. The free exercise of human thought is applicable to the lowest as well as the highest of human pursuits. Free thought, I take it, is the right and capacity of every sane adult, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, to reason out within himself how his life in general may be spent with the greatest resultant profit; what action he should take in each conjuncture; and to decide how best he may, within the law, both of God and man, translate his thought into action. That constituted the chief, if not the sole motive power, the sole capital possessed at the start by such various-minded men as Edison, Darwin, Carnegie, and Lord Kelvin. We are all dowered with that faculty when we are born, in the South as well as in the North. But, in the North, your birthright has not been filched from you in infancy. Neither do you sell it in manhood for a mess of ecclesiastical or political pottage.

Each of you claims the same right to develop your own mind as do the Marconis, the Edisons, or Herbert Spencers of this world. You can do so

[1] This lecture was delivered in November, 1902, and I am happy to say that the revulsion against priestcraft has, since then, become much more pronounced amongst Liberals.

within the limits of evangelical Christianity; and you exercise that right without grudge or protest from any one connected with you. That you Northern people use that privilege to advantage, in the aggregate, is manifest to the most casual observer. Is not your part of Ireland becoming one of the centres and main-springs of the world? Do you owe it to any initial advantage in climate, soil, or constitution over the South? No. You owe it solely to your own character, which is your property, which is your best estate in the general goodwill and respect of men. You show us in the South how truly compatible the rights of God are with the rights of man. You are loyal and active partners in the commonwealth of the United Kingdom. You do your work; you give no trouble; you do not require nursing; you can take care of yourselves. You use your minds. You render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's.

As the mind is God's greatest gift, it follows that the mind should be and can be systematically cultivated like every other attribute and portion of the body. The pugilist can double the size of the muscles in his arm to meet an adversary in the ring; the jockey can reduce his weight almost to vanishing point to win a race for his employer. But, stupidity of stupidities, we never hear, at least we never do in the South of Ireland, of a man's mind being put into training, as a matter of course, to enable him to tide over adversity or to win a moral victory.

It is a fallacy to regard scholastic preparation for examinations as being necessarily mind-training.

That is far from being the case. Some of the weakest minds, some of the most incapable men in the world are to be found amongst University fellows and professors who have passed difficult examinations, who know all the Greek particles and the thirty-first cousins of all the poets. Give me the independent minds which can think out a Robinson & Cleaver's shop, an *Oceanic* or a *Celtic* steamship, and can realise their conception in fact.

I believe, from general observation, that every shop assistant in Belfast, every mill employé, every labourer in the city, every farmer and trader in County Antrim, does, to a certain extent, exercise his individual mind independently upon his own surroundings in life, independent of theocratic, aristocratic, or democratic control.

In the North the pleasant faces are to be seen at business, for there business is pleasure, whereas in the South it is an irksome task. Business is not a happiness, I can tell you, for people who do not think. In the North, amongst the majority of the people, I find religion associated with solid cheerfulness and a deep well-spring of good humour, whereas in the South religion is an irksome office, a melancholy duty. In the North one may see people crowding to church because they enjoy that acknowledgment of the rights of God, not because they will be damned if they stay away. They exercise their reason in the church and criticise the sermon. Religion and common sense go hand in hand, and the rights of God are found to be in complete harmony with the rights of man.

There is no theocracy in the North—if there

were it would be in the same plight as the South—except the branch theocracy which is maintained there by our Southern people. The greatest business enterprises in the North are carried to completion without the interference of either the Presbyterian, or the Episcopalian, or the Methodist ministers of religion. I do not remember to have heard that Mr. Pirrie called the Moderator into consultation when he was planning his famous deal with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, or that the Presbyterian Church convened a special General Assembly for the discussion of the Atlantic Shipping Combine in its bearing upon faith and morals.

But, in the South, the attenuated fishing fleet of the Claddagh [1] cannot go out to catch sprats without a special licence from, and an elaborate celebration by, the local theocracy. And one of the original items in the Lord Mayor of Cork's programme for his exhibition was a banquet to the bishops! I trust the function has been indefinitely postponed, and that next year a convivial convocation of theocrats will not be a leading feature of the diversions, a striking object lesson of what not to do.[2]

In the North I find unity and politeness amongst members of the same family. I find, above all, the father and the son working in harmony at their common business. I have up to twenty important instances of this most agreeable of all human partnerships in my mind at this moment which I met in this city of Belfast. No dark interloper to set father against son, to open a private account

[1] A suburban district of Galway inhabited by fishermen who are exceedingly superstitious.

[2] This proposed banquet did not take place.

in delinquency for each with God! But I must not enter into that. You will find it more fully dealt with in my books. It will be discussed in full elsewhere.

There is, perhaps, nothing which so disturbs the Southern Irishman as ridicule or disapproval. It is not so in the North. Here each man is, to a certain extent, a little world in himself. If his acts win the approval of his conscience, he is content; for he is not dependent on externals, like the Southern, for his ultimate reward.

There is real unity in the North, founded upon individual freedom and rational difference of opinion. I never listened to more diversity of view than I heard on the occasion of my brief visit to the General Assembly, alluded to in *Priests and People* —diversity amongst the clergymen and diversity amongst the laity, but all tending to a rational conclusion. It is absurd to think that the same set of words will, except in one case out of a thousand, precisely express the thoughts of even two or three different men upon the same set of circumstances. As no two men in the world are absolutely alike in outward appearance, so no two independent minds think in exactly the same way. It would be as unreasonable to expect complete mental unanimity, extending down to the minutest detail, from a large number of men, as it would be calamitous to find them endowed with complete physical resemblance to each other. Shakespeare founded his *Comedy of Errors* upon the physical resemblance of the Dromios and Antipholi. We, in Catholic Ireland, enact our "Tragedy of Errors" by producing, or attempting to produce, men and

women who, as they say themselves, are all of one mind, or, as is really the case, are all of no mind upon those vital questions which lie at the root of human character, questions affecting at once the rights of God and the rights of man.

Many students of the irreconcilable contrasts in character between North and South have treated the problem as if it were merely an interesting and amusing diversion. They deal with it as if the blasphemy and recklessness of the Southern Christian were a laughable farce, and as if the gospel-obeying seriousness and industry of the Northern were a dour tragedy. I cannot so regard it. If both were equally happy, if both were equally fulfilling the highest functions of humanity, I could perhaps, enter into the spirit of such amateurs. But when I find my own people, the Southern Irishmen, in constant collision with the divinely-ordained progress of the Christian world; when I see them drawn up in sullen antagonism to the harmonious partnership of our commonwealth, which is the United Kingdom; when I see them discontented and ever complaining; and, above all, when I see them disappearing year by year from the Green Isle which ought to be their happy home, as it is the Northern Irishman's, I cannot help raising my voice against their madness. They are beating their brains out against the rock of ages which has been cleft for them, instead of refreshing themselves in the bounteous stream which gushes from its side. Here in Belfast, if anywhere, might we reasonably hope for unity between the Northern and the Southern Christians. If one may judge by the expensiveness and splendour of our religious buildings

in the city of Belfast, the Roman Catholics enjoy the fullest religious freedom and their legitimate share of the prosperity for which Belfast is famous. Instead of standing sullenly aloof, they should go into full partnership with the majority of their fellow-citizens in every enterprise, civic, social, and charitable, which may be started for the common advantage of Belfast. Let them not deceive themselves into thinking that they are vindicating the rights of God by such a sacrifice of the rights of man as their self-imposed isolation involves. The great Being whom we all adore does not require that sacrifice from them. Instead of holding back, instead of refusing to enter for the race, they should resolve to go in and win. Their fathers, at the bidding of the theocracy, and, as they fondly thought, in vindication of the rights of God, voluntarily scratched their sons' names from the list of starters in the race of general knowledge thrown open to them by the foundation of the Queen's Colleges. Nearly two generations of our people have passed away since then, have gone sullenly to their graves. It is, therefore, with dismay that one beholds the rights of God being once more set against the rights of man in connection with the co-operation of our fellow-religionists in the movement for technical instruction. It is alarming, it is antediluvian, at the opening of the twentieth century to hear the theocracy in this city, declaring at a meeting presided over by the Vicar-General, that "the plan for the co-ordination of the instruction given in the Belfast Technical Institute with those higher grades in the local Queen's College," at present being proposed by the Council

of the Chamber of Commerce, is "a most insidious attempt to deprive the Catholics of Belfast of participation in the advantages of technical instruction."

It would be contrary to reason and common sense to believe that the rational, sensible men of Belfast would propose such a plan with any other object save the advancement and enlightenment of the youth of this city as a whole. Least of all would they prepare their plan for the base motive thus attributed to them. The Belfast Catholics will be foolish people if they do not take full advantage of the splendid facilities for technical and collegiate instruction now about to be offered to the youth of the city, without distinction of creed or class. They will be surrendering their rights as men by such conduct. They will not be vindicating the rights of God. They will be simply adding more power to the theocracy, and they will be defrauding their children of their birthright. The further demand put forward by the theocracy at that meeting for excessive representation on the governing bodies of the Technical Institute and the Queen's College cannot be sustained. They might with equal reason ask for half the seats on the board of directors at Queen's Island, because a percentage of the employés at Harland and Wolff's are Catholics, and because the rights of God are at stake in connection with their technical work there.

Ladies and gentlemen of Belfast, I have done. I have to thank you for your courtesy on all occasions to me, a Southern and a stranger. Your province is, to my mind, the shrine of common sense in Ireland. I only wish our people

in the South were better acquainted with it, and that they devoted less of their time and study to other shrines where common sense and industry are less highly prized. You understand us better than we understand you. For, while I find ten men in the North of Ireland who are well acquainted with the South, I do not find one man in the South of Ireland who is at all acquainted with the North. We in the South think that we alone are the champions of the rights of God. We seem to forget that it is our duty to be men. You do not like us in our *rôle* of self-constituted deputies of God, but you do esteem us as Irishmen. I firmly believe that your attitude towards the Roman Catholics is truly expressed by the words of your Northern song:

"We hate them as masters, we love them as men."

NOTE (page 118).—The reference is to a correspondence between Bishop Clancy and Mr. Davitt, in connection with the De Freyne estate, in which the Bishop hinted that the Inquisition would need to be re-established to inculcate respect for the Church in Ireland. His interference was not welcomed by Lord De Freyne or by the tenants. See *Priests and People* for full particulars of the proceedings on the De Freyne estate.

## CHAPTER V

### BALLYMENA, BANBRIDGE, AND COOKSTOWN

I STAYED with my good friends Captain and Mrs. Crawford on the night and day preceding the lecture, and wrote the conclusion at the last moment, just before setting out for the Grosvenor Hall.

I repeated the lecture on the following night, December 3rd, at Ballymena, to an audience quite as enthusiastic as that which had received me in Belfast. Ballymena is a most prosperous and wealthy town, and its people are highly intelligent. I stayed with Mr. Wolseley, proprietor of one of the many linen factories in the neighbourhood; and the audience which crowded the Town Hall, where I delivered my lecture, with Mr. Caruth, Chairman of the Urban District Council, in the chair, was even more interesting to me than the immense audience to which I had spoken in Belfast on the preceding night. The five Presbyterian Churches of the town agreed to abandon their week-day evening service, held on Wednesdays, to enable their congregations to attend the lecture.

There is one characteristic trait to be observed in speaking to North of Ireland audiences, and that is the strained attention with which they listen to

what one says. They rarely, if ever, give themselves time to applaud. I prepare my addresses carefully, and what I say is, therefore, condensed. It is not, consequently, as easy to follow one of my discourses as it is to grasp an *extempore* speech. I frequently have had to deliver my lectures to the most intelligent audiences amidst a trying silence almost from beginning to end. But I derive sympathy from the faces of my hearers, for I can see them all strained to catch every word I utter, and at the end of the lecture the applause into which they break out consoles me for the tension under which I have been speaking.

There is a struggling Roman Catholic population on the hills outside Ballymena, whose womenfolk do a great deal of home work for the manufacturers. Otherwise the district is almost exclusively peopled by members of the Reformed Churches, mainly Presbyterians.

I delivered the same lecture at Banbridge a fortnight later to a large and most attentive audience. Banbridge is one of those Irish towns which, in the old coaching days, used to be crowded with travellers. In it is a large hotel, the "Downshire Arms," where I stayed, and which an imaginative mind could easily re-people with the travellers by the stage-coaches, Irish Mr. Pickwicks, Sam Wellers, and Tony Wellers. The stabling accommodation is on an enormous scale, and one could imagine the unyoked teams straggling towards the water-trough in the great yard, half-hidden in the mist of vapour exuding from their own heaving sides, while the fresh horses, with shining harness, well-combed manes, and coal-tarred hoofs, pranced from their

stables to the waiting coach. There is still a good trade in horses in Banbridge. The County Down staghounds often meet in the neighbourhood, and on the day of my visit a fine stag was housed in one of the stables of the "Downshire Arms," awaiting its enlargement to provide sport for the huntsmen, and, perhaps, quarry for the hounds on the following day.

The garden of the "Downshire Arms" is one of those old-world bowers in which timid little Irish Ruth Pinches and Mary Grahams used to hide themselves while their male friends were refreshing at the bar. Box-bordered beds of intricate pattern, high hedges shutting out every view, suffocating little summer-houses, all remind one of a day that is no more. Even a long verandah, on which the bedroom windows open directly, is not wanting to recall the era of assignations, elopements, and abductions.

The straight road from Belfast to Dublin runs through Banbridge, and as the main street of the town rises in a steep acclivity from the Bann to the "Downshire Arms," the roadway was cut many years ago in order to lessen the hill. As this cutting only applied to the portion of the road used for vehicular traffic, the sidewalks and houses remain at their old elevation, and in the middle of the hill a bridge connects the sidewalks over the main road at the bottom of the cutting. This bridge is the central point of the open-air market, at which flax, butter, eggs, and poultry may be seen exposed for sale on the roadway. The most casual spectator in the outskirts of Banbridge may recognise the grand air of the mail-coach road, which has nothing local

in its characteristics, and is, in every respect, worthy of being called the King's highway. A fast motor car could now do the trip from Belfast to Dublin by the coach-road in two hours, or thirty-five minutes less time than it takes the limited mail train to cover the distance. In former times the journey by coach used to occupy two days, but it seems as if the coach-roads are destined to hum with life once more, and to be crowded with locomotives faster than the railway engines which extirpated the coaches.

The Banbridge audience was, perhaps, the most silent and attentive I ever addressed. They applauded at the close of the meeting, but it was particularly trying to me to deliver my address to them. Banbridge is a mill town, the streets of which are deserted in the daytime, except when the weekly market brings in the country people; for all the urban population are employed in the linen mills. It is a prosperous place, and, in its way, is as characteristic of the North as Ballymena itself, though it is not half the size of Ballymena and not nearly so important. Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, of Belfast, have a linen mill at Banbridge, which excels in spotless cleanliness any factory of the kind which I ever visited. There I saw tablecloths and napkins of the richest and most elaborate patterns being woven at the looms.

On the day following my visit to Banbridge, I delivered the same address at Cookstown; and, of all the country audiences to which I have lectured, I should be inclined to give my Cookstown friends a very high place. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, took the chair.

The gentry of the locality and the better classes did me the honour of attending the lecture in evening dress, and altogether the affair was treated as an event of importance. The audience was as large as the audiences at Ballymena and Banbridge, but there seemed to be more local pride taken in the lecture. I stayed for the night with Mr. Hugh Adair, who is a manufacturer of linen in all its processes. Mr. Adair has three mills, each of which is personally managed by one of his sons. He is the father of the famous Miss Rhona Adair, one of the champion lady golfers of the world, whom I also had the pleasure of meeting, and with whose ability I was much impressed.

While staying at Mr. Adair's, Lord Charlemont, who lives in the neighbourhood, sent me an invitation to dinner, which, unfortunately, I was not able to accept. But, on a subsequent occasion, as the reader will see, I had the great pleasure of making Lord Charlemont's acquaintance.

I delivered this lecture for the fifth time in the County Hall at Bootle, Lancashire, on the 20th of October, 1903; and it was received by a large audience with as much applause as it had been previously received in the North of Ireland. I understand that the majority of my audience at Bootle were either North of Ireland people or Scotch; or people whose parents were Irish or Scotch, and who still took a keen interest in old Ireland, "where the grass grows green."

## CHAPTER VI

### NORTH AND SOUTH: FURTHER CONTRASTS

AFTER the delivery of the second Belfast address I was inundated with applications to lecture, most of which I had to refuse. However, in deference to the numerous invitations which poured in upon me, I decided to prepare a fresh lecture, which I entitled "North and South; Further Contrasts." I delivered this lecture in Lurgan on the 30th of January, 1903. I stayed with Lord Charlemont at Drumcairne, near Stewartstown, on the 28th and 29th, and went to Lurgan on the afternoon of Friday, the 30th, in ample time to deliver my address that evening.

On the 29th Lord Charlemont kindly devoted the entire day to me, taking me for a walk through his plantations, in which he takes a great interest. The woods are well cared for, the trees healthy, and the undergrowth carefully looked after. Men were engaged in cutting away large larches and in planting rhododendrons extensively as underwood. It was one of those late January days which give promise of spring and summer. One could see that in a short time the ground under the trees would be a sheet of bluebells or wild hyacinths, violets, and

primroses, and that in April and May the woods would be carpeted with all kinds of lovely spring flowers.

On our way back to the house I noticed a field of turnips, almost entirely devoured by rabbits. The bulbs, in some instances, were eaten down to the earth; in other instances, large holes were scooped in them, so that they looked like rows of skulls protruding from the ground, a melancholy sight. Lord Charlemont told me they trapped thousands of rabbits every year, both in his demesne and on the surrounding farms. He lends his keepers to the tenant-farmers for the purpose, and all the rabbits trapped on each farm are given to the farmer who occupies it. He told me there were no arrears of rent on the estates in that neighbourhood, and that there never had been—a fact which at first astonished me. But, when I came to consider the circumstances of the case, I was not surprised. The possession of a saleable tenant-right encourages the Ulster farmer to pay his rent punctually; for he knows that, when he wishes to part with his holding, he can get a substantial sum of money for his interest; and, therefore, it is his best policy to keep the tenancy clear of debt.

A curious case, which had just been heard in the Dublin Police Courts, illustrated how badly off in this respect the Southern tenant farmer was as compared with the Northern. A young man was charged with having sent a threatening letter to a Privy Councillor, and it was stated in evidence that this Privy Councillor had formerly evicted the young man's father; that the farm which the young man's father held from the Privy Councillor was 190

acres in extent and rented at £2 an acre; and that when the tenant was evicted he only owed a year and a half's rent, amounting to about £560. It was alleged, and not denied, that the tenant had effected £3,000 worth of improvements on it, yet that he was turned out without compensation for the non-payment of the £560 arrears. Now, if that farmer had been in the North of Ireland, even previous to the passing of the recent Land Acts, the tenant-right of such a splendid farm of good land would be worth from £2,000 to £3,000, and the tenant, instead of being evicted penniless, could have gone out in independence, paid his landlord the £560 due, and still have had a balance of £1,000 or £2,000 for himself.

After lunch we walked through the plantations in a different direction, into a place called the "Solitude." This "Solitude" is in the townland of Kilconey, so called after a certain wise woman named Coney, who was celebrated for her medical knowledge in olden times, and was regarded as supernatural. Lord Charlemont had reason to think that her hut was in the wood which we now walked through, and he has erected a little rest-house at a spot where some traces of an ancient stone hut were discovered. It is this old woman also who is supposed to have given its name to Coney Island, in Lough Neagh, on which Lord Charlemont has a lovely cottage residence. On our way back to the house Lord Charlemont took me in to see the small dairy which is kept up for the use of the household. It is exceedingly neat, and when we were leaving it we encountered a beautiful, healthy-looking woman, arrayed in a snow-white cap and bib, who smiled at

us with pleasant frankness. Her skin was like the cream in the china pans in the dairy, and her teeth were as white as the froth on a pail of milk just drawn from the cow. She seemed quite proud of her dairy. Lord Charlemont, referring to her afterwards, told me that her ancestors had been in the service of his family continuously for nearly 120 years, and they had always been favoured and trusted dependants.

When we arrived at the house, the sun was beginning to set, but there was still sufficient light to enjoy the magnificent view of Lough Neagh which is to be seen from the southward-facing lawn. This enormous expanse of water, 20 miles long, by 17 miles wide, is the largest inland lake in Western Europe. The country on all its shores is tilled down to the water's edge. Looked at from Drumcairne, in the dusk of this fine January afternoon, the scene was singularly beautiful. The air was clear, and the water seemed white as it reflected the brightness of the sky amid the gathering shades of twilight which was beginning to fall over the wide-spreading country.

The spire of Lurgan Church several miles away could be distinguished, and served to remind me of the task before me on the morrow. The river Blackwater could be seen winding its way through the fertile fields towards the point at which it loses itself in the south-western corner of the Lough. The Bann, which is the principal feeder of the Lough, is not visible from Drumcairne.

I was informed that the dwellers by the banks of Lough Neagh live to a very advanced age; indeed, it is satirically said that they never die. I can well

believe it. The high country in Tyrone being of an undulating nature, and well elevated over the surface of the Lough, must be an exceedingly healthy place of abode. Across the Lough in the distance are seen the Antrim Mountains, Divis Mountain and Cave Hill being the principal points in the range. From the lawn at Drumcairne you can also see the Mourne Mountains, extending for miles against the sky, presenting a broken, serrated horizon such as one only expects to see in the continental ranges. The Mournes produce all the effect of a vast mountain chain, being broken into pointed and rounded peaks, jagged spurs, and all the other characteristic mountain-shapes.

I left Lord Charlemont's after early lunch on the 30th of January, and arrived at Lurgan at three o'clock. I was the only person who got out of the train there, and at first I could not see that any one had come to meet me. But presently I descried, far away down the platform, a gentleman who came up to me and introduced himself as one of the lecture committee: "I presume you are Mr. McCarthy. I am Mr. ——, and have come down to meet you. Will you get your things out?" Lurgan has such a notoriety for its religious and political shindies that I was not surprised to find my good friend uneasy on my account.

"It is a fine day, anyhow," he said. "I thought it better to come and meet you."

I felt very grateful to him for his thoughtfulness. I could not see a porter anywhere, neither could I see the guard; in fact, the entire station seemed to be in the hands of my friend and myself. At length a one-handed porter came up and got out my bags.

"I have a car to meet you, a covered car, a carriage," said my friend diffidently, and in an explanatory way. "It is a thing we hardly ever see here, but we thought it better to have it for you. I did not like to make a fuss; and, for the whole world, I would not put you in danger. Neither would I have it said that there was any disturbance. I thought it as well, therefore, to get one of those covered-in yokes. They are things we never use *except at funerals;* but you know what I mean."

On getting outside the station I found a solitary conveyance, and not a human being but its driver in sight. The large, comfortable town of Lurgan lay all around; but, as in most northern towns, where every one is at work in the daytime, there were no bystanders, no idlers, no strollers to be seen about—even at the railway station, which in the South of Ireland is such a loitering-ground for the unemployed.

The conveyance about which my good friend made so many unnecessary apologies turned out to be an ordinary landau, drawn by one horse, and driven by a coachman in livery. We both entered it and drove off at a smart pace.

"We are all right now," said my friend. "There might be—I do not say there will, but there might be—a stone thrown. It has been done, and I would not have it said that a stone was thrown at the carriage, *even if it missed!*"

I quite believe him. Some weeks later I had an opportunity of hearing from the gallant member for Lurgan, Colonel Saunderson, how an immense stone had been hurled at him while driving, during election times, through the Nationalist quarter

of the town, and how it had struck the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson, who was with her husband.

The Town Hall of Lurgan, capable of holding seven or eight hundred people, is provided with a high stage, and it was on to this stage I walked, at 8 p.m., having entered the hall through a narrow passage. There was a red cotton curtain, much the worse for wear, screening us from the public; and off the stage was a little room containing a chair, a ricketty table, and some broken coat-hooks, a dispiriting kind of a place. On alighting from the carriage I had noticed two or three constabulary men hovering round on the pavement, and they stood quite close to me until I had entered the hall in safety. While I was waiting for some time in this little room off the stage, eating an apple, as I always do before beginning a lecture, I occasionally peeped out at the audience through the rents in the red curtain. I noticed that the stage floor sloped considerably. After a while Mr. Malcolm, D.L., a much respected gentleman of great local importance, a railway director and Chairman of the Urban District Council, came into the little room. He was to take the chair at the lecture. The curtain was drawn aside, and when Mr. Malcolm and myself appeared on the stage there was applause. The slope in the floor was so considerable that, when standing on it, one felt inclined to topple over into the front rows of the audience. It was well for me that, as usual, I had a thorough knowledge of the contents of my lecture, as the gas-light was not at all good. The sloping character of the floor, which rendered it necessary to hold on tightly, so to speak, with one's feet, made the delivery of my

lecture at Lurgan one of the most difficult tasks I had yet accomplished. The audience were enthusiastic, and listened most attentively during the hour and a half which I occupied in getting through my address. At the close, Mr. Malcolm said to me that "He had never known the gallery to be quiet in the Lurgan Town Hall before." I noticed several policemen in uniform at the end of the hall, and others in the gallery; but though I appreciated their presence, there was no necessity for them whatever.

I began by explaining how, in my first lecture on "North and South," I showed how the rights of God are brought into conflict with the rights of man by the sacerdotalists in Roman Catholic Ireland, when in reality there is complete harmony between the rights of God and man. And the existing facts led me to conclude that the phrase "rights of God" in most practical matters means no more than the "rights of the priests." "To-night," I said, "I shall pursue the contrast between North and South into fields upon which I had not time to touch in my first lecture. I shall dispassionately examine certain recent Irish statistics, and in doing so I have no desire to hurt any one's feelings. But I shall openly state the conclusions to which those figures irresistibly force me, regardless of whether the hyper-sensitive nerves of the sacerdotal class in my own Church be pained or not thereby. This is a question which is too serious to admit of personal considerations. The men of this realm lost the privilege of feeling themselves insulted when the practice of duelling was discontinued. A rational test is the final appeal now-a-

days, and the man or the system which cannot stand the ordeal of common sense is not worthy of public support.

I endeavour to show my own people how and why I am convinced that we are and have long been on the road to national ruin. I ask them to consider calmly the following contrasts between towns, cities, and counties inhabited by Christians of the various Reformed Churches and similar localities in which we Roman Catholics are in the majority. I ask them to let sentiment give way for a moment to common sense.

My task is not an easy one, for the only public opinion which finds expression in print or speech in Catholic Ireland is sacerdotal opinion. The newspapers, the members of parliament, and, in many cases, even the municipal representatives, may be said to belong to the theocracy.

If one were to address a letter to an Irish Catholic newspaper seriously criticising the theocracy, it would not be printed, for the priests control all such papers. Nay, if one were to write such a letter to a Protestant paper, read to any considerable extent by Catholics, it would not be printed either, for fear of offending the all-powerful priests. I have had to become a publisher myself in order to express my opinions, and my success proves that the heart of the general people is sound, as it has ever been, and that truth, no matter how humble the source from which it springs, can still defeat falsehood upon an equal field.

The priests have made the most of us their slaves and tools. As the tree is bent so will it grow; and

our minds are so bent in childhood in the sacerdotal schools that we cannot grow up otherwise than as we are. It is upon the theocracy, therefore, that I concentrate my criticism, and not upon my lay fellow-Catholics. At a meeting in England the other day a priest interrupted the Dean of Durham by shouting that "McCarthy was not a Catholic." Let me say that I am not a priest-ridden Catholic, and that none of my people were ever priest-ridden, but that, notwithstanding, I and my family and all our seed, breed, and generation are and have always been Catholics!

We may accept it as true that a growth in population, under existing conditions of life, means a growth in prosperity. Locomotion being cheap and rapid, intelligent human beings congregate to those centres in which freedom, security, and profitable occupation are to be found.

Let us contrast two Irish counties, both containing historic cities well placed upon large navigable rivers, namely, Southern Waterford and Northern Londonderry. Fifty years ago the population of Waterford was 164,035 and of Londonderry 192,022. To-day the figures are: Waterford, 87,187, and Londonderry, 144,404. The Northern county has lost 47,618 people, or less than one-fourth of its population, whereas the Southern county has lost 76,848, or almost half of its people, in fifty years.

Both counties possess equal advantages of situation. Waterford might command the trade with South Wales, Bristol, and the South of England, just as Derry commands communication with Glasgow and Southern Scotland. The agricultural country surrounding Waterford on both sides of

the Suir, in Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Wexford, as well as in Waterford itself, equals in fertility the country surrounding Derry.

Most of you know that I have propounded a theory—which was virtually accepted by almost all thinking men in the United Kingdom before it was propounded—as to what is the universal cause of the superiority of North over South in Ireland. Bearing that in mind, let us examine the religion of those two counties. In Londonderry the Roman Catholics only number 44 per cent. of the population, while the members of the Reformed Churches number 56 per cent., and of these latter the high figure of 32 per cent. are Presbyterians. But in Waterford the Roman Catholics number 95 per cent. of the population, and the Reformed Churches only make up 5 per cent. The religious establishments maintained in both counties are as follows :—

Waterford—population, 87,187 ; clerics of all denominations, 821.

Londonderry—population, 144,404 ; clerics of all denominations, 379.

If the clerical establishment in Waterford were on the same scale as that of Londonderry, Waterford should only maintain 228 clerics of all denominations, whereas it has to maintain 821—more than *three times* as many proportionately as the Northern county. If the clerical establishment of Derry were on the same scale as Waterford's, Derry would have to support 1,359 clerics, whereas it only maintains 379.

Let us contrast the operation of the Poor Law :—

Londonderry (population 144,404), 690 people in

the workhouse, 406 receiving outdoor relief, total 1,096; being one out of every 132 of the population.

Waterford (population 87,187), 1,295 people in the workhouses, 1,863 on outdoor relief, total 3,158; being one out of every 28 of the population.

In the Southern county, the people are wanting in self-respect and are not ashamed to become burdens upon the community. In the Northern county, self-respect is predominant and pauperism almost reduced to vanishing point.

Emigration has been rife in both counties; 102,869 emigrants having left Londonderry in the half-century, and 100,282 having left Waterford. Londonderry being nearly half Roman Catholic, it would be useful to learn the religious professions of its emigrants, but the information is not discoverable from the census. If emigration be the cause of Waterford's decay, as the sacerdotalists allege, then Londonderry possesses a recuperative power which is not possessed by Waterford; for, in spite of emigration, Londonderry is prosperous. The laws are the same in both counties; but Londonderry possesses a population 56 per cent. Protestant and a religious establishment proportionately less than *one-third* of that which Waterford has to support. Therein, in my opinion, lies a clue to the secret of Derry's recuperative power.

The birth-rate of Waterford, during the last decade, was 22 per thousand, whereas that of Londonderry was 23·1. The death-rate of Waterford was 19·6 per thousand, whereas that of Londonderry was only 18·4. The marriage-rate

of Londonderry was 5·4 per thousand, whereas that of Waterford was only 4·4; that is to say, in a given year, there would be 800 marriages in Derry, and only 391 in Waterford, a big difference leading to serious results. Those figures show that healthier conditions of life prevail in the northern county, where there is a larger natural increase of population, fewer paupers, higher birth-rate and marriage-rate, and lower death-rate.

If we contrast two Irish cities, Dublin and Belfast, we shall find the same relative conditions prevailing.

In Dublin, we find a city divided against itself. Respectable people, who can afford suburban residences, deliberately move outside the jurisdiction of the City Corporation, form themselves into separate townships and resist all attempts to include them within the city. Entirely against their own will, three townships have been included recently within the city boundary, but the two most important, Rathmines and Pembroke, still remain independent.

The inhabitants of Dublin are 82 per cent. Roman Catholic and only 18 per cent. Protestant; whereas the inhabitants of Belfast are 76 per cent. Protestant and only 24 per cent. Roman Catholic.

The fully-qualified ministers of religion of *all* denominations, including professed nuns, in Dublin and Belfast respectively, are as follows:—

Dublin—population, 290,638; clerics, 1,652.

Belfast—population, 349,180; clerics, 715.

If the religious establishment in Dublin were on the same scale as that of Belfast, Dublin would only have to support 595 ministers of religion, whereas it

has to maintain 1,652 or nearly *three times* as many proportionately as Belfast. If the clerics in Belfast were as numerous as in Dublin they should number 2,000, instead of being only 715.

We find the same effects following upon the same cause; or, at any rate, we find the same co-existing facts in our two chief cities as we found in Londonderry and Waterford.

In Dublin the birth-rate for the last decade was 31·9 per thousand; in Belfast it was 33. In Dublin the death-rate was 29·9, whereas in Belfast it was only 23·6. In Dublin the number of paupers is 9,543, or 1 in every 30 of the population; whereas in Belfast the number of paupers is only 3,629, or 1 in every 96. There are only 270 people in Belfast receiving outdoor relief, whereas there are 3,519 receiving it in Dublin. There are only 3,359 inmates in the workhouse in Belfast, whereas there are 6,024 in Dublin.

If we apply the emigration test to the two cities, we again see how fallacious it is to attribute the degeneracy of Roman Catholic Ireland entirely to emigration. The number of emigrants from the county and city of Dublin in the last decade was 10,615; the number from Belfast and County Antrim in the same period was 14,946. If emigration were the true cause of degeneracy in Dublin, then emigration should also have produced degeneracy in Belfast. But the truth is that Belfast shows the same recuperative power which we found in Londonderry, and it springs, as I think, from the same source.

The Dublin youth are surrendered to the influence of ecclesiasticism; and, when they grow up

into men and women, are interfered with by the theocracy to such an extent that the small share of mind left to them cannot be said to be their own They drown the voice of conscience by frequenting the races, theatres, dances, and card parties; and vary their amusements by periodical retreats at the houses of the religious Orders, such as the Jesuits' house at Milltown Park or the Passionists' house at Mount Argus. In a word, they seem to divide their time about equally between *breaking* their bodies and *making* their souls.

In January this year, in the centre of the city of Dublin, in the Royal Exchange Ward, a state of things was to be witnessed which savoured more of some episcopally-governed city in the Middle Ages than of the free capital of a country governed under modern institutions. In that ward the municipal contest this month turned entirely upon a struggle for pre-eminence between two orders of Regular Priests. One candidate was proposed and supported by the *Calced* Carmelites. The other came forward under the patronage of the *Discalced* Carmelites.

Mr. X——, the candidate of the *Calced* Carmelites, was an outsider, having no connection with the ward. When he came forward under the patronage of the *Calced* Carmelites, the local candidate, a Mr. Y—— at once placed himself under the protection of the *Discalced* Carmelites. Letters of support from the respective Priors of the *Calced* and *Discalced* Carmelites were eagerly published by the candidates. The Prior of the *Discalced* Carmelites, writing on January 5th, said, speaking of the candidate put forward by the *Calced* Carmelites;—

"I regret to learn that my name has been used amongst the electors by those canvassing for Mr. X——, as I have not authorised either Mr. X—— or any of his canvassing agents to do so. Mr. X—— is unknown to me, hence I have no desire that he should represent the Ward as the successful candidate." And the Prior publicly wished success, and promised support to Mr. Y——, the rival candidate.

The Prior of the *Calced* Carmelites, on his part, publicly announced his patronage of Mr. X—— as follows:—"Having nominated Mr. X—— for the representation of the Royal Exchange Ward in the Corporation, I feel I have identified myself with his candidature; and having done so, I now protest in the strongest manner against the language used at a meeting held in support of Mr. Y——"

The words complained of by the Prior were as follows:—

"We protest against unscrupulous wire-pullers who are endeavouring to foist this man (X——) upon us."

The Prior, commenting upon those words, went on to say:—"Against this unwarrantable language as applied to me I now protest, and take the earliest opportunity of so informing the unfledged politician, whose intuitive knowledge alone seems to have impelled him to make these charges against the priest of his Church, from whom he must often have received kindness."

The Prior went on to describe his position:—"Finding our ward would be either misrepresented," he writes, "or represented by Mr. Y——, whom I consider unworthy, I cast about for some

one *whom I considered* worthy of the position, and knowing Mr. X—— and his relations in Kildare for many years, *I selected him and nominated him*, and will continue to support him, and if he is not returned at the head of the poll on January 15th inst., it will not be the fault of yours truly, N. A. S——." (*See Note at end of Chapter.*)

The contest in the Arran Quay Ward also illustrates how the helplessness engendered in the school embarrasses the adult Roman Catholic in the sphere of civic duty. A Father R—— in the ward signed the nomination paper of Mc——, and, on the strength of that, a supporter of Mc——'s publicly announced that "every vote cast for M—— (Mc——'s opponent) would be a vote against the clergy."

It amazes me to find Dublin Catholics in such a condition that a candidate for a seat in the Corporation should advance it as his highest possible claim to the support of the burgesses that the clergy were in his favour. By "clergy" he means "the priests," for the Protestant clergy in Dublin do not count in such matters. In wards where the Conservatives have a majority the Protestant clergymen do not interfere at all, or, if they take an interest in the election, they are only looked upon as ordinary voters.

Father R—— appears to have been fully conscious of his own supernatural power. "As it is so difficult," he writes, "in the case of a priest to separate the individual from his office, and it is scarcely just to cast the priestly character into the scale against any candidate in a fair contest where there is no principle at stake, I consider that the obligations

of friendship are sufficiently and best discharged by a silent vote."

Where the theocracy are in any way affected by an election, and if it be a contest between sacerdotalists, there is never any hesitation about throwing the "priestly character" into the scale.

Such a want of self-reliance, such an absence of mind-development on the part of the Dublin burgesses, does not lead me to regard them as men fit to be entrusted with the government of their own city. How much less would they deserve to be entrusted under Home Rule with the government of the entire island, North as well as South?

In the Wood Quay Ward the outgoing councillor (D——) and his opponent (F——) were both Catholics. On the day before the election Father M——, speaking in support of Mr. F——, is reported to have said "Mr. F—— was opposed by an opponent who was not in the slightest degree entitled to their support. He did not believe that any man as a Catholic would be justified in presenting an address to an English monarch who, before being acknowledged as a Sovereign, must first swear, whether believing it or not, that the Catholics were all idolaters. Mr. D—— would appear also to be a gentleman who, if called upon, would again vote for an address to King Edward VII. should he visit these shores. Now he (Father M——) as a Nationalist and a priest, was not prepared to welcome the arrival of any English Sovereign to Ireland so long as the Government, of which he was the head, refused the Heaven-born right of Irishmen, living in Ireland, to rule and to make laws in their own country."

Is it not dishonourable conduct on the part of the priesthood, as a body, to allow Father M—— in the Wood Quay Ward to preach disrespect and disloyalty to the Sovereign of this realm; while, at the same time, they depute well-known Jesuits to co-operate with certain Government officials and profess loyalty to British rule at the Historical Society in Trinity College, and at the Students' Union in Oxford? Should such a body of men be allowed to staff all the educational institutions in the country, from the Royal University to the College of Science, with their creatures and to nominate their slaves and pupils for every post bestowed upon Catholics in Ireland?

A Father Mc—— attended this meeting, and he is reported to have said that "it seemed strange that Mr. D—— should seek the support of people who were in no way inclined towards Nationalists or Catholics. He (D——) had sought the support of Jews and Loyalists, and that was quite enough to urge them to see that he got as few votes as possible."

Thus, while the Jesuits and the bishops are making a harvest out of the Unionist Government, priests are sent into the purlieus of Dublin to stigmatise those citizens of Dublin who are loyal to the British connection as being no better than outcast Jews. I myself personally entertain no disrespect for Jews. On the contrary, some of them are most estimable men; but, in the mouth of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, the coupling of Jews and Loyalists together is, perhaps, the most offensive stigma which could be cast upon our loyal fellow-citizens.

The consequence of all this is that Dublin in-

dustries are stagnant, while Belfast industries are on the increase. The laws in force in both cities are the same. The only explanation of the difference between them, as I think, is to be found in the training of the minds of the inhabitants. Dublin is to a large extent a city of priests, Belfast is a city of self-supporting citizens. The Dublin man is priest-reared and saturated with sacerdotalism; the Belfast man is brought up fearless, industrious, and self-reliant. Dublin is kept back by the habits and customs of the majority of its inhabitants, and not by any other cause. Those habits and customs are evidenced by the fact that Dublin city and county support the largest Roman Catholic sacerdotal service in North Europe. My former figures included *all* denominations, and only referred to Dublin within the city boundary. But in the city and county, including the townships, there are of Roman Catholic clerics, 511 priests, 329 monks, 326 theological students, and 1,726 nuns; total 2,892; the number having increased from 1,511 since the year 1871. The Roman Catholic professional religious and their subordinates, in the city and county of Dublin, at the present moment, must run up to 5,000 persons.

Let us now consider a few local contrasts. The county of Armagh, in which we are assembled to-night, affords some interesting contrasts, leading to the same general conclusion as those which I have noted. There are three urban districts within the confines of Armagh, which are, perhaps, the most interesting localities of their kind in Ireland.

1st, Lurgan, the most important town in the

county, has a population of 11,782, having increased since 1881 from 10,135.

2nd, Portadown, next in importance to Lurgan, has a population of 10,092, having increased since 1881 from 8,081.

3rd, the town, or the city of Armagh, as it is called, has a population of 7,588, having **decreased** from 10,070 since 1881. Armagh is the headquarters of sacerdotalism in Ireland. It possesses a new costly cathedral, presided over by a cardinal in the Roman Church. There should be an abundance of piety in the ancient city; but we find that ecclesiasticism has not enabled Armagh to hold its own with Lurgan and Portadown, and the historic town is on the downward grade, its decline synchronising strangely with the building and beautification of the new cathedral.

Now, if we contrast the religions professed by the inhabitants of Lurgan, Portadown, and Armagh, we shall find :—

1st, that out of a population of 7,588 in Armagh, 4,125 are Roman Catholics, and 3,163 are members of the Reformed Churches; that is to say, the Roman Catholics are **in a clear majority** in Armagh.

2nd, that in Lurgan, out of a population of 11,782, only 4,106 are Roman Catholics, while 7,667 belong to the various Reformed Churches; that is to say, the Reformed Christians are **in an immense majority** in Lurgan.

3rd, that in Portadown, out of a population of 10,092, only 2,214 are Roman Catholics, while 7,878 belong to the various Reformed Churches; showing that the Reformed Christians have **a majority of nearly four to one** in Portadown.

And the co-existing facts are as follows :—

1st, Portadown, in which the Roman Catholics are the least numerous, shows the greatest progress in the twenty years.

2nd, Lurgan, with a minority of Catholics, is the leading town of the three in population and valuation. In it the Roman Catholics are more numerous than in Portadown, and it has not made as much progress in the twenty years as Portadown.

3rd, Armagh, where the Roman Catholics have a clear majority, shows a shrinkage of 2,482 in twenty years, as if its population had flown into Lurgan and Portadown, and as if Armagh were destined in the near future to fall entirely into the hands of Cardinal Logue and his monsignori, as an heritage of interesting antiquity and sacerdotal solitude.

In the neighbouring county of Down, there are striking contrasts of the same kind to be observed. For instance, in 1881 the population of Bangor urban district was only 3,006; and in 1901 it had risen to 5,903. That is to say, Bangor has doubled its population in twenty years. The religious denominations in the town stand thus :—Roman Catholics, 424; Presbyterians, 3,042; Episcopalians and all others, 2,437. Out of a population of 5,903 only 424 are Roman Catholics. Bangor is the *most progressive* urban district in the County Down, and is also the urban district having the *smallest* proportion of Roman Catholics in its population.

Now, the urban district in Down which possesses the largest proportion of Roman Catholics is Newry, the present population of which is 12,405, of whom 8,695 are Catholics. Our people, therefore, in Newry are in a majority of more than **two to one,**

while in Bangor they only constitute a small minority of about **one-thirteenth** of the population. What are the co-existing facts in Newry? Its population has fallen from **14,808** to **12,405** in the last twenty years, a loss of **2,403**, almost as great as the decrease in Armagh, but even more to be regretted. It is lamentable that such a well-placed town as Newry should have become one of the most decadent urban districts in the County Down.

Before closing the statistical portion of my address I shall dwell briefly upon one large contrast between Munster and Ulster. The population of Ulster, 1,582,826, is **56** per cent. Protestant and **44** per cent. Roman Catholic; whereas the population of Munster, 1,076,188, is **94** per cent. Catholic and **6** per cent. Protestant. Ulster only supports **3,737** ministers of religion of **all** denominations, including nuns, whereas Munster supports **5,351**. The population of Munster is **only two-thirds** of that of Ulster, yet Munster supports a clerical establishment **50 per cent. larger** than that of Ulster. If Munster's clerical establishment were on the same scale as Ulster's, it would only number **2,504**; whereas it is **5,351**, or more than double what it ought to be! If Ulster's clerical establishment were on the same scale as Munster's, its clerics should number **7,588**, instead of only numbering **3,737**!

Let us now proceed to note the co-existing facts. First, the decrease in the population of Munster in the last decade was **97,455**, or 8·3 per cent.; whereas in Ulster it was only **36,988**, or 2·3 per cent., the loss in the Northern province being only between one-third and one-fourth of that in the Southern province.

In justice to Ulster it must be stated that many of its counties are almost entirely Roman Catholic. For instance, 81 per cent. of the population of Cavan are Roman Catholics, 78 per cent. of Donegal and 74 per cent. of Monaghan. The combined loss of population in those three Catholic Ulster counties during the decade amounted to 11 per cent., which was more than the average Munster loss, as against the average loss of only 2·3 per cent. for all Ulster. It is evident, therefore, that Ulster's recuperative power had to make up the dead weight of those three Catholic counties.

How did Ulster make good the decadence of its Catholic counties? We shall see. The three most Protestant counties in Ulster—indeed, the only three counties in Ireland which can be said, strictly speaking, to be Protestant—are Antrim, in which only one-fifth of the people are Roman Catholics; Down, in which less than one-third are Catholics; and the county borough of Belfast, in which less than one-fourth are Catholics.

The decrease of population in Antrim and Down in the last decade was 5·9 per cent., but that decrease was more than made up by an increase of 27·8 per cent. in the county borough of Belfast, which is entirely situated within the counties of Antrim and Down. And we find that, in the only really Protestant section of Ireland, there was an **actual increase** of nearly 10 per cent. in the last census decade.

Let us dwell for a moment upon illiteracy. The highest rate of illiteracy in Ulster, 33·4 per cent., is to be found in Donegal; while the lowest rates of illiteracy are in the three Protestant counties.

Again, the highest denominational percentage of illiterates in every Ulster county are Roman Catholics. Even in the most Catholic counties it is so. In Donegal, 31 per cent. of the Roman Catholics are illiterates, 11 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and 6 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Cavan, 14 per cent. of the Catholics, 7 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and only 3 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Monaghan, 16 per cent. of the Catholics, 7 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and only 3 per cent. of the Presbyterians. The same proportions prevail in the three Protestant counties. In Antrim 15 per cent. of the Catholics are illiterate, 10 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and only 4 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Belfast, 12 per cent. of the Catholics, 8 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and only 4 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Down, 17 per cent. of the Catholics, 9 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and only 4 per cent. of the Presbyterians. Illiteracy in Ulster as a whole stands thus:—19 per cent. of the Catholics are illiterate, 9 per cent. of the Episcopalians, and only 5 per cent. of the Presbyterians. We may, to some extent, analyse from these figures the intellectual superiority of Ulster. The Ulster Presbyterians number 425,526, and may be described —I hope without offence—as the dominant denomination in the province, inasmuch as they predominate in Antrim, Down, and the county borough of Belfast. They have only 5 per cent. of illiterates amongst them, and, therefore, the dominant denomination is the best educated denomination in Ulster.

The sacerdotalists explain Catholic decadence by

ancient persecution and absence of State endowments. I ask, in refutation of that false apology, Who helped the Presbyterians? They, too, have had their share of persecution; they owe nothing to the State, yet they have attained such predominance!

Let us now consider Munster, where the Catholics number more than nine-tenths of the population. There we find the dominant denomination the most illiterate:—

Catholic illiterates, 14·8 per cent.
Episcopalian „ 3·1 per cent.
Presbyterian „ 2·3 per cent.

If we contrast the relative pauperism of the two provinces, we find that in Munster **1 in every 29** of the population is in receipt of Poor Law relief; whereas in Ulster only **1 in every 86** is a burden on the rates.

The birth-rate in the province of Ulster stands at 24·2 per thousand, and the highest birth-rate in Ulster is to be found in the three Protestant counties: 33 per thousand in the county borough of Belfast, 24·8 in Antrim, and 22·3 in Down. The marriage-rate in the three Protestant counties is also the highest: 5·6 in Antrim, 8·2 in Belfast, and 5·3 in Down. The lowest marriage-rate in Ulster is to be found in Cavan, namely, 3·8 per thousand, and the three most Catholic counties, Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan, possess the lowest combined marriage-rate in Ulster.

If we consider emigration, we find that Munster lost 15·8 per thousand by emigration in the last decade; whereas Ulster only lost 5·4. In Antrim, Down, and Belfast the emigration rate was 3·3 per thousand; but in Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan

the average emigration rate was 8·4. The low rate of emigration from Antrim, Down, and Belfast presents a striking contrast to the emigration from Munster, where the theocracy is all-powerful. Cork, containing the largest Southern city, loses 18·3 per thousand by emigration; Tipperary, 11·4; Waterford, 11; Limerick, 9·5; Clare, 15·1; and Kerry, 22·4.

If we enlarge our sphere of observation we find that the state of things revealed by those figures is as applicable to other countries which have become a prey to sacerdotalism, as to Ireland. Italy, for instance, is sending off her thousands of emigrants day by day. It is well known that Italian emigrants are not welcomed in the United States; where the newly-arrived Italian is scarcely regarded as a white man.[1] Spain has long been stagnant; and if the Spaniards do not emigrate now, it is because they have not so much energy left. I hear it frequently stated also that the Irish Roman Catholic immigrant is not entirely welcomed by the dominant party in the United States. Constant complaints are to be heard from those who return from America that Irish sacerdotalists have as many grievances in the States as they have in the United Kingdom; complaining of exclusion from office, and of social ostracism, and railing against the dominant non-sacerdotal element.

When the South of Ireland man emigrates, his lay and sacerdotal exploiters at home depict him to the world as an exile deserving the commiseration of mankind. I have forty-three first cousins in America myself, but, so far from pitying them, I often envy

[1] *See* Chapter VIII., "Superstition and Education."

them. I can never imagine one of them standing with streaming eyes on the shores of the new world gazing across the Atlantic or the Indian Ocean towards the green island he has left, and sighing for his humble but happy home.

But that is not so with the majority. The most popular songs in Munster are probably, "There came to the Beach a poor Exile of Erin," and "There's no Place like Home." Indeed, if one were to accept all the statements about emigration made by sacerdotal orators, one would conclude that there was no emigration from any portion of the United Kingdom, except from Catholic Ireland. We should never learn that emigration goes on to a large extent from England, or know that the largest body of citizens in the United States and all the Colonies at the present moment are Englishmen, or men of English descent.

Our Southern orators seem to forget that Scotchmen also emigrate, and even North of Ireland men.

But the emigrants from England, Scotland, and Protestant Ireland do not regard themselves as exiles. They are never described as sitting on the beach or crying to go home. Their ministers of religion do not paint their plight in distressful colours, gazing with tear-filled eyes at the home-sailing steamers. Those English and Scotch emigrants make no secret of the fact that they leave the United Kingdom with the simple object of bettering their condition.

Ulster men, being an energetic and increasing race, have spread themselves all over the world. The province has the distinguished honour of having given to America, in William McKinley, the only

Irish President that ever ruled over the great Western commonwealth[1]; and President McKinley, the descendant of Antrim ancestors, was said to be one of the greatest, and also one of the most Christian and truly right-living men that ever occupied that exalted position. No Southern Irishman, no Roman Catholic of any nation, be it noted, ever attained to that dignity. Notwithstanding all the boasting that we hear about the numbers of the Roman Catholic Irish in the States, it has never been heard of that one of our number became even a Cabinet Minister, or ever held an administrative post of any consequence.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Canada is a Catholic; but in his earlier years, I am informed, he displayed considerable independence of thought, and some of his writings were condemned by the French Canadian bishops. I suppose the priests used to deny that he was a Catholic, as they now deny that I am one, as long as it suited their own ends.

I wonder that the sacerdotalists do not observe that, in spite of the emigration from England, Scotland, and Ulster, all those places are prosperous. Ulster is full of mills; it is opening up new fields of industry. Ulstermen are fully occupied. We may rest assured that if a race of Presbyterians inhabited Munster, emigration would not be permitted to paralyse the life of that splendid province. Sacerdotal and lay agitators would not have flourished so rankly; and while the Presbyterians of Munster would by no means cease to send forth their surplus

[1] Several Presidents had Irish blood in their veins; but McKinley was the lineal descendant, the grandson, I believe, of an Irish emigrant.

population into new lands, we may take it for granted that the fertile acres of Munster would be fully worked, and that the world would be troubled as little with the woes of the Southern province as it has been with those of the Northern.

The excess of the birth-rate over the death-rate in Ulster stands higher than the excess of the birth-rate over the death-rate in Munster.

The marriage-rates also show in favour of the Northern province. The three Munster counties of Clare, Kerry, and Tipperary show a combined marriage-rate of only 3·8 per thousand as compared with 6·3 per thousand, the prevailing rate in Antrim, Down, and Belfast.

Munster is, in my opinion, the healthiest, and should be the wealthiest, tract of territory in Ireland. Open plains, splendid rivers, high upland country, all make it pre-eminently healthy. There are no land loughs, no stagnant water, few unproductive bogs; and the drainage all over the province, with some trifling exceptions, is excellent.

The Munster Irish possess many estimable qualities; but we have been losing our pleasant traits of character and surrendering ourselves to religious gloom and exclusiveness. In olden times even those who differed most from us could not help liking us. Our timidity and submissiveness, our anxiety to please, our feeling for others, our tendency to put a good face upon every trouble when speaking to a stranger, are all qualities which go to make up amiability. But when such qualities are not directed by well-balanced judgment and a properly trained mind, their virtue degenerates into vice. The frankness, flattery, humour, and humility

vanish like the pleasant light and colours of an April day; the mind is clouded by dark indulgences followed by remorse, fear of punishment and transient repentance. If the delinquency should escape overt punishment, the April sunshine beams once more upon the superficial character, and the amiable sinner basks in the indolent warmth of temporary self-satisfaction, until temptation, whether social, moral, or political, again proves too strong. I do not yield in my love for Ireland to the loudest of Ireland's flatterers, but I make no secret of the fact that those generous impulses upon which we found our laudations of the Irish character are to be discovered amongst the most primitive races. The most noticeable of these traits is a tendency to adore, to reverence, and to worship, where adoration, reverence, and worship are not demanded by circumstances. That is our faculty of faith, as we call it. We display a hyper-sensitiveness to criticism and an unwillingness to improve. That is our national pride, we are told. Equally remarkable is our tendency to expect a reward for our unnecessary adoration, deference, and worship; and the resultant feeling of disappointment which fills us when a return is not accorded to the full extent anticipated by the self-abaser. And, lastly, we are quick to have recourse to revenge, mostly in thought, but also frequently in action—"the wild justice of revenge"—a phrase used by some thoughtless person, and which is one of the staple catchwords of sacerdotal oratory. This faculty, we are told, goes to show our high spirit.

I cannot regard the perpetuation of the sum-total of our most amiable qualities as an achieve-

ment worth aiming at. Those qualities are leading us nowhere. It is development of mind-power that is required in Ireland, not the cultivation of childish racial proclivities and useless talents. It is because the theocracy look upon mind-power or free-thought as a disease to be stamped out that we Catholics continue to deteriorate. I have been listening to laudations of our Irish character from altars and platforms ever since I was born. I find that such procedure has plainly resulted in prosperity and power for the sacerdotal class and in continued stagnation for the general body-politic. When I contrast the various races of men I find that the race which achieves the highest measure of domination, the fullest prosperity, and the greatest power, is always the race which cultivates independent thought and brings good judgment to bear upon its instincts.

In India, as the newly-appointed Under-Secretary for Ireland[1] must well know—for he has had a distinguished career in that great country—you find a poor people, submissive, enthusiastic, possessing many lovable qualities; but who, in social and commercial intercourse, are found unreliable, and in practice corrupt—a people who have fallen from the high estate they once held to that of a subject and inferior race. Now, the priests in India are as powerful as the priests in Ireland. Everything given to them is regarded as being given to God. The fantastic array of the ascetics in India, as they call themselves, surpasses even the vagaries of dress indulged in by the various Orders of our Regular clergy. The simple teachings of

[1] Sir Antony McDonnell.

Buddha have been twisted out of all recognition from their original simplicity by the Hindu priests. The Hindu theologians are called in their own country the most learned of men. In fact, the parallel between the priests in Hindustan and the priests in Ireland is most remarkable. It was religious fanaticism that caused the Indian Mutiny, ten years before the Fenian Rising in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone treated the Fenian Rising as a religious outbreak also, and at once disestablished the Irish Church.

To pursue our parallel, may not the natives of India attribute their loss of power to the religious deception practised upon them? Was not the prime cause of India's downfall the native subjection to priest, and the religious unreasonableness, exclusiveness, and bigotry inculcated by the priests? Did not the natives lose all common sense, all restraint, and did they not fall away from the primitive simplicity of the founder of their principal religion?

It would, therefore, not be a friendly act on the part of a progressive Hindu to flatter his people, to praise their capacity for adoring countless gods and idols, for prostrating themselves before trees and waterfalls, and for worshipping animals; or to encourage them in all the superstitious practices in which they indulge under the direction of their eminent theologians. There are several progressive Hindus. I find that they do not flatter their fellow-countrymen, as the eminent Hindu priests and theologians flatter them. They, rather, invite the Hindus to develop their minds up to the Christian and European level.

In the same way a progressive Catholic, placed in power in Ireland, should not lend himself to any educational plot which will tighten the bonds of sacerdotal oppression on the limbs of struggling Ireland. The best Englishmen do not believe that progress amongst the Hindus will tend in any degree to injure the British community resident in the great Indian Empire. Neither do I think that Englishmen believe that progress in Ireland would be injurious to them. A free, industrious, law-abiding community, confers a benefit on everybody connected with it. Even the Sultan of Turkey and the Czar of Russia would be far better off if their nations were industrious and highly intelligent, instead of being soaked, as they are, in religious fanaticism, which, wherever it is found, always means a profession of virtue without the practice of it.

Neither have the Protestant community in Ireland any desire that the South should remain the home of discontented and complaining martyrs to religious fanaticism and victims to a code of bigoted theology. An intelligent, free, Roman Catholic community in Munster would confer advantages on every man and woman of every creed resident in this island. Recognising this attitude on the part of Protestants, I may be inclined, as I am sometimes told, to go to excess in praising the members of the Reformed Churches in this country. I have had letters, telling me that the Protestants do not really desire the improvement of the Catholics, and that they believe the continued blindness of the Catholics makes for the advantage of the Protestants. I cannot accept that statement. There is nothing in the history of Protestants to prove so

base an allegation. I see Protestants, in England and in Ireland, exerting themselves, not alone on behalf of their own co-religionists, but to an even greater extent, on behalf of the Roman Catholics, wherever they are allowed to do so.

There may be a few amongst them narrow-minded enough to imagine that their best policy would be to keep the Catholics under the sway of the priests, and, therefore, that the proper Protestant policy is to support the priests. If there be any such Protestants, I have never yet met one of them. Oh, no! The scale of intelligence amongst the Reformed Christians is so high that it is impossible that the persons holding such views should be more than a small fraction of the body-politic, if indeed such persons exist at all.

We can all see that religious exclusiveness is being carried to greater excesses daily in the South under the compulsion of the theocracy and its newspapers. And, as the power of the priest grows, so will this spirit of narrowness and exclusiveness gain in strength.[1]

The British statesman who wishes to bring about a change for the better in Ireland must get rid of the first and lasting cause of Catholic Ireland's backwardness—that is, the sacerdotal domination over the minds of the children. It is a baneful policy for a statesman to continue in league with the bishops and the Jesuits, and to give those sacerdotalists the right of appointing their friends to every office, high and low, which is open to the Roman Catholic laity. It is not priests' slaves who should be put into power.

[1] See Chapter XI., Address on "The Catholic Association.

The concessions to sacerdotal pretensions after the Fenian Rising did not prevent the awful crimes of the Eighties. I warn this Government now that it need not expect any lasting good to come from its recent policy. What is the use of imprisoning the silliest section of the Irish Party, and passing sentences of hard labour upon them; or even sentencing one of the members of that party to death for high treason? The Government must well know that the Theocracy of Ireland are training up in their State-subsidised schools a fresh set of agitators to take the place of the present priest-paid members in due course. They must know that the next Irish Party will also be an incongruous and motley gathering, containing a mixture of rebels like "Colonel" Lynch, enthusiasts like William Redmond and William O'Brien, and respectabilities like Dr. McDonnell of Harley Street, London, a strange collection of bed-fellows; but almost all of them possessing one quality in common, namely, that they are priest-educated Irishmen.

Of what avail is it to denounce the agitators when their sacerdotal tutors are considerately spoken of? We see laymen sentenced to hard labour for speeches made at meetings presided over by priests, while the chairmen of those meetings are let off scot-free. We hear agitators described as a pernicious race by Government politicians. Well, if one wanted to exterminate a pernicious species, let us say rabbits from Australia or snakes from India, and if one knew that there existed a great breeding warren for rabbits or a great hatchery for snakes in either country, where those pests were being bred by thousands, do you

think that a wise man would expend his force in scotching individual snakes or chasing individual rabbits up and down the country, while at the same time he allowed the great warren or hatchery not only to remain undisturbed, but even endowed it liberally to carry on its work unimpeded?

Would it be the work of a statesman to suffer the breeding-ground to send forth its quota of pests year after year, at the cost of the public exchequer, and thereby supply work for the snake-scotchers and rabbit-slayers in the open country outside? Should he not rather direct his attention in the first instance to the breeding-ground, and put an end to the industry of the pest-producers?

In fine, it is the class who train the minds of the Irish Roman Catholic youth—who educate the John Redmonds, the William O'Briens, John McKeans,[1] and Dr. McDonnells—who must bear the odium of the common course of conduct, pursued by those Irish Roman Catholic adults, which all right-thinking people join in condemning. It is the sacerdotal mind-trainers who produce the breed, and not individual members of the breed, that must be dealt with if we want to effect a lasting and universal good.

If the prophet Isaiah lived in our day how applicable the opening verses of his immortal prophecy would be to the existing state of things in Ireland! How plainly might his prophetic ear hear the voice of God speaking to Roman Catholic Ireland and saying: 'Bring Me no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination to Me. . . . Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth;

[1] See Chapter VIII. for Mr. McKean's adventures at Holywell.

they are a trouble to Me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands I will hide Mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood.'"

NOTE (p. 150).—The extension of the municipal franchise to women by the Local Government Act of 1898, is, in my opinion, the explanation of the priests' increased influence in Dublin elections during the past five years. The entire Corporation seems to be under the thumb of the priests. The official salary attached to the Lord Mayoralty is a princely one, £3,650, with many perquisites, including a handsome official residence, the largest mayoral emolument in the world, I understand, with the single exception of London. There is no salary attached to the office of Lord Mayor of Belfast. The first official act of the Lord Mayor of Dublin this year is thus recorded by the *Freeman* of March 21, 1904:—

"On St. Patrick's Day the Lord Mayor telegraphed as follows: 'From the Lord Mayor of Dublin to His Holiness Pope Pius the Tenth—The Lord Mayor of Dublin on the day of his inauguration, 17th March, on behalf of citizens and friends, tenders his profound and dutiful homage to His Holiness Pope Pius the Tenth, and wishes him a long and glorious reign.'

(REPLY.)

"'Rome, 18th March.

"'To Lord Mayor, Dublin—His Holiness graciously accepts the dutiful homage of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, citizens and friends, and sends them his apostolic blessing.

'CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.'"

## CHAPTER VII

### AN INTERVAL IN ANTRIM, FERMANAGH, AND CAVAN

AT the end of the lecture I commented on the uncomfortable slope in the stage, and the Chairman said to me: "Just sit in that chair that I was sitting in." It was one of those slippery horse-hair chairs. I did so, and found that it was quite impossible to sit still. I thus gladly discovered the explanation of Mr. Malcolm's restlessness during my lecture, which had led me to suppose that I was boring him. But I now saw that it was impossible for anybody to sit still in that chair for half a minute without changing his position.

After the lecture a crowd of respectable people were waiting outside to see me, and I noticed that the police kept moving up and down through them, but there was no disturbance or noise of any kind. I spent the night at the hospitable house of Mr. Hanna, J.P., a local merchant who does a considerable trade with Canada and the United States, yet who finds time to be a most enthusiastic reader of all the best literature of the day, like so many others of the comfortable Presbyterians of the North of Ireland. I have never yet gone into a Presbyterian house in which I did not find one or more well-filled bookcases occupying a place of honour;

and the acquaintance with every phase of current thought to be found amongst the Presbyterians is no less characteristic of them than their love of travel and the extent of their topographical knowledge. Let others depict the shortcomings of Presbyterians if they will—and the carping critics are far from few in number—I shall not be deterred from calling attention to their good points, or from recording my own experience of them for that section of humanity who condescend to read what I write.

I delivered the lecture on "North and South: Further Contrasts" at Bangor on the following Monday, February 2, 1903, speaking there for the first and only time in the pulpit of a Presbyterian Church—a large new building in the erection of which a debt had been incurred. My lecture was got up by the Rev. Mr. Hill, minister, and the elders, to stimulate the interest of the congregation of Third Bangor.[1] As compared with town halls and parochial halls, I found the church pulpit a very pleasant place to speak in, and my experience leads me to think that the parson occupies a coign of 'vantage which no other class of speaker possesses —an advantage by no means confined to the invariable acquiescence of his audience, and the assurance that no debate or contradiction is likely to interrupt the flow of his remarks. The pulpit in the new church at Bangor is a kind of balcony with sitting accommodation for four or five people behind the speaker, and is approached by a door placed high in the wall of the church, and leading

[1] The Presbyterian Churches are called First, Second, Third, and so forth, according to the date of their erection.

from the vestry, which is upstairs. As the lecture had passed off quietly in a town so notorious for the fighting propensities of its inhabitants as Lurgan, there was no reason to apprehend interruption at Bangor. The lecture was received with enthusiasm by a large, respectable and intelligent audience, the chair being occupied by Mr. John McMeekan, J.P., the Chairman of the Urban District Council.

In all my journeys through the North of Ireland I have found the constabulary very solicitous about my safety, though I never made personal application to them on the subject. At Bangor, for instance, when we were at breakfast on the morning after the lecture, a constable called at Mr. Hill's house, at which I was staying, and inquired if Mr. McCarthy had stayed there during the night, if he had yet left, and what train he proposed to go by.

It had been arranged that I was to deliver this lecture at Lisburn on February 3rd, but a contested Parliamentary election was then in progress in that town, and as the day of polling had been fixed for the date of my lecture, we decided to postpone my appearance at Lisburn.

I remained in Belfast on the 3rd and 4th of February, as I had arranged to deliver the lecture at Omagh on the 5th. In the interval I visited the peninsula of Island Magee, in County Antrim. What a charming February day it was! The air gave one a delusive promise of a balmy spring. The cream-coloured grass was beginning to give forth a greenish hue; the birds were chirping in the thorn-hedges, for there is no timber to shelter them in well-tilled Island Magee, where every square foot of ground is utilised for tillage and pasture, the

tenants' holdings varying from five to thirty acres in extent. The solidly-built and well-kept farmhouses dotted the arable hillsides, and, remarking upon their neatness, I was informed that an eviction had never been known on Island Magee. Furthermore, I was informed that there was not a solitary Roman Catholic resident on the peninsula. One could not help being struck by the quietness, industry, and order of the countryside. Staring yokels, so conspicuous in the South of Ireland, were not to be seen on the roadsides or in the fields. A friend, in whose company I was, had come to the peninsula that day to take up possession of a farm which he had recently purchased. It was an ordinary agricultural holding held from year to year, under the Land Acts, and my friend having purchased the tenant-right from the late occupier, was going in as a yearly tenant, under the head landlord, the octogenarian Marquis of Donegal, whose marriage to a youthful Canadian heiress had been announced some months previously. It appears that the Marquis of Donegal himself had little to say to the transaction, for the property was heavily mortgaged, most of the rents going to pay the interest on the loans. If the splendid Donegal property, comprising the greater part of Belfast, and running along the shore of Belfast Lough, out even to Island Magee, had been thriftily managed, its possessor should now be one of the richest noblemen in the United Kingdom, instead of having been Clerk of the Crown and Peace for County Antrim. The Marquis of Donegal's former residence, Ormeau Park, is now in the hands of the Belfast Corporation, and has been laid out by them as a

public recreation ground. It stands near the mouth of the Lagan, and at the time those stately trees, which now give shade to the nurserymaids of that quarter of Belfast known as "The Plains," were originally planted, the demesne must have dominated the country at the head of Belfast Lough. Owing to the continuous extension of Belfast, Ormeau Park is now almost overwhelmed by the ever-growing suburbs of the capital of the North.

But let us return to Island Magee. A smart, fresh-faced Island boy drove us from Ballycarry station, on a jaunting-car, across the causeway which crosses the head of Larne Lough, and spun us quickly to the summit of the Island, from which beautiful views were to be obtained. I should not be surprised if Island Magee were to become one of the chief residential suburbs of Belfast within the next twenty or thirty years. At present it is inhabited by an entirely agricultural community, and its salubriousness is so great that the residents live to a very old age. The views are remarkably fine. Larne Lough extends to the north, its silvery waters winding into the distance between a succession of bold promontories which look like islands from the heights. On the mainland of Antrim, at the other side of the lough, stretches the well-wooded demesne of "Redlands," which was then being offered for sale, like so many other gentlemen's residences in Ireland. The county of Antrim is so well-farmed that this demesne, looked at from Island Magee, seems rather an eyesore than an ornament to the landscape. It is an unusual complaint to make that plantations and trees should

ever be a disimprovement to an Irish landscape; but, nevertheless, such was the feeling I experienced looking over Larne Lough from Island Magee at the Antrim landscape. The fields in the open country outside the demesne were so well tilled that the stubble, new grass-seeds, turnips, and fallow looked more picturesque—suggestive, as they were, of health, comfort, and thrift, and enclosed between well-cared fences—than the wild, poetic-looking trees of the demesne which lay in the midst of them.

The town of Whitehead, at the junction of Island Magee with the mainland of the county Antrim, has been growing rapidly of recent years. It is sunnily placed and picturesquely situated. It seems thrown anyhow, and some of its houses have been built so perilously near the sea that it is quite within the bounds of probability that they may be swept away in one of the easterly gales which send the billows rolling mountains high upon the Antrim shore between Whitehead and Blackhead. Therefore I think that the favourite site for residences of better-class Belfast people will eventually be Island Magee, railway communication alone being wanted to make the island more accessible. I was informed that it is contemplated to run a line of tramway from the railway station at Whitehead to the historic site known as The Gobbins, on the sea-front of Island Magee, from which the shore of Scotland across the water can be distinctly seen by the naked eye. I saw the land in Wigtonshire on this grey February day, and was informed that in summer time all the signs of home life in Scotland are plainly visible across the water, such as

clothes drying on the hedges, sheep grazing on the fields, whitewashed cottages, and so forth.

The inhabitants of Island Magee are a remarkable race; Scotch in all their characteristics; in their rugged independence; in their ignorance of the existence of such words as "sir" and "madam," and oblivious of such a feeling as inferiority to any other human being.

The taking over of the possession of the farm interested me. The outgoing tenant was a small, elderly, rugged, iron-framed man between sixty and seventy years of age. When we met him in his little farmyard, in front of his cottage, he had an enormous pipe, freshly filled and glowing like a bonfire, firmly placed between his teeth, and he puffed it with great deliberation, removing it occasionally from his mouth when he wanted to expectorate or to make some more than ordinarily important observations.

I could not help recollecting an occasion long distant when I accompanied my father to take up possession of a farm in the South of Ireland. The contrast between the two occurrences was striking in the extreme. In the South the farmer's breath was choked by smothered sobs. He scarcely dared to look us in the face, he felt so keenly at being compelled to leave his home bankrupt and without a penny in the world. In Island Magee how different was the scene. The holding was a small one, some thirty acres in extent, and not such good soil as that other farm in the South. The outgoing tenant, instead of being a young man, is an elderly man between sixty and seventy. Instead of being in tears, he stands firm as a rock, his horny

hands stuck into his trousers pockets, his well-charged pipe smoking like a volcano, his seaman's cap drawn tightly down on his forehead and covering his ears. There is no quiver in his steadfast eye. He encounters the group who come to take up possession from him just as a shopkeeper, leaning over his counter, might look upon customers entering his shop.

The South of Ireland man left his farm without a penny of compensation; he had no tenant-right to sell; he was under eviction for non-payment of rent; he was utterly paralysed by his difficulties. The Island Magee man, on the contrary, had sold his tenant-right for £20 an acre, which is the recognised price of a tenant's good-will in that district. He was receiving several hundred pounds, and going out of his small farm satisfied with his bargain. His family consisted of one daughter, and he thought it better to live in some more accessible part of the country; but wherever that man may have been going to live, be assured that he was not about to live idle. Even his daughter, though an invalid, will be found contributing to the support of the household.

The evicted tenant in the South of Ireland frequently goes off to spend his days in idleness, while his wife will continue to bear him a child every year, when there is not food enough to support the children already born. Had the South of Ireland farmer been in a position to sell his tenant-right; or, in other words, had it been a settled custom to buy and sell tenant-right in the South of Ireland, it would have been an incentive to pay rent so as to receive the good-will money unencumbered when giving up possession.

Most of the inhabitants of Island Magee are, or have been, seafaring men, and the farms frequently change hands. The outgoing tenant in this case was once a sailor, and had occupied the farm for thirty years. The neighbours also had been seafaring men, and one and all of them had a son or two at sea. There was a sub-tenant on the holding, an elderly woman, who occupied a cottage containing two rooms, which abutted the farmer's dwelling. We had to take up possession of this cottage from her, and get her to sign an agreement that she would become my friend's tenant henceforth at £2 a year. I remember, when taking up possession of cottages in the South of Ireland, how heart-broken used to be the behaviour of the women, frightened at even momentarily giving up possession, screaming, groaning, and clapping their hands.

I remember how dirty the interior of the cottages used to be; how meaningless the arrangement of the furniture; what a quantity of useless rubbish in all the corners taking up the limited space; what an absence of intelligence or taste. I was, therefore, amazed to find a totally different condition of things in this cottage of which we were now about to take up possession. The occupant was a handsome old woman, and must have been a great beauty in her youth. She was tall, nearly six feet in height, with a skin and complexion as soft and fresh as a baby's. She had a magnificent set of teeth, perfectly white, and told us that she had all her teeth in her head, except one which she had lost accidentally. An expression of perfect happiness and hope beamed from her face, giving an indelible impression of courage and confidence within. Her husband had

been dead forty years; her only child, a daughter, was now an elderly married woman, comfortably settled, and having a family of her own, but living some miles away. This charming old woman told us that she was eighty-five years of age. She wore a tight-fitting black cap covering her hair and ears, and the fresh, plump face, with its ingrained expression of happiness, looked out from this frame of black like sunlight from a cloud. Her clothes were tidy and comfortable; her boots were good; and, at eighty-five years of age, she looked ready for action, ready for work, prepared to do all that was necessary in her immediate neighbourhood. There were no trailing sleeves, or clouts, or ribbons to interfere with the freedom of her movements.

The cottage consisted of two small rooms, lit by two small windows, and was in no respect better than the average class of cottage in the South of Ireland, so far as the building was concerned. The roof was water-tight, but the walls were of the usual stone, set in mud mortar, which are to be found all over the South. It was different from the Southern cottages in one important respect, namely, that it was absolutely clean inside. The furniture was rational and good. There were nice little odds and ends in the bedroom, such as a coloured rug, a few doyleys, some bright candlesticks, and a mahogany chest of drawers.

That beautiful old woman of Island Magee, eighty-five years of age, seated by her hearth fire, over which a small kettle was suspended by a pot-hook, depending from the ample flue, was as self-possessed and as full of self-respect as a lady of high degree in her drawing-room. She bade us all

be seated when we crowded into her little cottage, and would not be content until every one of us had found some article of furniture upon which to rest. When we had all seated ourselves she resumed her place in her armchair beside the fire, smiling, self-possessed, bright, and happy.

Looking around the kitchen, I saw several pieces of ornamental china, but I also noticed that all the necessary household utensils, cups, saucers, plates, and saucepans were in good order. I also saw some parcels just arrived from town. In a word, the interior of the cottage was well kept and rationally stocked with furniture, though it was no bigger than a section of a hall in a country gentleman's house. It was explained to the old lady that she was to become my friend's tenant henceforward, and she expressed her willingness to do so. They read over a legal document to her, and asked if she understood it. She replied that she understood it perfectly. She was then handed a pen and ink, whereupon she at once got up from her chair, went to the window, and signed the agreement.

I shall not forget the look of content, hope, happiness, and self-reliance that was expressed upon that old woman's face as long as I live. She was not immersed in mysterious colloquy with innumerable saints, confessors, virgins, and martyrs. Hers was the face of a human being whose happiness rested upon a basis of simple Christian belief, good conduct, and common sense; a being who awaited the approach of death as if it were a natural event not to be dreaded, and who was as free from remorse of conscience as from craven fear or mind-contaminating superstitions.

I proceeded to Omagh on February 5th to deliver my lecture there. Omagh was considered a risky town to lecture in, because the priests are strong there. I was told that I might almost count upon a disturbance as certain to take place. When I stepped out on the railway platform I found my host, the Rev. Andrew Macafee, of First Omagh, waiting to welcome me. I also noticed a patrol of police and some residents of the town who eyed me critically and curiously. The lecture, however, passed off quietly. There was a large audience, and the chair was taken by Major Stewart, J.P., one of the local gentry.

I was subsequently informed that the house in which I stayed for the night was guarded by police, and I received some copies of the local papers, from which I could glean that there was a warm discussion going on with reference to my visit to the town. The Nationalist paper alleged that an enormous stone had been hurled by some malefactor through the study window of the parish priest, but that, fortunately, the reverend gentleman was not in the apartment at the time. The alleged outrage was attributed to my visit to Omagh, but as no particulars were forthcoming as to damage to the glass, or to anything else, I am not inclined to attach much credence to the allegation. I learned from more reliable sources that my visit did a great deal of good, for Omagh is one of those border towns where many of the Protestants are inclined to yield at every point to the priest, and rarely, if ever, show fight for the defence of principle against the pretensions of sacerdotalism. Therefore, though I knew there was danger involved, I went to Omagh with

greater pleasure than to towns in which there was little or no apprehension of opposition.

A few days after my return from Omagh, the Right Honourable Colonel Edward Saunderson, M.P., Her Majesty's Lieutenant for the county of Cavan, did me the honour to invite me to pay him a visit, and I spent two enjoyable days and nights under his hospitable roof at Castle Saunderson, near Belturbet. The beautiful country between Dublin and Dundalk was looking its best on the February afternoon on which I journeyed down to Redhills, which is the nearest railway station to Castle Saunderson. In no other part of Ireland is there such high-class farming. The fields are all beautifully tilled, or well-laid down in pasture; the fences kept in splendid repair; and on all sides horses and men were to be seen labouring in the blood-coloured earth, the brownish-red hues of the ground forming a striking and harmonious contrast to the blues, whites, and greys of the sky and to the emerald green of the grass seeds which were just beginning to assert themselves under the softness of the premature spring.

From Dundalk to Clones the train runs north-west, and the character of the country changes, being lumpy and hilly, with an abundance of rock and water. The land is not so rich, but it is most carefully tilled, and all through the county of Monaghan, from Inniskeen to Clones, the active progress of agricultural industry in early spring is one of the pleasantest sights to be seen in Ireland. The small fields on the sides of the knolls with their red earth banked into freshly-ploughed sods, still shining from the friction of the board

and colter; the fresh, rushing rivers, full to the brim, which accompany the train, are symbols of the force, perennial youth and plenty which bounteous Nature intended Irishmen to enjoy at home. The Inniskeen river seems to sing and laugh as it rushes along at eight or ten miles an hour, crossing and re-crossing the track like the healthy, playful child of Nature that it is. I never look upon one of our Irish streams, like this Inniskeen river, or its neighbours the Dee and the Glyde, without thinking of the dearth of water to be met with in other parts of the world, or without pondering upon the countless advantages which Irishmen possess in their neglected and much-criticised island home.

The counties of Monaghan, Cavan, Leitrim, and Fermanagh, constitute the lake district of Ulster. The long waterway of the River Erne extends for over forty miles, by devious but navigable channels, all the way from Castle Saunderson in county Cavan to Ballyshannon in county Donegal, and is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable waterways to be found in Europe. Enniskillen, situated on an island between two channels of the Erne at the central point of this great waterway, is one of the prettiest towns in the United Kingdom. It is exceedingly well-kept for an Irish town, contains good shops and private residences, and possesses some handsome public buildings, the whole being dominated by the monument to General Cole, erected on an eminence in a well-kept public garden, and presenting a most picturesque spectacle to the eye of the stranger. A magnificent view of the tortuous Erne is to be obtained from the Monument. The calm surface of silvery lake

or river, winding into the distance, resting amidst its islands, or between the round green hills of the surrounding country, constitutes a scene of striking beauty and placidity. On the north are the Tyrone hills, and on the north-west the mountains of Donegal.

Below the town, facing the re-united streams of the Erne, stands the Royal School of Portora, alluded to in *Priests and People*—a fine mansion, picturesquely placed above a green lawn which slopes down to meet the reach of water known as Portora Stream, a channel wide and deep enough for all the gaiety of the Enniskillen regattas. Below Portora, the Erne broadens out into the Lower Lake, in which stands the historic island of Devenish, the site of many antique ruins and crowned by a round tower.

Colonel Saunderson's residence, Castle Saunderson, is, as I have said, situated at the head of the Lough Erne navigation. The River Finn, a tributary of the Erne, which flows through the demesne, is, like the Erne itself, a river without a current; standing as still as a lake between the low green hills which are the prevailing feature of the landscape. In the neighbourhood of the Finn, even on the upland ground rising fifty or sixty feet above the surface of the river, the soil is damp and spongy. There is dampness in the still air in all parts of this lake country of Ireland in winter time. The ground seems incapable of relieving itself of its moisture. But it is a healthy country, nevertheless, all along the shores of Lough Erne, and in summer time residence in the lake district of Ulster must be very pleasant.

Castle Saunderson, which is picturesquely situated, is a modern house, built in a castellated style, well-placed on an eminence from which the country slopes in every direction. There are considerable woods, and the timber is in excellent condition. There is a church in the demesne, in which service is held every alternate Sunday by the incumbent, and in which Colonel Saunderson himself has been in the habit of conducting the devotions on the other Sundays.

Colonel Saunderson is an expert boat-builder, and greatly addicted to yachting, not only on Lough Erne, but on the Solent and abroad. He showed me the models of his yachts, which are displayed on the walls of his billiard-room. The models are entirely made by himself. When he has completed a design he puts it into the hands of his ship-carpenter, a native of the locality trained by Colonel Saunderson, giving him the necessary measurements and dimensions, from which the man and his assistants build the large boats. The boat-house is quite close to the Castle. It was at this boat-house window that Colonel Saunderson's cousin, Lord Farnham's eldest son and heir, had been killed by a fall from his bicycle in the preceding summer. There is a steep declivity in the road leading down to the boat-house, which stands half-hidden by the trees and reedy sedge on the margin of the lake. A small but picturesque golf-course has been laid down near the house, and it is there that the redoubtable leader of the Ulster members takes most of his outdoor exercise in the winter.

I found in the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson a con-

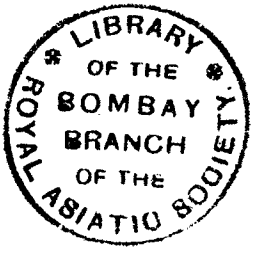
siderate and charming hostess whom only a shy, awkward man can adequately appreciate. She asked me to accompany her in the afternoon to see her bog-garden, in which she takes great pleasure. Mrs. Saunderson's bog-garden is altogether unique. Two or three years previously it had been a stretch of common Irish peat-bog, sparsely covered with heather, full of turf holes, containing a few gnarled birches, and surrounded by the thick woods of the demesne. Mrs. Saunderson took it in hand, excavated several artificial lakes, and utilised the soil thus obtained in the formation of headlands and the erection of hillocks on the shores of the lakes. She laid down a pretty series of gravelled paths all through the bog, enclosed with railings and gates. She has planted the bare bog with hundreds of rhododendrons, and several rare shrubs, prominent amongst which is the Japanese fir, known as the *Cryptomeria elegans*. On the afternoon of my visit the workmen were engaged in planting clumps of prairie-grass at specified points. When all the rare plants come into bloom, Mrs. Saunderson's bog should present a very handsome appearance. A rest-house has been erected in a favourable position on a hillock in the centre of the bog, and from it an exceedingly pretty picture could be drawn. The blue and white sky over the high forest trees makes a sublime background; a screen of ferny, satin-trunked birches occupies the distant foreground; in the centre of the picture stands the bog with its pools, rhododendrons, and thorn bushes; and in the near foreground a gnarled birch adds a finishing touch of grace to a most picturesque scene which would

not have been unworthy of the brush of the painter of Murthly Moss in Perthshire.[1]

Colonel Saunderson, though he is so intensely Irish, has been a great traveller, two of his most recent trips having been to the Holy Land and to Rhodesia, just before the outbreak of the Boer War. He told me an amusing story of his visit to Palestine. It was in 1893, after the Home Rule Bill had passed through the House of Commons and he had retired from the parliamentary battlefield at Westminster for a much-needed change of scene. He was having a swim in the waters of the Dead Sea, he told me, when he heard the welcome tidings that the House of Lords had thrown out the Bill, against the enactment of which he had fought so bravely in the Lower House. A friend of his on shore had received a wire, and shouted out to him: "The Home Rule Bill is thrown out by the House of Lords!" Colonel Saunderson ceased swimming unconsciously when he heard the agreeable news; and, so strong was the water, that he was able to hold a brief conversation with his friend, while floating easily in its cool and crystalline embrace. Like most Northern Irishmen, Colonel Saunderson is a sincere and serious Christian. When in Palestine on that occasion, true to the character he bears and the example he sets in his Irish home, he addressed a large meeting of Christians in the open air at Jerusalem. Even if Home Rule had become law and even though the sacrificing priests had become the civil rulers of Ireland, Colonel Saunderson would have had a higher and deeper solace to fall back upon. Though he is the picture of health,

[1] The late Lord Millais.

and destitute of any resemblance to what is commonly called "an old man," he speaks of his own death with an equanimity characteristic of a true Christian. He showed me the spot where he intends his remains to be buried in case he dies within the United Kingdom. It is at the foot of a spreading tree, close outside the little church in the demesne of Castle Saunderson. But long may Providence postpone the inevitable hour when such a man must cross the bar and put out into the sea of eternity!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## CHAPTER VIII

### SUPERSTITION AND EDUCATION

THE next address which I consented to deliver was one at Liverpool on October 19, 1903. The Lancashire Irish have long been famed for their rowdiness, and many of my friends assured me that I would never be suffered to leave Liverpool unmolested. It was retailed to me how ex-priests and people of that description had been chased out of Liverpool by the fanatical Irish. I replied that I was not an ex-priest or an ex-anything. My mind has never been cowed or poisoned by the casuistry of priestly theology. I am a British citizen, and have as much right to go to Liverpool as Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. John Redmond, or Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and I determined that to Liverpool I should go. The lecture was to be delivered in the Hope Hall—a very fine public hall in a respectable portion of Liverpool, and it was hoped that it would exercise a favourable influence over the municipal elections which were then pending.

On my way up from Chester to Liverpool I met an Irish American who was going to catch the Cunard boat at Liverpool on his return to the States. He told me that he had just spent five

months in Ireland, and asked me if I had ever read a book called McCarthy's *Priests and People.* I told him I was the author of it. He jumped from his seat, got red in the face, took off his hat, and asked me if I would let him shake me by the hand as "an Amurrican citizen." I cheerfully assented. He then told me that he had been speaking with the leaders of Catholic politics in Ireland, and they had told him that the next fight in Ireland would be against the Roman Catholic Church.

He mentioned all the best-known names of Irish Nationalist politicians as having confided that statement to him. I told him that in my opinion all the gentlemen he named would be afraid of going to hell if they opposed the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. He scouted the idea as ridiculous. He told me that he was a Roman Catholic himself, and that no such thought ever entered his brain. He then illustrated his religious bravery by telling me a story, which, he said, "he would not tell to a Protestant." He had no objection to telling me as I was a Catholic. He referred, he said, to an occurrence which recently took place in New York, where he carried on his business, and of which he was a rather prominent citizen. I said I did not want to hear any secrets. He said his own name was the only thing he wished to be kept secret. I shall tell the story as nearly as possible in his own words, adding that I am quite satisfied as to his *bonâ fides* and identity.

"Irishmen," he began, "won't work—simply won't work, you know, with these Italian Dagoes. These Italians, in fact, are the lowest class of emigrants we get into New York city at the present moment.

We look upon them as black men. Irishmen won't work in the same gang, on the same job, under the same boss with them Dagoes. Guess if these Dagoes do get into a job along with Irishmen they have to be put into a gang by themselves.

"Wall, I guess you will be surprised at this. An Irish boss was in charge of a large gang of labourers repairing the street tramways in New York city. 'Sind me twelve Dagoes,' he roared, 'to shift this rail!' The twelve Dagoes ran to obey his orders, but they were not able to shift the rail, I guess. 'Get off out of that with ye, ye infernal Dagoes!' shouted the boss. And the Italians retreated in disgrace right away. Then the boss cried out, 'Sind me six Irishmen to shift this rail.' And, at the word of command, six brawny Irishmen marched across and lifted the rail with the greatest ease and put it slick into the position in which the boss wanted it. A big Irish policeman was looking on at the occurrence, and the boss turned round to him and said, pointing contemptuously towards the Dagoes, '*Them is the fellows that we elects to be Popes.*' And immediately there was a loud roar of laughter from the Irish labourers, in which the policeman and the boss cordially joined.

"I tell you, sir," concluded my American informant, "that is the prevailing Irish Catholic sentiment in the States at the present moment."

I expressed my pleasure at hearing that such a feeling was growing amongst the Irish Catholics of the United States. But I pointed out to him the injustice of insulting poor Italian laymen, who, in their own country, have made such a plucky fight against the Dagoes of the Vatican. I reminded

him that if the same spirit of revolt against Italian priestcraft permeated the minds of the Irish giants who had so triumphantly shifted the steel rail, the prospects of Ireland would be brighter. I pointed out to him that there is something contemptible in the Irishman who, while secretly despising the alleged successor of St. Peter as a Dago, pays him a semi-idolatrous allegiance in public. What is the use of speaking disrespectfully of the Dago-Pope of Rome, when the Dago-Pope's Irish ecclesiastical agents in America are treated as gods? Such conduct is no less illogical than it is cowardly and dishonest. Those poor Italian Dagoes should not be insulted, but, on the contrary, respected; because they have proved all over Italy that they know how to resist the pretensions of the priest far more courageously than do many double-dealing Irishmen in Ireland and in the States.

I hope what I said to him may produce some good result. He seemed a great admirer of my books and of myself, and appeared to believe that the general Roman Catholic body-politic in America agreed with him. But, like most other Roman Catholics that I come across, I believe he was a man who would speak in terms the reverse of all that, if he found himself in company with any of those sacerdotal dignitaries who represent in America the Dagoes of the Vatican. Americans may surpass Englishmen in many phases of smartness, but they assuredly do not excel us in singleness of purpose or straightforwardness. I have yet to meet an American citizen or citizeness, outside the borders of the United States, in whom eagerness to please the present company, at any price, is not the

ruling principle of speech and action—if only that company be composed of persons of any recognised status in society.

Having arrived at Liverpool and bade adieu to my American acquaintance, I lunched and went for a stroll down Church Street and Lord Street. There are not many bookshops in Liverpool, but it so happened that the first one I met had a bill in the window announcing that tickets for "all the McCarthy lectures" might be had there.

I put two points clearly before my mind in preparing this Liverpool lecture :—First, I wanted to awaken thought in Lancashire upon the commercial importance of education as a national asset ; second, I wanted to put the common people on the scent of the priest as the greatest foe to good education. I knew that a great deal of intense local antipathy had been excited against the Education Act of 1902, and that the Passive Resistance movement was being energetically supported at both sides of the Mersey.

Having stimulated inquiry into the self-interest which makes the priest a foe to education, I next attacked the Nonconformists roundly for their political alliance with the Irish priests and Irish priest-paid members of Parliament. I showed how that alliance undermined their own position as opponents of priestcraft in England. I proved by a recent illustration that revolting superstitions are openly preached and practised in Ireland at present, not alone by common priests and monks, but by the archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church. I went further, and proved by another illustration, taken haphazard from the priests' newspapers of

the day, that many Irish members of Parliament are as prone to superstition as their paymasters the priests.

I thus concentrated the attention of my hearers on the Irish Priests and the Irish Members, by whom the passage of the obnoxious English Education Act had been so warmly supported; and I thereby set the Nonconformists thinking about the honour, or dishonour, of their own position as political allies of those sacerdotalist superstition-mongers. Having pointed out how the contagion of superstition was eating its way into the social life of Lancashire itself, I foreshadowed how Home Rule would mean the domination of the superstition-mongers in Ireland.

Mr. Chamberlain was to visit Liverpool in the following week, and I resolved that, if I could help it, he should not entirely cover the Government's tracks in reference to the Education Act by concentrating public attention on his new policy of protection.

When the applause which greeted my appearance had subsided, I expressed the pleasure it afforded me that my first appearance before an English audience should have taken place in Liverpool, "a city which contains a large Irish Roman Catholic population. Liverpool (I went on) takes a keener interest in the Irish Question than most other English cities—than Birmingham, for instance—because Liverpool has an Irish difficulty always with her within her own gates.

Birmingham may be happy in her immunity from the incubus which hampers Lancashire; but, nevertheless, when we have admitted every legiti-

mate excuse, one can discover no just reason for the capitulation to priestcraft and superstition which is to-day the most significant sign of the times amongst a large section of the people in Lancashire. It may be urged that if Birmingham was nurturing in her midst a hundred thousand soft-witted Irish, kept in rancorous isolation by their religion and forced into persistent antagonism to the common weal by a designing priesthood acting under foreign inspiration, that then assuredly the mind of Birmingham would not be at liberty, for better or worse, to set a political lead to England.

But if the abounding presence of priest-led Irishmen may, to some extent, be said to explain why Lancashire seems to have lost the lead which she held so long in English thought and action, then it also supplies an urgent reason why Lancashire should at length steel itself against the wiles of the theocracy. The Lancashire man is always kindly—it matters not whether he be a "Wigan chap," a "fellow from Bolton," a "Manchester man," or a "Liverpool gentleman." And when he finds a struggling Irish minority in perplexity and distress, his large heart is melted at the sight. I always feel grateful to Lancashire when I remember its patience with and kindness to the Irish.

But, as a Roman Catholic myself, I implore Lancashire never to forget the distinction between the Roman Catholic layman and the Roman Catholic priest. The layman is a fellow-citizen; the priest is a member of a foreign league working upon that fellow citizen by religious terrorism and superstition. I applaud you for treating the lay Irish Roman Catholics with all due consideration; but I

beseech you, whenever you have a compliment to pay or an advantage to confer upon the Irish population in your midst, to bestow it on the laymen, so that they may derive the full benefit of your generosity. And I beg of you *not to honour the priests*, for it is to their teaching that every evil in the Irish character is to be attributed.

It is not in Liverpool alone that I venture to speak those unpalatable truths. I say the same things in Ireland whenever an occasion offers. It may interest you to learn that, though my works *Five Years in Ireland* and *Priests and People in Ireland* have achieved the highest success, I am determined to employ new weapons to defend my country from the blighting tyranny of priestcraft.

Never was there a time in which religion and education were more inextricably mixed up than at present; yet never was there a time when the line of division between them needed to be more clearly defined. If Birmingham enjoys comparative freedom from the interference of Irish-Italian and Anglo-Italian sacerdotalists in its educational affairs, that is not so in Lancashire and the North. And, for that reason, Mr. Chamberlain may not find Lancashire eager to abandon itself, with excessive enthusiasm, to the new Birmingham-begotten agitation for tariff on imports. Although the subject is an important one, the mere discussion of which "gives us something to bargain with" in dealing with our rivals, nevertheless I do not believe the wool shorn will be proportionate to the cry raised; and I warn you, however attractive Cabinet-making may seem just now, not to be deceived into *losing sight of the main point.*

The recent history of the Government, for which Mr. Chamberlain was responsible in the first degree, must not be forgotten. With all possible admiration for the vast energy and ability of Mr. Chamberlain, we must beware of the "Peaky Blinder," for he is an adept at concealing his identity. The tracks of the Government through the morass of priestcraft must not be covered up. If the peaky blinders shout "Tariff! Tariff!" let the voice of England be heard above the clatter, shouting "Priest! Priest!"

If you ask me what is the main point, I reply that *education is the main point.* I reply, in the words of Emerson, that "politics is an after-work, a poor patching;" that "our root-and-branch reforms of slavery, war, gambling, intemperance"—and, I shall add, tariffs—"are only a medicating of the symptoms;" and that "we *must begin higher up, namely, in education.*"

Yes; if the well be perennially poisoned, what is the use of an elaborate analysis of the water down the stream?

I speak about things which I know when I deal with the present subjection of education to religion. I live in Dublin, that unhappy city in which, it has recently been written, that priests are as numerous "as soldiers in Berlin or black faces in Calcutta."

You, too, must know something of the priest; but he is, comparatively speaking, meek and well-behaved at your side of the Irish Sea, notwithstanding certain riotous and murderous scenes which have recently disgraced your city and its environs.[1]

[1] Notably the fatal assault on the late Mr. John Kensit.

But it is the Irish Roman Catholic that knows, above all other men, how grievously religion can retard and injure education. In Dublin it is our fate to behold the emissaries of the lavishly-advertised Vatican clique growing tyrannical and fat upon the superstition and ignorance of thousands of our adult fellow-citizens. Even here in Liverpool you may see for yourselves that the same fraternity are not growing leaner or fewer; that their predominance in the newspapers is such as almost to excite the envy of Mr. Chamberlain; and that, *pari passu* with their growth, sectarianism and superstition are flourishing apace in your midst. In Liverpool as well as in Dublin thousands of Irish children are being "educated" in mental deformity, predestined to lives of unhappiness and discontent; under the fostering ægis of sacerdotalism; and, worse still, under the patronage of the Government and of the other higher powers to whom Englishmen are subject.

When I contemplate the baneful incursions of sacerdotalist religion into the domain of education, when I ponder over the wrong-doing of the priests' organisation to my kinsmen all over the world, a spirit seems to urge me on, which lifts me, one of the most insignificant of mortals, above the plane of average humanity. I am filled with courage, and I put my trust, not in princes, as the priests do just now, but in God.

I feel that God loves real education; but I know the priest hates it. God loves truth and light and facts; His revelation is an appeal to our reason; but the priest revels in chicanery, darkness, and fiction, and the priest's creed is an appeal to our

grossest instincts. True religion is in itself an education; but the priest gives us neither the education of religion nor the education of the world. True Christian religion, which should consist, in the first place, of belief, and, in the second place, of conduct founded upon the clear injunctions and acts of Christ and the Apostles, is fixed, complete, and perfect in itself. There is nothing left for discovery or invention. Worldly wisdom can achieve no distinction in such a field.

"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matt. xi. 25). Indeed, the only knowledge prayed for by the Apostle is that he "may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge" (Eph. iii. 18). The priest, despite all his pretensions, knows no more than the babe except in proportion to his comprehension of the love of Christ.

But, while that is so, I find nothing in the religion of Christ to obstruct the spread of enlightenment, to discredit the acquirement of accurate knowledge about every force in Nature and every living thing on earth, about every particle and atom which constitutes this planet on which we live, about the constituent parts of the solar system and of cosmos; and, above all, about the past history of all men.

Such Education is clearly differentiated from Religion. It is the rightful property of every citizen; it is the chief wealth of every civilised state; it is an asset of Cæsar's; and the Christian

priest's relationship towards it is clearly defined by his Master's words : " Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's and unto God the things which be God's." As the coin shown to Christ was the property of Cæsar and the Roman Empire, so, in a far greater degree, is the mind of every British-born child the heritage of the British Empire. Every new-born mind in England bears the imperial British imprint, and is entitled, by right of birth, to all the accumulated benefits of empire, and entitled, above all, to the best possible education.

But the sacerdotalist section of the religious of to-day, though they profess Christ with their lips, are far from willing to render tribute to Cæsar. On the contrary, Priestcraft flouts the authority of the British democracy, and has its forces marshalled in the very heart of the empire, in the House of Commons, which is still, nominally, the seat of supreme power under the British Constitution.

The priests' strongest regiment in Parliament, that is to say, the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary Party, are boasting at this moment that they, and they only, will manage the affairs of the British Empire next session. Mr. John Redmond, at Newcastle, on the 27th of last month, spoke as follows : " It seems that Mr. Balfour desires to keep his party and his Government together during the whole of next session. If he carries out that intention, then, make no mistake about it, every day during the session we will have in our hands the power of life and death. *Mr. Balfour may remain in office, but the Irish Party will be in power.*"

What will Mr. Chamberlain's reply be to that

threat? You may object that Mr. Chamberlain has resigned; but I tell you that Mr. Chamberlain cannot shirk his responsibility, as long as his son holds the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which is the most important office in the Government. Will Mr. Chamberlain be a party to buying off the priests' members of Parliament with the bribe of a sacerdotally-managed, sectarian university for Roman Catholics in Ireland, endowed with public money? I trust you will put a question to Mr. Chamberlain on the subject when he visits Liverpool next week. For such, I can tell you with authority, is the projected treaty by which Mr. A. J. Balfour hopes to remain in office during next session. And oh, what greater disgrace could befall the Unionist leaders in Parliament than to signalise their fourteenth and last year of office by a closing deal with the Irish-Roman priests? They were entrusted with fourteen years of power to save the United Kingdom from internal disruption, to resist the demand for Home Rule, or Rome Rule in Ireland, as it should be properly called. Behold them now plotting a surrender to the priests, willing to demean themselves by holding office by the condescension of the priests' men, to oppose whom the Unionist Party was entrusted with fourteen years' management of the British Empire!

What about the Redistribution of Seats Bill which we were promised? Why do we now hear nothing of it? Why may 4,472,000 loyal, industrious Scotchmen only return 72 members to Parliament, while 3,308,661 discontented, priest-hypnotised Irish Roman Catholics may elect 82 members to dictate their own terms to cowardly,

time-serving English political leaders? Has the Redistribution Bill been dropped as one of the clauses of the compact with the priests?

The priests' regular forces in Parliament are now so considerable that we cannot be too clamorous in directing public attention to them, for they trample education under foot in the name of religion. Besides the eighty-two Irish Nationalist members, the priests may rely on the added strength of four English members, namely, Lord Edmund Talbot, Mr. James Fitzalan Hope (two satellites of Mr. Balfour's friend, the Duke of Norfolk), Sir John Austin, and last, but not least, the talented editor of many journals, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, member for the Irish division of Liverpool. And, I regret to record it, the auxiliary forces of the priests' army in Parliament may be said to be the many members who have been acting under the leadership of the late Lord Salisbury's two sons in the House of Commons, and who apparently represent the dominant Ritualistic, or, as I should call it, Superstitious Party in the ancient and at one time universally-honoured Anglican Church of England—that Church which Lord Bacon speaks of as being regarded in his time as "the eye of England."

The overmastering power which the Sacerdotal Party now wields over education cannot, therefore, be gainsaid, for 25 per cent. of the members of the House of Commons at present are in favour of making secular education an appanage and vested interest of the Anglo-Roman and Irish-Roman priests. Take the case of the Irish Nationalist members to illustrate how completely subject to the priest is that considerable body of British repre-

sentatives. In 1885 Mr. Gladstone declared himself in favour of Home Rule, and the majority of the Liberal Party followed him; in 1886 the Liberal Party were returned in sufficient strength at the polls to form a majority in the House of Commons, with the aid of the Irish vote. The Liberal Party produced a Home Rule Bill in that year, 1886, and from that date to this the Liberals have sacrificed all their prospects and concentrated all their energies upon the evil work of giving Home Rule to the priest-infatuated Irish. The Nonconformists of England were, above all others, most distinguished for their attachment to Home Rule. They were the backbone of the Liberal Party, and fought for Home Rule with unparalleled zeal from 1886 to 1892, while the first Unionist Government held office. They threw every other consideration aside in their Quixotic devotion to the Irish-Roman priest. They, in fact, neglected the interests of Nonconformity, and abandoned themselves to what was in reality the cause of Irish-Roman superstition.

While Nonconformity was thus employed, the Anglo-Roman priest in England was saving his hay; and never in the history of England has the Anglican Ritualist garnered such a harvest as that which he reaped during that long period of nightmare while English Nonconformity was expending itself for the advancement of sacerdotalism in Ireland.

The High Church Party beheld all this madness with delighted amazement; they gained yearly in strength and aggressiveness. They saw that when Nonconformity was committed to blood-red Romanism in Ireland it could not logically stand up against the paler hue of Romanism which as yet

is to be found in the Church of England. They judged aright. And when the Liberal Nonconformists raised the cry of "Priest!" on the recent Education Acts their enemies were justified in retorting that cry back upon the Liberals, and the parliamentary Opposition collapsed. There was, in fact, nothing more to be said, but to pass the Education Acts and put the primary education of England back into the hands of Superstition and Sacerdotalism. Oh, it was a grievous fall for Liberalism, and, I shall add, a still more grievous fall for England.

But what was the most disheartening feature of your defeat? Was it not the desertion from your side at the hour of trial of the entire body of Irish Nationalist members, who, at the bidding of their priests, voted with the "Coercionists" and passed the Education Bills in triumph through the House of Commons? They requited Nonconformist self-sacrifice with the basest sacerdotal ingratitude.

But what else can be expected from gentlemen who look up to their priests as so many gods and who, no doubt, feared the flames of hell as the consequence of disobedience to their theocracy? In the words of Mr. Kipling, the Free Churchmen of England "have had no end of a lesson"; but I am beginning to see some grounds for believing it "has done them no end of good."

Many Liberal newspapers still continue to boom and advertise the priestly company at the Vatican; and if the Liberal Party were still a power in the land, such behaviour might induce the Italian priests to hope that they may yet obtain the civil government of Ireland. Of what avail is it for

Liberal newspapers to denounce priestcraft; of what avail even to refuse alcoholic advertisements and to suppress betting news—action worthy of the heroic age of Liberal journalism—if they support the Irish priests in all their demands, even to the granting of a State-endowed sectarian University? The wire-pullers of the Propaganda in Ireland have no right to veneration from journals which resist the pretensions of Anglican prelates who are, at all events, racy of the soil.

The political influence of the priest has now reached such a height in this realm that its consideration can no longer be brushed aside as a mere nostrum for zealots and fanatics. The predominance of Religion over Education is, on the contrary, *a question transcending in importance every other issue now before the country.* For if the priest be suffered to have his way in the schools of this realm, there will in due time be very little British exports to command the markets of the world, and still less imports on which to impose a tariff.

The electorate of England cannot be more usefully employed than in considering who and what those sacerdotalists are who seek to bend and break the will of England in the schools. I shall, therefore, give two brief illustrations, exemplifying the character, beliefs, and attainments, first, of the Irish-Roman priest, and, second, of his agent in the supreme council of the empire, the Irish Nationalist member of Parliament.

The Irish priest is the exemplar which the Anglo-Roman Ritualist seems to set before him as his loftiest model. When the Irish priests' chief, or

pope, dies in Rome, Bishop Thornton, the Vicar of Blackburn, flies his church flag half-mast high on the tower of the Established Church in the heart of Lancashire. But the English Ritualist deludes himself when he thinks that he is cultivating Romanism. He is, in fact, cultivating common Paddyism in religion. For Rome is as completely against the Vatican clique as I am myself; and if the Irish in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, in America, aye, and on the continent of Europe, were withdrawn from the Vatican trust, there would not be a superabundance of money left in the concern.

The Irish-Roman priest I shall select for my illustration is one of the archbishops in the Roman Catholic Church, an empurpled ecclesiastical prince enjoying that full validity of orders which the late Pope scornfully refused to concede to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, when appealed to five years ago for a decision by Lord Halifax, acting on behalf of the Pope's good friends, the Ritualistic High Churchmen of England.

Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, is the most admired man in the Irish hierarchy. He is said to be a great scholar, a profound theologian, and a philosopher. Mr. A. J. Balfour must think highly of his philosophy, for the Prime Minister selected Archbishop Healy last year to sit on a Royal Commission to inquire into and report to the King upon the question of University Education in Ireland. I shall not take this profound theologian at the disadvantage of quoting from any sermon or other discourse of his delivered within the walls of a church, for in such places superstitious rhodomon-

tade is deemed to be privileged. I shall quote from an address delivered by him in the Town Hall of Westport, one of the chief towns of his archdiocese, to a public assembly of priests and laymen on the 6th of the present month, the proceeds of which went to reduce the debt on the Town Hall—a building of which the late Archbishop was the landlord and proprietor.[1] Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was present, and described the archbishop's address as "scholarly and marvellously fascinating." The subject of the lecture was "St. Patrick's Sojourn in the West"; and the Archbishop assured his misguided and ever-to-be-pitied hearers that Patrick had undoubtedly visited the Reek—that is to say, the highest mountain in the locality. I shall now quote some of the literal words of the Archbishop, as reported in the *Freeman's Journal*, which is the leading priests' paper in Ireland:—

"Patrick suffered anguish of spirit on the Reeks while wrestling in prayer for his people, over whom the demons of Paganism had ruled so long. Patrick prayed against the demons which covered the mountain in the form of vast flocks of hideous blackbirds. He groaned in spirit, and bitter tears coursed down his cheeks, and still prayers and tears were in vain. Then he rang the bell loudly against the demons, and by its mysterious power they gave way and fled, and to complete their rout he flung the blessed bell amongst them. The bell itself, rolling down the mountain, or from excessive ringing, had a piece broken out of its edge, but the angel brought it back again to Patrick, and when dying he left it to Brigid, who prized it greatly, and hence it

[1] See *Priests and People in Ireland.*

was called Brigid's gapling, or Brigid's broken bell. If it should seem strange why the voice of the bell should have more virtue than Patrick's prayers and tears, he (the Archbishop) would remind them that it was Patrick's bell, the symbol of his spiritual authority, and, as it were, the voice of his supernatural power in Ireland. Blessed bells were especially esteemed, and one of them was always regarded as an essential part of the equipment of Bishop or Abbot. He was to have a bell, a book, a crozier, and a chalice with its paten and altar stone. In the might of God, and by the power of God, Patrick drove off the demons from the Reek and from the West, let them hope, for ever."

The Archbishop there and then decreed an annual pilgrimage and celebration of Mass, and tolling of "Brigid's gapling" on the Reek mountain to take place every succeeding August henceforth.

Now could a grosser instance of official Roman Catholic superstition be adduced than that? You must not forget that the utterer of the fiction is an archbishop, a leading member of a theocracy which claims a special connection with God, which for centuries has called its chairman, or pope, the sole Vicar of Christ on earth, which claims for itself infallibility on such subjects as that with which Archbishop Healy was dealing.

And what can you think of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., the purse-bearer and chief glory of that Party[1] which is to "hold the power of life and death" in the House of Commons next session? Mr. O'Brien went one better than his spiritual lord by calling on

[1] Mr. O'Brien shortly after this occurrence announced his retirement from public life.

the District Council to at once provide a new road to the mountain-top to assist the pilgrims at the tolling of Brigid's broken bell. "He did not know," he said, "whether his Grace thought the merit of the pilgrimage would be in any way spoiled by having it made a little easier by their local council for the feet of the visitors to get over the sharp stones."

Is such a man as Archbishop Healy fit to be put into control over the University education of Irish Catholics at the cost of the British Treasury? Are the ritualist imitators of Archbishop Healy in England suitable men to guide the growing minds of English youth? *(See Note at end of Chapter.)*

I trust that this audience and every free-born elector in England will answer, "No; if we can ensure it, all control over education will be wrested from such superstition-mongers."

I shall now dwell briefly upon an incident which puts the priest-educated, priest-driven Irish members of Parliament in, perhaps, a still worse light, and which brings the prevalence of sacerdotal superstition nearer home to the people of Lancashire.

Having had an up-to-date sample of the educational views of a leader of the Irish Party let us now see how completely they are in accord with the views held by the rank and file of that Party. Mr. John M'Kean, M.P., who sits for South Monaghan, is a representative specimen of the average Irish priests' member of Parliament. I shall not put him at the disadvantage of quoting from one of his speeches, for speeches are often delivered without consideration. I shall give you a summary of a signed article by Mr. M'Kean, which

appeared in the Monaghan *People's Advocate*, of the 19th and 26th of last month, for the edification of his constituents.

"Some weeks ago," writes Mr. M'Kean, M.P., "it was my good fortune to visit St. Winifred's Well and Shrine at Holywell. A brief account of my experiences there and my impressions of the place may not be without interest to your readers. Should it be the means of inducing those of them who have never as yet visited the holy spot to do so, then they will never cease to be grateful to me."

St. Winifred's Well is quite close to Liverpool, and you can realise for yourselves in a few hours, by paying a visit to the place, what is the goal towards which the Irish-Roman and Anglo-Roman priests are driving on the English nation.

Like an Irish Don Quixote, stupefied by his readings in the literature of sacerdotal superstition, Mr. M'Kean, M.P., met with a series of adventures at Holywell which to him savoured of magic, but which, to the ordinary mind, seem in no respect more wondrous than the frightening of a flock of blackbirds by the ringing of a large bell on a quiet mountain side.

First, Mr. M'Kean "stumbled on an excellent hotel," where he enjoyed "a sound and refreshing sleep." Then the miraculous atmosphere at once began to work on him, for he tells us that, "used as he had got to parliamentary hours of rising," he "succeeded in being up in time next morning for eight o'clock mass." To have roused a priests' member of parliament out of bed at 8 a.m. may, perhaps, be reckoned as a miracle in these degenerate days.

Second, he attended "mid-day service at the Well. Round the walls were ranged sticks, crutches, bandages, and other such trophies;" and in one corner he saw "the statue and shrine of St. Winifred" in front of which the daily prayers in honour of the Saint are recited. He found himself standing beside "a poor deformed creature who possessed an angel's voice." The Well itself had an uncanny fascination for the legislator. He says that if you looked at it, and if you saw "a gentle movement in the beautiful crystal water you would conclude that it discharged a couple of quarts per minute." He was unable to turn away from it. "No: he gazed on, fascinated as it were." He learned that it discharged "twenty-three tons of water per minute," and that it was precisely thirteen hundred years old according to the Jesuits. The scene of the creation of the Well was re-enacted "like a vision" before him. He saw the impious Prince Caradoc trying to seduce the maiden Winifred. He beheld the maiden flying and Caradoc pursuing her. He saw Caradoc overtaking Winifred, and "mad with baffled passion" decapitating her "at one blow of his sword." Down fell the head of the saintly Winifred, and on the spot, "lo! a miraculous spring burst up." St. Beuno appeared on the scene, and Mr. M'Kean heard the Saint cursing Caradoc "for his terrible deed." "Thereupon," before the eyes of the member for South Monaghan, "the ground opened and swallowed up the murderer." But the Saint, "by his prayers restored the maiden to life—henceforth to enjoy the glorious title of *Living Martyr*."

Those two adventures constituted a warm

morning's work for our modern Irish Quixote, but his next adventure was still more enthralling. When the devotions were finished, "the women went away," and the men proceeded to bathe "in a swimming-bath, where there is a famous Wishing Stone, at which all wishes given expression to while the suppliant kneels on this stone, are granted by God, if it be for the suppliant's good." "When you have taken your first plunge into the Well," writes Mr. M'Kean, "you find the water refreshing and invigorating to an unusual degree. And when you have finished your bath you experience such a sense of exhilaration, such a feeling of joyousness, that you cannot have the least doubt but that you have emerged from miraculous water."

Mr. M'Kean's fourth adventure was even more wonderful. Whom did he encounter but "a very kindly-faced and intelligent-looking gentleman"—a strange sight, indeed, at such a place. The intelligent-looking gentleman asked Mr. M'Kean if that was his first visit to Holywell. And the legislator, with a veracity which does him credit, replied in the affirmative. This adventure of the intelligent-looking gentleman is set down by Mr. M'Kean as illustrating "one of the chief chances of life at Holywell." From it he draws the conclusion that there is "nothing cold or reserved or unnecessarily formal about the people you meet there." How very like Don Quixote! The intelligent-looking gentleman thus encountered by Mr. M'Kean turned out to be, not a heavenly visitant, or a magician in disguise, but a certain Mr. Southworth, of Preston. And Mr. M'Kean, judging by his experience of Mr. Southworth, declares that he has "come to the conclusion

that Preston must be a very remarkable place, morally, intellectually, and otherwise." Proud Preston, enviable Lancashire town, how grateful ought you not to be to your Mr. Southworth!

Stunned by the wonderful visions which continuously thrust themselves upon his gaze, Mr. M'Kean, M.P., vouches for a catalogue of cures performed by the waters of the Well which outdo the advertisements of Mr. Beecham of St. Helen's. "One hears of them on every side. Cures of blindness, paralysis, epileptic fits, lunacy, eczema, sciatica, bronchitis, anemia, drunkenness, indigestion; indeed, of almost every human ill to which flesh is heir."

The first case mentioned is a Manchester one:—"Miss Healy, of Manchester, suffered for fourteen years from decay of the spinal cord. Her case was declared incurable by the leading surgeons of that city. She was quite unable to walk when she came to Holywell in 1901. To-day she is as well and as strong as ever."

If the account thus given of the leading doctors of Manchester by Mr. M'Kean, M.P., be true, then the severest sentence which could be passed on a Manchester man would be to hand him over to the physicians of his native city. Henceforth, like the physicians spoken of in the book of Ecclesiasticus, the Manchester doctor may be held up as a terror to the unrighteous:—"He that sinneth in the sight of his Maker, shall fall into the hands of the physician" (Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 15).

The civic authorities of Manchester and Salford already take a deep interest in the priestly proprietors of St. Winifred's Well at Holywell. On

the 21st of September, 1903, we all read with amazement in the newspapers that the Lord Mayor of Manchester and the Mayor of Salford attended in state at High Mass and assisted at the consecration of that Italian apostle, Signor Casartelli, on his appointment by the Pope to the bishopric of Salford, and joined in the toasting of "Pope and King." It would be hard to portray a more serious degeneracy, a more culpable act of official, municipal backsliding. I do not wish to impute to the Lord Mayor of Manchester and the Mayor of Salford anything more serious than they intended by their presence at that sacerdotal function. But I will draw their attention to the construction placed upon their action in the priests' press, where their co-operation in the sacrifice and toast has been claimed as a religious act tantamount to an acknowledgment of the Pope's sovereignty and the priest's superhumanity in all departments of life, from Transubstantiation itself down to the miraculous well at Holywell.

For the Irish denizen of the slums of Manchester, their misconduct was as compromising a fact as if they had gone in pilgrimage with Mr. M'Kean, M.P., to St. Winifred's Well, and as if they had knelt upon the Wishing Stone in the swimming-bath and publicly expressed their heartfelt desire for the prosperity of the Manchester Ship Canal. If such municipal rottenness were to proceed, the day would not be far distant when those functionaries should be found attending a Mass at St. Winifred's Well, at which prayers should be offered up, in return for a large fee, beseeching St. Winifred to send an influx of cotton ships into

the docks at Salford, and to vouchsafe a miraculous increase of toll-dues sufficient to pay off all arrears of interest on the capital of the Manchester Ship Canal Company.

"The Catholic Church," writes Mr. M'Kean, "is like a giant ocean, at the bottom of which lie innumerable pearls—the pearls of wisdom; like a vast mine in which gold beyond the power of description is buried away." Here are the very things required by the Lord Mayor of Manchester and the Mayor of Salford—pearls of wisdom and mines of gold. It is true Mr. M'Kean says:—"If we want the pearls we must dive for them; if we want the gold we must dig for it." But it should not be beyond the capacity of a Lord Mayor of Manchester to make a dive for some of those pearls at the bottom of St. Winifred's Well. Manchester men will sacrifice much for Mother Manchester—more than Liverpool gentlemen will do, perhaps, for Lady Liverpool! Why then should not the Lord Mayor make a dive, following the advice of the Imperial Roman Catholic legislator and dictator of the House of Commons? "Go to the hallowed place I have mentioned," says Mr. M'Kean, M.P., "and probably your request will be granted before you are twenty-four hours in the place."

Those Manchester men who are not toasters of "Pope and King" should ask the Prime Minister, who sits for a division of Manchester, and has been a persistent worshipper at the shrines of the priests in Ireland, whether his recent conference with the Duke of Norfolk in Sheffield is to result in a large increase of priests' candidates in the English constituencies at the next election? May I advise Mr.

Balfour, as one who has some trifling claim on his attention, that the ancient Howards were ever an unreliable crutch to lean upon.

"Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: 'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear;
And half my men are sick.'"

Yes, the Howard's ships are out of gear, and the Howard's men are sick, and the Howard's relics are spurious, and I appeal to the leader of the Conservative party not to go within reach of the contagion. Oh, would that we could find a Sir Richard Grenville to-day in England!

"'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!'
And he fell upon their decks and he died."

But I have yet to deal with even a graver aspect of this St. Winifred's Well business. Mr. M'Kean, M.P., tells us that the Holywell Urban District Council have had an alarming example of the powers of St. Winifred. "Some six or seven years ago," writes Mr. M'Kean, "the Council, from which the Jesuit Fathers lease the well, proposed to sell it to a mineral-water manufacturer named Atherton for the purpose of his business." But as soon as the project came before the Council "the water of the well became muddy and discoloured . . . an absolutely unprecedented occurrence." And Mr. M'Kean goes on to record that "just at the moment when the projected sale was at the point of consummation

a fire broke out in a factory adjacent to the well. Hose was laid on from the well, but, wonderful to relate, the water would not act."

Then comes this most serious assertion: "It is necessary to mention," writes Mr. M'Kean, M.P., "that the then owner of the factory" which was set on fire "was the chief instrument in encouraging the sale of the well." And Mr. M'Kean significantly adds of that man that "he is since deceased." And, furthermore, that within "a brief space after the events above recorded, his wife, daughter, and son met with sudden deaths. The latter, although a young man, was drowned in water only two feet deep." And, furthermore, that "another of the parties most active on behalf of the sale, when in London on that particular business, fell from the top of an omnibus, receiving injuries that caused his death."

Such language comes perilously near the grasp of the criminal law. And I ask you whether the expounder of such doctrine is a fit and proper man to be one of the supreme rulers of the British Empire? And I ask you, furthermore, is the Jesuit Order a proper body to receive a large endowment of public money for educational purposes in Ireland? Is such gross superstition compatible with Christianity or with civilisation?

Assuredly not. But, nevertheless, the Jesuits and the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church are supreme in the two most important Governmental departments in Ireland, namely, the National Education Department and the Department of Agriculture and Technical Education. It was only last Friday that the Bishops, by solemn resolu-

tion, publicly called upon the Government to dismiss the Resident Commissioner of Education, Dr. Starkie, a Roman Catholic and a distinguished Fellow of Trinity College, because in his official capacity he had found it necessary to find fault with the conduct of the sacerdotal managers of the schools.

Not only, then, do those priests, under the false invocation of religion, misdirect the education of Ireland, but they also misdirect the education of England by the votes of their members in Parliament. In such a plight do we find education in the United Kingdom at the opening of the twentieth century—subject not only to religion, but to the grossest forms of superstition, masquerading under the guise of Christianity.

In this, the otherwise blessed reign of Edward VII., it seems as if the rich Ritualistic bishops and overpaid section of the Anglican clergy were conspiring to decoy the English people back into that Slough of Despond, into that reeking morass of priestcraft, idolatry, mental slavery, and superstition from which our country broke free in the reign of Edward VI.

You, Englishmen, who are alive to-day, can scarcely realise the depth of moral and intellectual turpitude in which your ancestors weltered when the best sites all over England were taken up by monasteries, abbeys, and convents.

But I, on the contrary, well know from personal experience what England was like in those evil days, for I live in an unhappy land which is overshadowed by a similar cloud at the present day, in a land where organised religious communists who

are themselves the servants of designing foreigners, trade upon the ignorance of an infatuated people, rearing their giant heads aloft amidst a general decay, misinterpreting God's most inspiriting message to man.

The late Bishop of Liverpool once summarised the evils from which England was delivered by the Reformation as follows:—

1. From gross religious ignorance, both of clergy and laity.
2. From the most grovelling, childish, and superstitious practices in religion.
3. From the degrading tyranny and swindling impostures of the Roman priesthood.
4. From the plague of extreme unholiness and immorality amongst the clergy.

That description is no exaggeration; and the same prelate claimed—and claimed truly—that the Reformation had conferred upon England the following blessings:—

1. An English Bible, and liberty for every man, woman, and child in the land to read it.
2. An open road to the throne of grace and the great fountain of peace with God.
3. A true idea of Christian worship.
4. A true notion of the office of a Christian minister.
5. A right standard of Christian holiness.

Oh, fellow-citizens of the United Kingdom, let us all pray that England may now, in her hour of trial, hold fast to that inheritance won for her by the Christian sturdiness of your God-loving, God-fearing ancestors!

That heritage, from which you derive everything

worth having which you now possess, is being attacked openly and covertly by wolves without, and, worse still, by wolves in sheep's clothing who are within the Church of England. I have said that a conspiracy is on foot to "bend and break the will of England" in the schools. Yes; the fact cannot be contested. Cardinal Manning once said that it was the duty of the Roman priests to 'subjugate and subdue, to bend and break, the will' of England. Every attempt hitherto made to bend and break the adult will-power of England has failed. Shall it be said of you, Englishmen of to-day, that you allowed the will of England to be bent and broken in the schools—bent and broken by men like Archbishop Healy, like Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., like Mr. M'Kean, M.P., or by their imitators, clerical and lay, who call themselves Englishmen? To quote again the words of Cardinal Manning, England is "the head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its power. Weakened in England, it is paralysed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered throughout the world. England once restored to the Faith becomes the Evangelist of the world."

May England, I pray, be never restored to the faith in such men as Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Healy, the Jesuits of Holywell, and the Italian plotters who stand behind them. It is a blessing to have lost the faith in such people. It is a greater blessing still never to have had faith in those disseminators of errors and superstitions such as I have given you a superficial sketch of this evening.

May you preserve your faith—not in Archbishop Healy, or the Holywell Jesuits, or in their English imitators, but in the free Bible, in the "open road" to God, in "the true idea of Christian worship," in the "true notion of the office of a Christian minister," and in a "right standard of Christian holiness!"

In fine, citizens of Liverpool, may you do your duty. You, Liverpool men, should have a high conception of duty; for, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, an eminent Liverpool man whose memory we all honour, though we may not have approved of every cause he thought fit to espouse while amongst us—

"Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life."

Let your duty to your children in the all-important matter of education be as a shadow which will cleave to you wherever you may go, and which will only leave you when you lose the light of life.

My friends in Liverpool had made arrangements to cope with any disturbance which might occur. Not only had I a bodyguard to accompany me from my hotel to Hope Hall, but numbers of unrecognised sympathisers were also within call. I can truthfully say that there was not the slightest evidence of any attempt to molest me. Both before and after the lecture I moved about Liverpool and

its environs with the same absolute freedom as if I were visiting the city as an ordinary tourist or business man. We had a crowded attendance—in the words of the *Liverpool Mercury*, "Hope Hall was packed," although the weather was not favourable; and from beginning to end my address was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

I am happy to say that the lecture did influence the municipal elections in the direction hoped for by its promoters. I desire to state here that wherever it is represented to me that the priesthood are looked up to as the representatives of the Irish people, and that the prosperity and advancement of the priests are interpreted as being synonymous with the welfare of the Irish laity in any city of Great Britain, I shall always support any local party which is opposed to the priests in municipal or parliamentary politics. I find the priests herding up the Irish in those large British and American cities, isolating them from the benefits of their surroundings and keeping them in a state of superstitious savagery worse than that which their ancestors occupied in the congested bogs of Connemara.

After the lecture I was inundated with the congratulations of admirers, who mounted the platform and surrounded me, shaking me by both hands, clapping me on the shoulders, and giving me various other proofs of their sympathy. Extensive reports of the lecture appeared next day in the *Liverpool Courier* and *Daily Post*, the first being a Conservative and the second a Liberal newspaper.

On the following evening, Tuesday, October 20, 1903, I delivered my lecture on "North and South"

in Bootle, to a large audience. As we travelled the whole way to and from Bootle in the tramcar, I had an opportunity of seeing the Irish quarter of Liverpool. I had been warned about Bootle as being a particularly dangerous locality, the inhabitants of which are prone to violence and disorder. I can only say that my audience was one of the most respectable I ever addressed, and that I have none but the pleasantest memories of my visit to the independent borough of Bootle.

On the following evening, October 21, 1903, I delivered the lecture on "North and South: Further Contrasts," at the Claughton Music Hall, Birkenhead. Birkenhead strikes the stranger as an exceedingly gloomy city. It is not built upon a well-conceived plan, and the police must find it hard to exercise efficient control over it. Owing to the murder of John Kensit at Birkenhead in September, 1902, there was much religious animosity rife in the town at the date of my visit. The Protestant masses were at variance with the Anglican priests, a section of whom belong to the ritualistic caste. There is a numerous Irish contingent in Birkenhead, and the Roman-Irish priests seem to work hand in glove with the Anglicans. I anticipated that the people would be on my side and the Anglican priests against me. But neither the Irish nor the Anglican priests gave me any opposition, and the meeting passed off with enthusiasm.

Birkenhead is a place in which irremediable accidents might easily occur to the nocturnal wayfarer. My friends had arranged that friends should meet us at the terminus of the sub-Mersey railway, by which we crossed from Liverpool. The arrange-

ment was quietly carried out, and we all walked together without incident to the Hall.

So far as I could see there was no disposition to molest me at Birkenhead. Indeed I have been exceedingly lucky in having had no disturbance anywhere. I attribute disorderliness and riot at public meetings, for the most part, to want of explicitness on the part of the principal speakers. If the audience are inclined to be at variance amongst themselves, or at variance with the speakers, nothing is so calculated to irritate them as want of clearness on the part of the speakers. Now it is perfectly evident to any one who has ever heard me speak that I make my position clear from the start. Those who are listening to me for the first time know precisely, when I have been speaking for thirty seconds, what my position is. There is no subterfuge, no trimming, no equivocation, no special effort to please. I devote my attention to one great object, and that object is always clearly evident from the outset in every public deliverance I make. I prepare what I have to say carefully. I never deliver a lecture except I have something new to communicate. Two results are thus secured: First, the care with which I prepare my addresses rivets the attention of the audience and satisfies them that I am imparting information; second, the clearness with which I state my position leaves them in no doubt as to what my own views are. Those who differ, as well as those who agree with me, thus grow interested, and become curious to discover the conclusion of my arguments. The gatherings most particularly prone to disturbance are those at which the principal speakers, either from timidity or want of convic-

tion, endeavour to please two contending parties whose principles are so antagonistic that an honest man could not possibly agree with both.

Audiences are not so foolish as such public speakers seem to assume. I find, on the contrary, that the public appreciate straightforwardness and clearness, even when they differ from the sentiments expressed. I find them always prepared to admire courage and sincerity; and the comportment of all my audiences inspires me with great hope for the future of the country. I have had no assistance from the Powers That Be, or from any powerful institution or class in the United Kingdom, yet I have made my way; relying entirely upon the absolute truth of my statements, confident in the sincerity of my own convictions and the simplicity of my cause.

Not only did all the Liverpool morning and evening papers give considerable prominence to my lecture delivered at Hope Hall, but my presence in the city was noticed by them as a matter of general interest. Therefore I can truly say that I have none but the pleasantest recollections of my first visit to England in the capacity of a public speaker on present-day questions about which there is much heated difference of opinion.

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NOTE (p. 211).—When it is found necessary to build a church or a palace in Connaught, Brigid's Gapling is not depended upon. The following prosaic advertisement appears in the *Freeman* of March 19, 1904: "Estimates are required from competent builders on or before the 25th inst. for erecting a residence at Tuam for his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Lord Archbishop of Tuam. The plans and specification relating thereto can be seen at our office. Quantities have been prepared by Mr. D. N. Morris, 68, Harcourt Street, Dublin, and can be had on application to him. The tenders are to be sent under seal, endorsed 'Estimate for New Residence,' to the Most Rev. Dr. Healy. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.—WILLIAM H. BYRNE & SON, Architects, 20, Suffolk Street, Dublin."

## CHAPTER IX

### A POLITICAL FRAUD

THE Earl of Erne, K.P., whose Irish residence is Crom Castle, near Newtown Butler, County Fermanagh, is the Imperial Grand Master of the Orange Society, being the recognised head of Orangemen wherever they are to be found all over the world. Before my departure for Liverpool, the rector of Newtown Butler had written to me asking if I would address a meeting to be held in that town in connection with his church and congregation. He said that the people of the entire district would be most anxious to hear an address from me on the Roman Catholic University question, and added that Lord Erne would be happy to preside at the meeting in case I could fix a date suitable. Now I had so far never addressed a public meeting in the ordinary acceptation of the term. All my addresses hitherto had been in the nature of lectures. But circumstances of a public nature induced me to break my rule in this case. I accordingly requested the Rev. Mr. Parkinson-Cumine to communicate with Lord Erne with a view to arranging a date suitable to all parties. He did so, and Friday, the 6th of November, was fixed upon. Mr. Parkinson-Cumine informed me

that Lord Erne would not only be glad to hear a pronouncement from me on the proposed Roman Catholic University, but would also seize the opportunity of making a statement on the subject himself.

During the months of September and October the priests and their abettors had been exceedingly busy in the newspapers, fomenting a factitious agitation for a Roman Catholic University. I regret to have to place it on record that their most active and culpable allies were some of the more prominent members of the Irish executive government, who, while remaining in the background themselves, put forward several irresponsible busybodies in various parts of Ireland to help on the agitation by appealing to the implied though unexpressed authority of the Irish Government. Every newspaper in the country was deceived by this tacit co-operation of the Irish Government, and not a day passed in which gratuitous assistance was not given to the cause of the priests.

But there was no popular force whatever behind the movement. Even the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament stood aloof from it, and, notwithstanding the appeals of the bishops and priests, doggedly refused to help on the agitation for the so-called "Catholic University."

But it must not be supposed that I express any admiration for the conduct of the Irish Nationalist members. At most, they simply held their tongues in an underhand, uncandid way, so long as they dared. Indeed, when the intrigues and plots between the priests and the Government failed, the Irish members then came forward, under the coercion of the priests, and loudly proclaimed themselves in favour of a Catholic University!

Nobody on the priests' side ever defined what a Catholic University meant; for wherever priests' meetings were held, all particulars were significantly eschewed. The phrase might mean anything, but it was the priests' interest to avoid entering into details. For the well-founded expectation of the priests was that, under whatsoever guise the University or College might be granted at first by the Government, it would in the course of a few years become a priests' seminary after the manner of the Jesuits' University College in Stephen's Green. The underhand devices which were resorted to for the purpose of obtaining this University for the priests during the months of September and October, 1903, almost surpass the bounds of credibility.

The Government were afraid to move openly, and wanted to go to Parliament with their Bill, as if they were not acting voluntarily, but rather reluctantly and under the pressure of all shades of Irish public opinion. Nay, they actually co-operated with outsiders in working up a bogus public opinion to coerce themselves. First, a gentleman without any qualification or public standing whatever, issued a grandiose manifesto announcing that, in his opinion, sectarian bitterness should forthwith cease in Ireland, and that a commission of distinguished men should immediately assemble with the twofold object—first, of establishing a Roman Catholic University which would please the priests; and, second, of issuing a decree that all sectarian animosity should forthwith come to an end in Ireland! On the face of it, such a proposition savoured more of the nursery than of serious politics, yet it was most warmly and

enthusiastically advertised by the chief journals of the United Kingdom, including many of the leading metropolitan organs of public opinion, and many representatives of the provincial press of all shades of politics.

From newspapers of all politics in Ireland, with very few exceptions, this insidious proposal to confer about what was falsely called "The University Question" received the warmest eulogy and commendation. It was the silly season, and considering caps were apparently thrown to the wind; historical facts were evidently lost sight of; and the general assumption appeared to be that the public of these kingdoms, having taken leave of their senses, were prepared to perpetrate a crime upon the youth of Ireland for the mere pleasure of gratifying a few political temporisers of the calibre of Mr. George Wyndham and Sir Horace Plunkett—the two chief wire-pullers of the ghastly skeleton which was miscalled public opinion. It is hard to blame the newspapers of Great Britain, for the matter was put before them in such a false and plausible shape that they were tempted out of their good-nature to support it.

On September 18, 1903, the resignations of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Ritchie were made public; and I at once issued an address to the electors of the Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, in which I expressed myself as follows with regard to the interference of the Irish priests in politics, in education, and in religion :—

"I am in favour of civil and religious equality. I am opposed to the growth of sectarianism, and shall always foster a spirit of brotherhood between Irish-

men of all religious communions. A Catholic myself, an Irishman, who have lived all my days in our beloved country, I shudder at the alarming and continued growth of ecclesiasticism in Catholic Ireland. I yield to no one in my deference for religion and my loyalty to the faith of Christ. But I cannot remain silent when we behold our religious communists, who enjoy all the advantages of organised communism, engaged in chasing the unorganised Catholic laymen from various trades and professions, from the hospitals, the asylums, and, above all, from the schools, and when I see them daily, with the connivance of our Government (I say it with regret) manning most of our Imperial and Municipal Institutions with officials who have no other claim to their positions than a subservient partnership with the ecclesiastical organisation.

"Of all the evils with which Ireland is threatened there is none so pressing as the religious one. During the forty years, from 1861 to 1901, while the Catholics of Ireland have decreased in numbers by 27 per cent., the number of our priests, monks, and nuns, has increased by 137 per cent.

"I denounce, in the name of Christianity, the policy of extermination now pursued day after day towards our Protestant fellow-citizens in the priestly newspapers.[1]

"I shall oppose the endowment, by overt or surreptitious means, of any sectarian religious college or university to be dominated by priests, with power to confer degrees in science and arts and the liberal professions. However insignificant

[1] See Chapter XI. on "The Catholic Association."

and harmless, apparently, may be the intermediary now put forward by the Irish Government for the purpose of decoying Protestants into assenting to such a proposal, let me warn the Government that I speak for a section of the community who have a right to be heard, and that no 'settlement' will be a just one which does not satisfy the independent lay Catholic opinion of Ireland."

That was the method I adopted of answering the underhand manœuvres of the Government. A week or ten days afterwards, a list of names was published, by one of the intermediaries to whom I alluded, of certain distinguished men who were to form a conference for the purpose of putting an end to sectarian bitterness in Ireland, and, at the same time, founding a priests' university for the perpetuation of envy, hatred and malice towards Protestants of every denomination. Immediately that the names were announced I sent a brief statement to the most eminent of the men mentioned. I appealed to them, as they loved their country and as they regarded the dictates of their own consciences, not to sit at a conference with the unmarried priests of a bigoted, sectarian organisation which was working such havoc in Roman Catholic Ireland.

Amongst those whose names were thus unwarrantably published were the late Dr. Salmon, of Trinity College; Colonel Saunderson, M.P.; Lord Justice Fitzgibbon; Colonel Ross, of Bladensburg; Dr. Hamilton, of Belfast; the Earl of Dunraven; the Earl of Mayo; and, lastly, the Earl of Erne, with whom I now found myself so unexpectedly co-operating.

My communication was not of a nature requiring

any answer; but nevertheless the Earl of Erne had replied, informing me that he would not have hand, act, or part in the proposed conference, which I had characterised in my letter to him as "those abominable proceedings." It had been freely announced in the priests' press, and with the apparent sanction of the Government, that the Earl of Dudley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary, were determined to take advantage of the family connection between the Earl of Dudley and the Earl of Erne, for the purpose of getting the Orange Society to sanction the endowment of a University under the control of the Roman Catholic priests. I doubt if the supreme audacity of the priests' newspapers, in coining this ineffable theory, had ever before been equalled, even in Roman Catholic Ireland, which is, in many respects, the home of political lunacy.

Such a hope may have existed in the minds of Mr. Wyndham and Sir Horace Plunkett. I say "may have existed," for neither of those gentlemen openly enunciated it. It may have existed in the mind of Sir Antony M'Donnell, the Under-Secretary. But its presumptuousness, its assumption of idiotcy on the part of the Irish Protestants, shows how small is the amount of common sense with which the professors of priestcraft are endowed despite all their pretensions. I am quite satisfied that Lord Erne, as titular leader of the Orange Society, was never at any time disposed to take part in such a plot. I believe him to be one of the most honourable and straightforward of men, and if the rank and file of the Orangemen at all resemble him, the Orange Society ought to be a power for good in the community.

The result of an individual's action in such a connection cannot be accurately appraised. I do not attempt to appraise my own. But it is an undoubted fact that the promoters of this conference, for the granting of a Roman Catholic University satisfactory to the priests, failed ignominiously in their object, although they pleaded the precedents of two recent conferences on the licensing question and the land question. And, though they received the unstinted support of many newspapers, they failed to get any group of public men in the country, possessed of a shred of reputation, to come together at their behest to plot how best a University might be created and endowed for the emolument of the Irish priests. Lord Erne's candid declaration, followed by my own statement of facts at this Newtown Butler meeting, seems to have given the proposed conference its *coup de grâce*, and it never took place.

But a second attempt was made soon afterwards to perpetrate the meditated injustice with the assistance of the Presbyterians, and for that purpose Sir Antony M'Donnell visited the Right Hon. Thomas Sinclair, a well-known merchant of Belfast, who is considered by many to be very influential in the councils of the Presbyterian body. My experience of Presbyterians is that they are not people to be misled by sentiments of ultra-respect for personages. Truth far outweighs with them the plausible attractiveness of courtly scheming.

After Sir Antony M'Donnell's visit, Mr. Sinclair, I regret to say, was made the indirect medium of promulgating in the Press that the Under-Secretary intended to force a University scheme on the

Parliament and taxpayers of the United Kingdom whether they willed it or not. Sir Antony M'Donnell's words were said to have been: "If they don't like it, they must lump it!" The new scheme was a proposal to degrade Trinity College by partitioning Dublin University into three colleges, one of which should be located in Belfast, the other of which should be an autonomous college under priests' management, and the third of which should be Trinity College itself. Under this institution the graduates of the priests' college were to be entitled to the same degrees as the graduates of Trinity College or Belfast College. The certificate of the governing authorities of the priests' college was to be accepted as entitling the holder to any degree in Dublin University which that document specified. The board of the University was to have no power of testing the merits of the holders of these priests' certificates.

When this proposition was made public I found it hard indeed to suppress my indignation; but I also perceived that its inherent dishonesty would achieve its own defeat. I wired to the *Belfast News-Letter* as follows:—"The message conveyed to the Right Honourable Thomas Sinclair, D.L., by Sir Antony M'Donnell corroborates the view that a 'settlement' to placate the priests was cut and dry for ratification by a friendly conference. Again let me ask Ulster not to concede to the sacerdotalist Under-Secretary what Captain Shawe-Taylor was first put forward to obtain in an underhand way. I hold two letters from a Scotch priest whom Sir Antony knows well, and which I shall not hesitate to use. The principle at stake remains unaltered,

but our view that the recent conference proposal emanated from the Government is now confirmed. Nobody but the priests wants the University question pressed forward next year. It will be ruin to the Conservative party in England at the elections. Ulster will not dishonour itself. Every member returned for Ulster constituencies had to pledge himself against this Catholic University scheme, pushed forward by the priests. No new facts have arisen except (1) that Captain Shawe-Taylor canvassed Lord Erne and others, under Government inspiration, and that his solicitations were rejected; and (2) that Sir Antony M'Donnell has now been visiting the Right Honourable Thomas Sinclair, D.L. The Under-Secretary is outstepping his well-defined province. He must not dictate to Ireland on this question. He is in Dublin Castle as the avowed friend and representative of the Catholic bishops, and to make room for him Sir David Harrel was inexplicably retired. The Under-Secretary is a stranger here, and we must show him that Ireland is not Hindustan."

This telegram was published with great prominence by the *News-Letter*, and I have not since heard of Sir Antony M'Donnell in connection with the priest-managed university. As I deal with Sir Antony M'Donnell in a later chapter, I shall not pursue the topic further. The attempt to inveigle the Orange Society into a conference with the priests ignominiously failed. Amongst those who had written to me was Colonel Saunderson, M.P. He said that I must entertain a very poor opinion of him indeed, if I thought he would be a party to any such proceedings. I felt confident, therefore,

that official Orangeism would take no part in the underhand negotiations.

I attached great importance to this point, for the following reason :—The people of Great Britain do not understand this question of a proposed Irish Roman Catholic University or College. They only know vaguely that the priests are continually clamouring for its establishment. They forget that the priests are beggars by profession, and that, if they were not clamouring for that, they would be demanding some other concession. The people of Great Britain also know that there is a Protestant body-politic in Ireland which, to their mind, is mainly represented by Colonel Saunderson, Lord Erne, and the other leaders of thought in Ulster. If the British people, therefore, had beheld Colonel Saunderson and Lord Erne sitting down at that juncture at a round table with a pair of Roman Catholic bishops, discussing the terms on which the control of University education for Roman Catholics in Ireland should be vested in the priests, they would have rushed to the conclusion that the question was settled, and any proposal, however essentially bad, which should have been brought in by the Government would have been assuredly passed by consent in the House of Commons.

It will never be possible now to pass any proposition for a Roman Catholic University or College through Parliament by consent, because public opinion in England has been awakened on the subject. I devoted my lecture in Liverpool, as the reader knows, to pointing out how Nonconformists were in reality undermining their own position in England by supporting the Irish priests. I aroused

the Protestant Electoral Federations in England and put them on their guard against all parliamentary candidates, whether Government or Opposition, who supported, or refused to condemn, this most evil of the many pernicious panaceas propounded regarding Ireland. The proposal to establish a Roman Catholic University in Ireland at the public expense is now rescued from the dangerous position it occupied for the past five or six years, for it can no longer be regarded as a question involving no principles, or as a mere subject of compromise and conference.

On the 6th of November, 1903, I stayed at the rectory with Mr. Parkinson-Cumine, and there met the Earl of Erne before we proceeded to the hall. If I say that I at once liked Lord Erne and felt perfectly sure of his integrity, I hope I shall not be deemed to have taken a liberty. It is not of every man one meets that one can make that statement. I felt confident that I was dealing with a perfectly honourable man. When we arrived at the hall I found a full house, consisting mostly of farmers from the surrounding districts, with a sprinkling of shopkeepers from the neighbouring town of Clones. It was very pleasant and, in many respects, surprising to a Southern Roman Catholic to find a nobleman of Lord Erne's position in close and friendly relationship with his fellow-countrymen of the farming and trading classes. There were a number of parsons at the meeting, but their dress and manners can scarcely be described as parsonical. They were rough, healthy-looking men, more like yeomen than priests. One of them shook hands with Lord Erne with as much freedom as if he were one of themselves.

"I am glad to see you well, Lord Airne," was the exclamation to be heard on every side, while horny hands were thrust forward to shake the hand of the lord of the soil. This friendship between all classes supplies the student of Irish sociology with another of the many reasons which contribute to the prosperity of Ulster. As there was neither flattery nor slavishness on the one side, neither was there condescension or pomposity on the other. I underwent a considerable amount of handshaking also, both before and after my address. My speech on this occasion was listened to with that strained attention which I have before described as being characteristic of North of Ireland audiences.

The Earl of Erne paid me a handsome and altogether unmerited tribute for the public service which he was kind enough to say I had done to the cause of liberty in Ireland; and he went on to give a straightforward explanation of his own position in regard to the proposed sectarian Catholic University. I think it right to state here, in my opinion, that Lord Erne did Ireland a great public service on that occasion by openly dissociating himself from the plot which was then undoubtedly afoot to establish a retrograde and baneful institution in this country at the public expense. I directed my attention to proving how dishonest would be the conduct of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham if they endowed the sacerdotal University, either openly or covertly. I proved, as the reader will see from a perusal of my address, that it would be a political fraud to endow such an institution under existing circumstances. (*See Note at end of chapter.*)

I began by stating that I had given myself the

pleasure of coming to Newtown Butler that night "to mark my respectful appreciation of the Earl of Erne's recent public action in declining to identify himself with a certain insidious attempt to secure the endowment of a priest-governed University for Roman Catholics in Ireland at the public expense. I know (I went on to say) that the overgrown priesthood of Ireland, in want of more funds, have been praying most fervently for complete autocracy in Irish Roman Catholic education. The achievement of that end would be the consummation of their desires, and they have been hoping to obtain it next year with the co-operation of Irish Orangemen.

I cannot tell you what were the foundations upon which that presumptuous hope was based. But, knowing the priests as I do, I am convinced that there are no means to which the sacerdotal society would not stoop, no quarter of the earth from which they would refuse assistance, in order to secure the fresh pecuniary endowment involved in the creation of a new University or College in which all real executive power and patronage, teaching as well as managerial, would be vested in themselves.

Rarely has the political world seen such a spectacle. In order to realise the situation you must reverse the condition of things, and endeavour to imagine the Orangemen of Ireland soliciting aid from the priests for the advancement of the Protestant cause by the establishment of a University in which the only studies to be pursued should be the Gospel of Christ and the history of the Revolutions of 1647 and 1688.

We beheld the priests on their knees before the

Orangemen; but not for a moment was I in doubt as to the result. The Orange Society has proved, through its Imperial Grand Master, that it is imbued with the same principles and convictions as of old.

There are few men, nowadays, apparently, who possess any fixed principles, and shoals of philosophic doubters are to be seen skimming through the shallow political waters on all sides. Philosophic doubt seems to be in fashion, not only on this, the priest-governed University question, but on almost every other public topic that can be mentioned, from protection to vaccination.[1]

It is, therefore, something to be thankful for that the bacillus of philosophic doubt has not yet infected the Orange Society. It will be a bad day for Ireland when Orangemen take to the devious ways of philosophic doubt. The constitution, history, and objects of Orangeism all prove that a rough, dogged adherence to principle is its main characteristic. Long may the heirloom, handed down to us from heroic days, be preserved to Ireland! May it never founder in the muddy backwater of philosophic doubt! For what nobler object could a body of citizens set before themselves—whether they constitute a Papal Society in Rome or an Orange Society in Ulster—than the maintenance and preservation of civil and religious liberty?

"When Treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened round the land,
For king and laws and order fair we drew the ready brand;

[1] Mr. A. J. Balfour is the author of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt."

Our gathering spell was William's name—our word was 'Do or Die!'
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry."

In what clime or in what age can it be recorded of the sacerdotal society, as we know it, that its members ever stood up for civil and religious liberty? Would that it could be written of them that they ever played a straight game, or were ready for a straight fight! True to their history, they are now playing a tortuous game and fighting a crooked fight in Ireland for a priest-governed University. And if it be granted to them, it will be an act of political fraud for which the recent political annals of this country afford no parallel.

What is a political fraud? A political fraud is a deception knowingly and deliberately practised by a constitutional Government upon the electorate which returned it to power. That is the position which confronts us at this moment in Ireland. That is the aspect of the priest-governed University question with which I shall deal especially to-night.

The Government of the United Kingdom is, perhaps, the most important trust which can be bestowed upon a body of men. If honour and integrity be essential in an ordinary trustee, those virtues are infinitely more essential in the Cabinet Ministers of the United Kingdom, because they are the holders of what is, perhaps, the highest existing trust on earth. If calculated deceit and political dishonour were to be clearly associated with the name and conduct of the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, then good-bye to British

supremacy; for good faith is the foundation on which British prosperity rests.

Let us now examine how the endowment of this priest-governed University for the sectarian education of Roman Catholics in Ireland, if it should take place, will be a political fraud involving the dishonour of the Prime Minister and Government of the United Kingdom.

For the past month or two our Government has been undergoing a reconstruction. It is no longer the Government under which the United Kingdom was managed since the year 1895. The death of Lord Salisbury, the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and the Duke of Devonshire—in fact, of most of the statesmen of repute connected with it—has almost completely altered the *personnel* of the Government. But the Unionist Party is still in power, bound by all the pledges on the faith of which it was entrusted with office in 1886, in 1895, and in 1900.

There has been no general election, no new mandate from the country, but we have had many important re-elections of members of the Government, newly-appointed Cabinet Ministers and others, which gave the reconstructed Government an ample opportunity of declaring its views on the question of endowing a sectarian University or College for the pecuniary refreshment of the priests. Mr. Arnold-Forster, for instance, had to seek re-election in Belfast, and he is one of the most important members of the Cabinet, holding, as he does, the responsible office of Secretary of State for War. The Marquis of Hamilton also had to seek re-election at Derry, and though a young man and

only appointed to a subordinate post, he is, nevertheless, the bearer of an honoured name in Ireland, a young nobleman predestined, I hope, to a long career of usefulness.

Those two members of the Government, as you know, have just secured re-election. What has been their attitude towards this proposed priest-governed University into which lay Roman Catholics are to be whipped, for the aggrandisement of the overgrown priesthood? The Secretary of State for War had to re-enunciate openly his disapproval of the proposed sectarian University or College, and on the faith of that reiterated pledge he was re-elected by the votes of the extreme Protestant party in Belfast, by whom a priest-governed University is rightly held to be as a thing accursed.

If, therefore, Mr. Arnold-Forster, as a Cabinet Minister, is a party next session to the introduction of a Bill for the establishment of this sectarian, priest-governed University or College, will he not be branded before the world as a dishonest man —a man who is not fit to be a member of a reputable club; a man not fit to be trusted in any commercial transaction; a man not fit to receive a certificate from the court of political bankruptcy? I do not suggest that Mr. Arnold-Forster intends to be a party to endowing this sectarian, priest-governed University. That would be, in fact, to impute a crime to a responsible statesman who has made and remade such pledges. I do not even insinuate that such a capacity for falsehood exists in him or any other member of the Government. I am bound to believe Mr. Arnold-Forster to be an honourable man until the contrary is proved. Every man does not

cease to be a gentleman when he becomes a politician.

Next let us take the case of the young Marquis of Hamilton. You all remember that on the day before his re-election for Derry the Marquis made one of the strongest speeches ever printed against this proposed sectarian, priest-governed University or College—it does not matter which name you call it by. Is it likely now that he will blight his opening career and brand himself as a political liar by remaining connected with the Government if, in the face of such a declaration from himself when seeking re-election, it introduces a Bill for the establishment and endowment of the very thing which he condemned? I rely upon the credit of the Ulster nobility, and I do believe that the Marquis of Hamilton will not so demean himself.

Then again, let us take the case of Mr. William Moore, M.P. for Antrim. Mr. Moore went to Derry to assist in securing the re-election of the Marquis of Hamilton, and he also expressed, in the most unequivocal terms, his condemnation of this sectarian, priest-governed University or College for Roman Catholics. Now Mr. Moore occupies the position of Parliamentary Private Secretary to a Cabinet Minister, namely, to Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland.[1] If Mr. Wyndham be, as the priests allege he is, a thorough-going advocate for a sectarian University or College dominated by priests, an institution in which priests' science, and priests' history, and priests' religion, and priests' philosophy will alone be taught, why did he allow

[1] Mr. Moore resigned his post shortly after the re-assembling of Parliament in February, 1904.

his Private Secretary to go down to Derry and win an election by denouncing that very University as an abomination and a monstrosity?

If Mr. Wyndham, as the priests allege, advocates the endowment of a priest-governed University or College for the perpetuation of discontent, falsehood, and sectarian bitterness in Ireland, then Mr. Wyndham should immediately have dissociated himself from Mr. Moore. But I do not hear that Mr. Wyndham has done any such thing. I cannot believe that Mr. Wyndham would be capable of allowing Mr. Moore and the young Marquis of Hamilton to pledge themselves thus, if, while they were committing themselves, he had been secretly determined to do the thing which those two able young colleagues of his so unreservedly condemned. I believe, to put it on no higher grounds, that Mr. Wyndham is too solicitous for his reputation to be a party to such fraudulent misrepresentation as that would amount to.

Having so far considered the position from the local point of view of recent ministerial pledges in Ireland, let us now examine the question as it affects Conservative headquarters in England. Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Prime Minister, is said by the priests, the *Freeman's Journal*, and the other priests' newspapers, to be in favour of conceding the sacerdotal claims in full. It cannot be denied that Mr. Balfour was in favour of a priest-governed University five years ago, in 1898, when he indited a well-remembered letter. But much has happened in Ireland since 1898.

I am always loth to refer to personal matters, but sometimes it cannot be avoided. There are few

men who receive more daily temptations to think over-well of themselves than I do. I hope I resist those snares. At all events I try to resist them. It can scarcely be said, however, that I am egotistic when I state that, amongst several important facts which have occurred since that date in Ireland, two have been the publication of *Five Years in Ireland* and *Priests and People in Ireland;* another has been the publication of Mr. O'Donnell's book, *The Ruin of Education;* and, last but not least, the publication of Dr. Starkie's address to the British Association at Belfast censuring the sacerdotal managers of the National Schools. Now, if nothing else had occurred but the publication of my two books, they alone were sufficient to change the aspect of the religious situation in Ireland for a British statesman. Their immense sale, at a comparatively high price, proves the truth which is in them, and no sane minister of any British political party can proceed to pass religious legislation[1] for Ireland now without taking into account the vast body of fact contained within the covers of those two books. If he does so he will be struggling against the tide of thought which is rising fast in Great Britain.

Previous to the appearance of *Five Years in Ireland*, in March, 1901, there were no such facts available for the British statesman about to enact religious legislation for Ireland. Prior to that date all the facts, as well as all the fiction, prepared for the statesman's eye were edited by the priests and their lay dependants, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic. No voice was to be heard in opposition to the priests' pretensions from within

[1] See Mr. Wyndham's statement in Chapter XII.

the Catholic ranks. Therefore, in the case of a well-meaning man, a North Britisher by birth, like Mr. Balfour, however predisposed he may have been towards a priest-governed Roman Catholic University in 1898, I say that it is just possible that he may not be so eager to-day to attempt new legislation of a quasi-religious character in the priests' interest in Ireland. He may not be quite so smitten by the blandishments of the priests in 1903 as he was in 1898.

Nobody wants an increase of sectarianism in education in Ireland, except the priests and their self-seeking followers who fear the truth as much as beetles fear the light. Trinity College is good enough for any one. Trinity College is as free as air. May those who rule its destinies not lose courage now! The Queen's Colleges are equally free. A young man may pass through those Colleges and retain his individual religion—whether he be Roman Catholic, Mussulman, Evangelical Protestant, High Church Protestant, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist, Baptist, Friend, or Plymouth Brother—and when he emerges from their portals he may find himself confirmed in all those qualities which make up good citizenship. I myself was more devoted to Roman Catholic observances when I left Trinity than I was before I entered it. If I have a quarrel with the priests to-day, it is from experience gained since I became a man, a householder, a wage-earner and a tax-payer—not from any bias that I absorbed against them at school, or college, or university.

But let us return to the element of fraud which would taint the passing of any Act for the establish-

ment of a priest-governed University or College next session, still considering the question from the Prime Minister's point of view. Let us suppose that Mr. Balfour is still in favour of this priest-governed Roman Catholic University. Can you not see that, having regard to the action of Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Marquis of Hamilton, and Mr. William Moore, M.P., Mr. Balfour would be the greatest culprit of all, would be the principal in the first degree in this act of fraudulent misrepresentation if a University Bill were to be introduced by the Government in 1904?

Let us follow closely the connection between the principal and the accomplices. The Prime Minister, who is responsible for all his colleagues, sends two of them to Ireland for re-election—one a Cabinet Minister, the other a subordinate minister; both having been selected by himself for promotion because of their principles. The private secretary of another Cabinet Minister, who is, in an especial degree, the *protégé* of the Premier, is deputed to assist in the elections. The Prime Minister knows that all three men—Cabinet Minister, subordinate minister, and private secretary—pledge themselves not only to vote against any description of sectarian University or College, or part of a University, or part of a College, for Roman Catholics in Ireland, but they go out of their way to denounce the project as reactionary and pernicious.

Having been re-elected on the faith of these denunciations, the Prime Minister takes those colleagues to his bosom, accepts all the advantages consequent on their triumphant return, and gains an accession of strength in his own position as

Prime Minister by virtue of the pledges given by those friends of his against a priest-governed University.

So far, then, as the priest-demanded, priest-governed University is concerned, it may be truly said that Mr. Balfour is Prime Minister of England on the faith of the pledges given by Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Marquis of Hamilton, and Mr. William Moore, against the endowment of such an institution. That is the whole relationship of Mr. Balfour, as Prime Minister, to the priest-governed University for Ireland about which we hear so much artificial newspaper gossip just now. Officially he has no other *locus standi* in regard to it except that of one pledged to refuse it.

At the re-election of ministers in England the question did not crop up at all, because the English people do not realise or think for a moment that the project is in contemplation. But wherever and whenever this priest-governed University question arose at elections during the recent reconstruction of the Government, the Government pledged itself against it. Mr. Balfour and the entire Government are bound by the action of Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Marquis of Hamilton and Mr. William Moore in this particular matter.

Now, if it would be political fraud on the part of Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Marquis of Hamilton, and Mr. Moore, who are only junior members of the Government, to endow a priest-governed University under those circumstances, is it not evident that it would be tenfold a greater misdemeanour on the part of the Prime Minister, who must bear all the responsibility, for he gains all the profit from

the pledges given by his colleagues against the priest-governed University? If Mr. William Moore would be once a criminal under such circumstances, and if the Marquis of Hamilton would be twice a criminal, and Mr. Arnold Forster three times a criminal, and Mr. Wyndham four times a criminal, would not Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, be forty times a criminal in such a political fraud? Would he not be guilty before the public as the deviser of the misrepresentation, the gainer by the fraud, the deceiver of the electorate, the man to be punished and despised beyond all the others?

That is a chain of reasoning upon facts within the knowledge of you all, and I defy any one to upset the logic of that statement, whether he be a Catholic, like myself; an Agnostic, like Mr. John Morley; a High Churchman, like the Hon. Mr. Lyttleton; a philosophic doubter, like the Prime Minister; or an out-and-out Protestant, like Mr. Sloan, M.P., who assisted in the return of Mr. Arnold-Forster. My statement is founded upon fact; and I have not forced my facts to arrive at my conclusion.

I challenge Mr. Balfour to deny, under the circumstances to which I have now called public attention, that the endowment of a priest-governed University, or a sectarian University or College, of any kind in Ireland during next session of Parliament, will be a political fraud of the first magnitude—a deception knowingly and deliberately practised by a constitutional government upon the electorate which returned it to power.

I go further, and I challenge him or Mr. Wynd-

ham to search the annals of recent American politics even, and I defy them to adduce an instance of similar sharp practice. I do not think even the Bosses of Tammany Hall would perpetrate such a political fraud ; not because of any inherent tenderness of conscience, but because they have too much respect for the intelligence of the electorate of America.

If this political fraud be now perpetrated in the United Kingdom, then assuredly Mr. Balfour must have an extremely low opinion of the intelligence of the British electorate. But, if they do commit the fraud, I am equally assured that they will find to their cost that their contemptuous estimate of the intelligence of the British electorate will prove to be a false one.

Has not every member of Parliament recently elected in Ulster, whatever side he happened to belong to, had to pledge himself against the perpetration of this priests' job ? Irishmen are not fools, as the Powers That Be would seem to think. Scotchmen are not without political acumen. Even Englishmen possess some penetration in these matters. I recently addressed large audiences of Englishmen at Liverpool, Bootle, and Birkenhead. I directed the main force of my addresses against this priest-dominated University, and I learned from the rapturous applause with which my remarks were received that the English people, if they know it, will have nothing to do with it. I furthermore learned that the English people were under the impression that the project was dead. I did my part in rousing them to a consciousness that it was not dead but only sleeping. They are now alive to

the importance of opposition; every newspaper in England is on the alert, and the political fraud cannot be perpetrated in secret, or by consent, as the promoters hoped it might have been.

I shall not discuss any other aspect of the priest-governed University proposal to-night. I regard all the different plans put forward for its so-called "solution" as so many snares. My position is that if there be a difficulty to be solved, a knot to be untied, the present Cabinet has no responsibility in the matter. If there be a difficulty it is a priest-manufactured one, and the "solution" of it rests with the priests and the Roman Catholic laity; if there be a tangle in the educational affairs of Irish Roman Catholics, the tangle is of the priests' making, and let the theocracy unravel it voluntarily before they are forced to do so by the laity. The priests have nearly reached the end of their tether. We, the Catholic laity, do not want scholastic philosophy and mediæval history either from Maynooth or from Trinity College.

There has been too much interference by the British Government in the religious affairs of Irish Catholics. They are acting *ultra vires* when they intrude themselves thus between the priests and the laity. I call upon them not to throw their weight into the priests' arm of the scale at this juncture. I remind them of Mr. Gerald Balfour's words in the House of Commons on July 15, 1898:—"The objection to the exclusion of the clergy (from the County and District Councils) comes not from the laity," said Mr. Balfour, "but from the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy." And he added: "The declaration of the hierarchy and public opinion in Ireland are

different matters." They are different matters on this University question also. Has Mr. Balfour noted the attitude of the Catholic laity in regard to this project which, it is alleged, is entirely intended for the laity's good? Did Mr. Balfour observe the recent contest in South Meath? Did he not see how Mr. John Howard Parnell, exploited by *The Independent*, a newspaper worked by Anti-Parnellites, fought the election under the sacerdotal banner and made this priest-governed University the main plank in his platform? Did he not observe, on the other hand, that Mr. John Redmond absolutely refused to make this University question a plank in Mr. Sheehy's platform and treated the priest-inspired clamour about it with contemptuous silence? Yet did we not all behold the non-University candidate returned in triumph over the University candidate by a majority of two to one?

Again, did Mr. Balfour notice that a meeting of Catholic graduates and undergraduates was summoned to discuss this priest-governed University proposal at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, on last Saturday, and that it broke up without announcing any practical decision? Why was that? Why was the Press excluded?

If Mr. Balfour commits this political fraud at the behest of the priests he will regret it, as every man who ever tried to serve the papist priests invariably had cause to rue his connection with them. I do not suggest that he will commit the sin. But if he is so bewitched as to proceed to carry the fraud, he will adopt one or other of two courses: either he will move openly by a Bill in Parliament, and, if he does so, he will at least act like a man

determined to root himself in his own dishonour, and his fall will be an open one. Or, on the other hand, he will proceed to endow this priests' university with the unallocated sum of money provided under the Irish Development Act of 1903. If he takes the second course, he will proceed like a Jesuit, and it will be seen that his sojourn amongst the priests has corrupted him, to such an extent, that the best wish his friends could then give him would be that he may spend the approaching evening of his life in a Jesuit monastery, composing a repertory of philosophic quibbles for the Order.

That would be a fitting close to the career of the British statesman who had supplied the keystone of the arch upon which the structure of sacerdotal supremacy in Ireland is being built up.

But you, men of Fermanagh, will not join hands with Mr. Balfour if he should undertake this sacerdotal enterprise. Though you are not all Orangemen, your position towards the Roman Catholic priesthood and laity may be described in the words of one of the laws and ordinances of the Orange Society. You will "resist by all lawful means the ascendancy of the Church" of the Roman priests, "its encroachments and the extension of its power, ever abstaining from all uncharitable words, actions, and sentiments towards your Roman Catholic brethren"—of whom I am one.

You differentiate between the priests and the people. You know, in the words of the late Dean Farrar, that "in many ages the priests of every variety of religion have tried to suppress inquiry by authority. They have claimed to be the sole authorised repositories of divine influence, the sole

authorised interpreters of God's will, the sole dispensers of His grace. Whenever their views—often emphasised by free resort to torture and the stake—have acquired a tyrannous dominance, the religion of the multitude has usually sunk into a mechanical fetish-worship which, relying for salvation on outward observances, has admitted of the widest possible divorce between religion and morality."

That is the state of things to which we are drifting in Ireland. Save us from that fate, in so far as in you lies, by helping to defeat this latest priests' plot to rivet the chains of sacerdotalism on the limbs of the Catholic laity of Ireland!

In explanation of my reference to Mr. Arnold-Forster let me explain that early in October, during the progress of the contest in West Belfast, when Mr. Forster had to seek re-election on receiving a Cabinet appointment, I had written to my friend Captain F. H. Crawford, honorary secretary and leading spirit of Mr. Forster's election committee. In that letter I stated that I was prepared to put myself in nomination against Mr. Forster, if that gentleman did not give satisfactory guarantees of his opposition to any proposal to endow a Roman Catholic University. I considered that the re-election of a Cabinet Minister was an opportunity not to be missed.

I also enclosed to Captain Crawford a letter addressed directly to Mr. Forster, asking that gentleman for an explicit declaration on the question. I sent the letter addressed to Mr. Arnold-Forster to the *Belfast News-Letter*, and it appeared

in that journal on the next day. Mr. Forster's election committee at once summoned a special meeting, the result of which was that Captain Crawford came down that day to see me in Dublin and there and then gave me positive assurances—(1) That Mr. Forster was against granting a Catholic University; and (2) that every member of his election committee was opposed to it.

Accepting my friend's statements, I immediately wrote out for him a letter, for publication in the press, stating—(1) That I was satisfied with Mr. Forster's opposition to any and all of the sectarian University schemes then before the public; (2) that I was also convinced of the genuineness of the opposition of Mr. Forster's entire election committee to the same projects; and (3) that, as Mr. Forster was ill, I did not desire my letter forwarded to that gentleman.

I considered it a great point to have obtained that declaration from a Cabinet Minister who might otherwise have been elected unopposed and unpledged on so vital a question. My letter was published in the press and received widespread publicity all over the United Kingdom.

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NOTE (p. 240).—The Earl of Erne's words were thus reported in the *Daily Express* (Dublin): "They knew Mr. McCarthy through his books, and recognised in him a fearless and uncompromising advocate of the truth. They welcomed him there that night as one who had not hesitated to face obloquy and abuse in the cause of right and justice, and they hailed him as a powerful ally in the forthcoming struggle against priestly intolerance and clerical domination."

## CHAPTER X

### PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC IN IRELAND

MY next lecture was delivered on the 11th of January, 1904, at Lisburn, in fulfilment of the engagement postponed from February, 1903, in consequence of the contested election. Lisburn is a peculiar town, or city, as the inhabitants prefer to call it. In some respects it is an old-world place. It possesses a certain style or grandeur of its own which is not to be found in any other town in the North of Ireland, a distinction largely due to the liberality of the late Sir Richard Wallace, the famous *virtuoso* and illegitimate son of that well-remembered Marquis of Hertford, who is said to have been the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne.

Sir Richard Wallace was the lord of the soil on which Lisburn stands. He presented the town with a magnificent park which greatly adds to its dignity; also with a court-house, a town-hall, and market building. He used to live principally in Paris; and he rarely, if ever, came to Lisburn. But he built a residence for himself in the town at which he might put up on the occasion of his flying visits. It is called the Castle, and, strange to say, is built in the heart of the town on the

side of one of the streets, after the manner of great town-houses in London. Indeed, Sir Richard Wallace's castle reminds one of Devonshire House or the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' residence in Piccadilly, and of many other detached mansions in the West-end.

Lisburn is a manufacturing town in which upwards of five thousand people find employment in the linen mills. It is also a cathedral town. It is full of religion; but its religious life is of a somnolent character as compared with the uncompromising zeal of Northern towns like Ballymena, Bangor, Omagh, or Banbridge. The Church of Ireland is the dominant religious force in the town; but the death of Sir Richard Wallace and the dispersal of his property has considerably lessened the predominance of the late Established Church.

At the date of my visit to Lisburn, the "Catholic Association" was being widely discussed, not alone in the newspapers but in the homes of the people, and especially at the firesides of the Protestants. The priests' newspapers were engaged in the dissemination of erroneous accounts of the persecution of Catholics by Protestants in Ireland in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, by way of self-justification, and as an explanation of the backward condition of the Irish Catholics of the present day. Therefore I determined to deliver a historical lecture in Lisburn. The preparation of it required serious consideration, as it was my first public venture into the much-abused domain of Irish history. I knew that I should have to advance an altogether startling view of post-Reformation politics in Ireland; but I was conscious, of course,

that I took the right view, and that, though that view was not generally expressed in public, it was representative of the soundest judgment of the sanest students of history. Most of the writers on Irish history seem to have acted the *rôle* of time-servers with an eye to the easement of political tension rather than to have been bent upon deducing the truth from the intricate mass of miscellaneous facts. Having special regard to the operations of the "Catholic Association" I gave my lecture the title "Protestant and Catholic in Ireland."

The priests and their papers have been long belauding the late Mr. Lecky for his alleged exposure of Protestant bigotry and persecution in Ireland in the eighteenth century. I regard Mr. Lecky's *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* as not only wanting in candour and courage, but as flagrantly disloyal to the principles enunciated by himself in works written before he got entangled in that black morass of priestly deceit and charlatanry which constitutes so large a tract in the domain of Irish history. Mr. Lecky should not have become the apologist for the priests, seeing that he had already passed the following adverse judgment on the Roman sacerdotalists :—"When we add together all those various forms of suffering and estimate all their aggravations, when we think that the victims of these persecutions were usually men who were not only entirely guiltless, but who proved themselves by their very deaths to be endowed with most transcendent and heroic virtues, and when we still further consider that all this was but part of one vast conspiracy to check the development of the human mind and to destroy that

spirit of impartial and unrestricted enquiry which all modern researches prove to be the very first condition of progress, as of truth; when we consider all these things, it can surely be no exaggeration to say that the Church of Rome has inflicted a greater amount of unmerited suffering than any other religion that has ever existed among mankind. To complete the picture it is only necessary to add that these things were done in the name of the Teacher who said:—'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, that ye love one another.'"[1]

A crowded assembly, which filled the largest hall at Lisburn, received my address with that strained attention characteristic of North of Ireland audiences, but accorded me the loudest possible applause at the close of my remarks. I stayed with the Rev. R. W. Hamilton, of Second Lisburn, at the Fort Manse, and while under his hospitable roof I was introduced, both before and after the lecture, to quite a number of representative Lisburn people, including clergymen of many religious denominations. At the conclusion of my address one of those clergymen admitted to me that the delivery of such a lecture as mine was quite an unprecedented event in Lisburn. "We never give our people any history," he said, "whereas the priests are now giving their flocks false history and superstition combined in the booklets of the Catholic Truth Society and other tracts. We must make our people up on Irish history in future."

I began my lecture by explaining that I had selected its title, "Protestant and Catholic in Ireland," because there was just then a great deal

[1] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii., p. 38, Fourth ed., 1870.

of loose writing and looser speaking about religious differences in Ireland. "The time has now come," I went on to declare, "when young Irishmen ought to master the leading facts of the lamentable religious feuds upon which so much of our national energy has been dissipated in the past. To obtain that knowledge it is not necessary to make a prolonged study of ancient history. The important facts and dates are not difficult to acquire, if it were possible to find them within the covers of a single volume. But there is not, to my knowledge, a brief, rational, and truthful history of the relationship of Protestant with Catholic in Ireland to be found either in our primary or secondary schools.

Our Celtic sensibilities are supposed to be so finely strung that we cannot stand the publication of historical truth in popular form if it be derogatory to the alleged immaculate reputation of our ancestors. Now that is an evil frame of mind, and the sooner it passes away the better will it be for Ireland. There is nothing to be gained by shirking the truths of history or by cherishing a delusion about one's ancestors. Each of us will be a stronger and better man for forming a definite, original opinion upon the conduct of our forefathers, provided the conclusion at which we arrive be founded upon facts honestly pondered over with a sincere desire to get at the truth.

Keeping some such object in view to-night, I shall place before you a brief sketch of the relationship subsisting between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland from the beginning of those religious distinctions down to the present day.

Let us start at the year 1527, the year in which

Henry VIII. made his first serious move towards procuring a divorce from his Spanish wife, Catharine of Aragon. King Henry had been a boy of eighteen years, when, in 1509, he succeeded his father, and, in the same year, married Catharine, who was his brother's widow and his senior by five years.

From 1509 to 1527 (eighteen years) the young King had been under the influence of the priest who is commonly known as Cardinal Wolsey. By that priest's advice, as Cavendish[1] tells us, the young King neglected the affairs of State and abandoned himself to a life of pleasure. Indeed, Henry might have lived and died a frivolous wanton if he had not encountered Anne Boleyn, maid of honour to Queen Catharine—a sturdy young Englishwoman, who would not yield to the King's solicitations on any condition except that of marriage.

Young Lord Percy, heir to the earldom of Northumberland, one of the many lords who were servitors in Wolsey's household, loved Anne Boleyn and proposed to marry her. The King, having heard of Percy's intention, requested Wolsey to break off the proposed match. The priest, always an eager panderer to the King, upbraided Lord Percy in the presence of the whole household and sent post-haste into the North Country for the Earl of Northumberland to get the assistance of the father in frustrating the honourable intentions of the son. Wolsey succeeded, as we all know; with results most disastrous to the priest, but profitable beyond measure to the people of England and to the great cause of human progress all over the world.

[1] Author of a well-known contemporary biography of Cardinal Wolsey.

It was at this point that the distinction between "Protestant" and "Catholic" may be said to have begun in the British Isles. Henry VIII. laboured for years in his endeavour to obtain the papal sanction to his divorce from Catharine. The explanation of his failure is written in the European politics of the time in letters of Himalayan size. Spain at that time was omnipotent on the continent of Europe. The Emperor, Charles V., was Catharine's nephew. Not alone was he the ruler of Austria but also of Spain, Portugal, part of France, and the Netherlands, of Northern Italy and the Two Sicilies. And, besides all that, he owned the principal territories in the East and West Indies, and Central and South America with its enormous wealth. The Spanish power over Italy at that time is thus described by Mr. John Addington Symonds in his recent work on the Italian Renaissance. We have to deplore the settlement of Italy by Charles V. in 1530, he says, for the following amongst other reasons: "The sufferings and humiliations inflicted on the Italian people; their servitude beneath the most degrading forms of ecclesiastical and temporal tyranny; the annihilation of their beautiful Renaissance culture; the depression of arts, learning, science, and literature, together with the enfeeblement of political energy and domestic morality; the loathsome domination of hypocrites and persecutors and informers; the Jesuitical encouragement of every secret vice and every servile superstition which might emasculate the race and render it subservient to authority." The Jesuits were, as we know, a Spanish invention. The history of Italy during this period, says Mr. Symonds, is "a prolonged, a

solemn, an inexpressibly heartrending tragedy. . . . It is the tragic history of the eldest and most beautiful, the noblest and most venerable, the freest and most gifted of Europe's daughters, delivered over to the devilry that issued from the most incompetent and arrogantly stupid of the European sisterhood, and to the cruelty, inspired by panic, of an impious theocracy." Was it likely then, under such circumstances, that the "impious theocracy" would consent to a divorce between the Emperor's aunt and the King of England?

Mr. Symonds says that "after the year 1530"—that is to say, just when King Henry was moving for his divorce—"seven Spanish devils entered Italy." Of these I shall only mention two—first, "the devil of the Inquisition, with stake and torture-room, and war declared against the will and soul and heart of man"; second, "the devil of Jesuitry, with its sham learning, shameless lying, and casuistical economy of sins." The words "devil of Jesuitry, with its sham learning," should be borne in mind by all of you who want to understand this question. Whenever you hear the priests, and particularly the Jesuit priests, pretending to advocate the spread of education, remember "the devil of Jesuitry, with its sham learning," and steel your hearts and close your purses against them. In those days in Italy, Mr. Symonds says, "there was not a man who ventured to speak out his thought or write the truth; and over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuitical hypocrisy."

Thus stood affairs in Europe when the distinction between Protestant and Catholic first came into existence in these realms. Spain, with its Jesuitry,

or, as Tennyson calls it, "the devildom of Spain," was omnipotent in Europe. But England, breaking at once with Rome and with Spain, became what is called "Protestant"; that is to say, she joined with the Germanic and Northern peoples of Europe in a revival of Christianity and in protest against the papist-papan sacrificing priests who corrupted Christianity with a ritual of paganism and polytheism. England became Protestant, and Wolsey, the Ipswich butcher's son, was destined to be the last offerer of bloody sacrifices to God in England who should climb to high executive power because of his "multitude of sacrifices."

Catharine of Aragon, playing the part of a Spanish spy, remained in England from 1527 to the date of her death in 1536. Her daughter Mary was brought up in those cruel Spanish practices of religion to which she appears to have been prone by nature. Mary was first affianced to the Dauphin of France; next to her imperial cousin, Charles V., whose enormities in Italy, in the cause of religion, I have alluded to; next to the King of France, the father of her first betrothed; and, as you are aware, she finally married Philip II. of Spain, the son of Charles V., her second betrothed husband.

During Henry VIII.'s rupture with Spain and the Pope, a rising, fomented by foreign priests, took place in Ireland, but it was suppressed without much difficulty. Mr. Lecky admits that then, for the first time, after the suppression of this insurrection, "the royal authority became in any degree a reality over the whole island." The Irish chiefs, who did not understand what the Reformation meant, would have been glad to get rid of the suzerainty of England,

and, when England's difficulty was pointed out to them, they seized it as Ireland's opportunity. That was all they knew or cared. Out in the Atlantic, away from communication with Europe, they did not understand the principles that were agitating the minds of thoughtful men all over the continent.

Henry VIII. died in 1547, and it has been truly said that "with the abolition of the papal power in England and the dissolution of the monasteries modern England begins. . . . While the purpose, real or ostensible, of Henry had been merely to marry a young woman and provide for the succession, he had effected the greatest revolution which England has undergone."

The people of England were in favour of the Reformation; and during the reign of Edward VI., which lasted six years and a half—from January, 1547, to July, 1553—the complete independence of the Church of England from the Italian priests was accomplished.

In 1553 Mary the Spaniard came to the throne, and married King Philip of Spain in the following year; and the royal couple set to work to re-establish in England a sacrificing priesthood under the direction of the Roman organisation and of Spain. The sacrificial pyres of the Spanish Inquisition were set alight in England. Every schoolboy knows that Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer were burned at the stake in 1555 and 1556. But few of us realise the number of common English people who died at the stake in Mary's reign. It was only on the 23rd of December last that the Dean of Canterbury unveiled a martyrs' memorial at Bury St. Edmunds erected

to the memory of the following humble folk who were all burned in the town during Mary's reign :— James Abbes, a boy ; Roger Bernard, labourer ; Adam Foster, husbandman ; Robert Lawson, linen weaver ; Thomas Parratt ; Martin Hunt ; J. Norrice ; Thomas Spurdance ; John Cooke, sawyer ; Alexander Lane, wheelwright ; Robert Miles, shearman ; James Ashley ; Philip Humfrey ; John and Henry David, brothers ; and Roger Clarke.

Mary died in 1558. Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen. The Church of England was re-established, and Philip and his Jesuits retired to Spain with murderous intentions against England in their breasts. Henceforth Spain is the deadly foe of England. But during Elizabeth's long reign of forty-five years, from 1558–1603, England triumphed over all her enemies and became a great nation.

The Irish remained Roman Catholic ; first, because they were out of touch with current thought in Europe and did not know what the Reformation was about ; and second, because to do so was to be antagonistic to England. "The Irish chiefs," says Lecky, "repeatedly showed great indifference to religious distinctions." They sympathised with the Spaniards because they were the enemies of England. Twice during Elizabeth's reign Spanish filibustering expeditions landed in Ireland—in 1579 at Kerry, to support the rebellion of Desmond ; and in 1601 at Kinsale, where they were joined by the followers of O'Donnell and Tyrone.

Those were the days when the priest-inspired bards were adjuring Dark Rosaleen, the personification of Ireland, in the following strains :—

"O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen."

The wine from Rome and the ale from Spain were spirituous metaphors meaning munitions of war for the embarrassment of England, after the manner of the Kruger pianos. The chiefs of Tyrone and Tyrconnell had actually gone to Rome on a prolonged visit to the Pope. Other chiefs went to Spain and settled there, where their descendants are still to be found amongst the bull-fighting aristocracy of that most superstitious and cruel and priest-sodden of European nations. In fine, the Irish chiefs, who had been fighting and foraying amongst themselves ever since the conquest of Ireland by the Norman adventurers in 1172, elected to take their stand with "the devildom of Spain" and the "impious theocracy" who were working such woe in Italy.

At such a moment it was impossible to differentiate between religion and politics. To be a drinker of the Pope's wine was to be a drinker of the Spanish ale, to be a papist was to be a Spaniard, and to be a Spaniard was to be an enemy of England and a follower of "the devil of Jesuitry."

If there are Irishmen who conscientiously believe that the barbarous Irish chiefs and other Irish leaders, like Desmond, who were descended from the first Norman settlers, took the right side at that crucial moment, I am not one of them. The Irish

chiefs were men incapable of forming a sound opinion on the merits of the issue knit between the first reformers and the Roman sacrificing priesthood. They only knew that England was a check on their barbarous and bloody feuds, and that Spain and the Pope encouraged them in their revolt against England. It would be irrational to ask an Irishman, at the opening of the twentieth century, to be bound by the inconsiderate action of such men. Those who approve of the conduct of the Irish chiefs of that day are bound also to approve of the Spanish Inquisition, of "the devil of Jesuitry," and of the "impious theocracy" at Rome—three institutions which then disgraced the name of Christianity and flagrantly traded on its disgrace.

During the first thirty years of Elizabeth's reign—that is to say, from 1558 to the defeat of the Armada in 1588—England stood confronted by the hostility of Spain, which was then a greater power in Europe than Napoleon was at the opening of the nineteenth century. Is it any wonder if the friends of Spain in Ireland were closely watched? Need it surprise us to hear that large tracts of lands were taken from the pro-Spanish chiefs; or that the celebration and practice of the Spanish religion was forbidden; or that Protestants objected to the arrival of those priests who came over "the ocean green"?

The Irish chiefs were not strong, or wise, or brave enough to win their independence. But they played a game of worrying disloyalty, and a good deal of their land, in consequence, was taken from them and planted with English settlers in Elizabeth's reign.

Those settlers so planted were the first Irish

Protestants, for the natives did not know the meaning of the Reformation.

The Elizabethan confiscations were justifiable, for England was then fighting for her life against Spain, and the dispossessed chiefs were avowed allies of the Spaniards.

But Elizabeth was not the first sovereign to confiscate Irish lands. No; her elder sister Mary had set the example on a large scale, and without a shadow of the justification which Elizabeth had for her action. The system of confiscating Irish land and planting it with English tenants, according to the authorities cited by Bagwell and Lecky, "was begun on a large scale in Leinster in the reign of Mary, when the immense territories belonging to the O'Mores, the O'Connors, and the O'Dempseys were confiscated, planted with English colonies, and converted into two English counties. The names of the Queen's County and of the King's County, with their capitals Maryborough and Philipstown, are amongst the very few existing memorials of a reign which Englishmen would gladly forget."

It was the cruel Spaniard and his wife who began the game of confiscation and treachery in Ireland. Queen Mary's confiscation, says Mr. Lecky, "is especially famous in Irish memories for the treacherous murder of the Irish chiefs, who are said to have been invited with that object to a peaceful conference at Mullaghmast."

It is not recorded that any priestly champions ventured upon the "ocean green" with "wine from the royal Pope," and "Spanish ale" to give hope and succour to the relatives of the chiefs murdered by

Philip and Mary's deputies at Mullaghmast. I can realise how quickly the pincers and the rack and the stake would have done their work amongst the Irish chiefs and kernes—as they did their work amongst the Aztecs and the Mexicans—if the Spaniards and their Pope had become rulers of Ireland.

One of the conditions of the grants of confiscated lands was "that none of the native Irish should be admitted amongst the tenantry of the new proprietors." But, in Elizabeth's reign, all the contemporary authorities tell us that this condition was as much honoured in the breach as in the observance. The new proprietors found it more profitable to let the lands to Irish tenants. Mr. Lecky says the chief reason was that the Irish had always been "accustomed to live in wretched poverty," under their own pro-Spanish, pro-papist chiefs, and could, therefore, "pay larger rents than the English." Payne tells us, in a contemporary tract, that the new landlords drew "such profit from their Irish tenants who gave them the fourth sheafe of all their corn," and a high price yearly for the grass of every beast, "besides divers other Irish accustomed dues," that they did not care if they never got an English settler for a tenant.

It was from the ranks of those Irish tenants that the second division of Irish Protestants was constituted, for many of them came to understand what the Reformation was about, owing to their intercourse with the English. They quickly discovered that the priests from over "the ocean green" and the foraying Irish chiefs who quaffed the Pope's wine and the Spaniard's ale, had been grinding tyrants,

They found themselves in comparative comfort and security under the English landlords, and, if it were not for what Lecky describes as the "vagrant, homeless, half-savage population of beggars," who roved the country perpetrating agrarian outrages in the interests of the Spaniards and the Pope, the Elizabethan confiscations would have been an undiluted blessing to Ireland.

Thus the first encounters of Protestant with Catholic in Ireland were to the advantage of the Catholics. "A new and energetic element was introduced into Irish life," says Mr. Lecky; "English law was extended through the island. The judges went their regular circuits, and it was hoped that the resentment produced by recent events would be compensated or allayed by the destruction of that clan system which had been the source of much disorder, by the abolition of the exactions of the Irish chiefs, and by the introduction of skilful husbandmen, and, therefore, of material prosperity into a territory half of which lay absolutely waste, while the other half was only cultivated in the rudest manner."

The plantation of Ulster, in James I.'s reign—which furnished the third contingent of Irish Protestants—took place as the immediate consequence of the cowardly flight to Rome of the two chiefs of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. Are we to be asked to take sides with those two perfidious, petty tyrants, so willing to wound yet so afraid to strike, so incapable in everything but the evil art of grinding down their serfs in the interests of foreign charlatans and plotters?

As compared with the many similar plantations

previously carried out in other countries, the plantation of Ulster was affected with singular kindness to the Irish. "The assignment of a large part of the land to native owners distinguished it broadly and favourably from similar acts in previous times," says Mr. Lecky. "This plantation of the natives is made by his Majesty rather like a father than like a lord or monarch," says Sir John Davis.

But we are not dependent upon the testimony of writers; for the hundreds of thousands of Catholics who live and thrive in Ulster to the present day are a standing proof of the toleration of English, as well as Irish Protestants. If the methods of Spain had been followed in Ulster, Catholics would be as scarce in that province to-day as Moors are in Granada. The Irish must blame, not the Protestants, but their friendship for the Spaniard and the Pope, for whatever hardships they suffered in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

"Foreign ecclesiastics," says Mr. Lecky, "were fanning the devotion of the people." The roving bands of half-savage beggars kept up a constant state of terror and insecurity, from which nobody gained but Spain and Rome. It was war. Our forefathers took the wrong side in every sense of the word, and we must not be surprised if they had to bear the penalty. But the penalty was a mild one. They were by no means cast into prison and detained there until they had "paid the uttermost farthing."

Indeed, it is the leniency of the English towards the Irish and of the Protestants towards the Catholics, rather than their harshness, which must amaze every impartial student of the time who is not afraid to

form his own conclusion. We find, for instance, at the accession of Charles I.—after all the alleged anti-papist barbarities of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.—that, in the words of Mr. Lecky, "the Catholics were still a great political power. They formed the great majority of the freeholders. They were numerous amongst the members of Parliament and the magistrates, in the corporations, and at the Bar."

It was under such circumstances that the Pope, Urban VIII., thought fit to perplex his Irish dupes, on the accession of Charles I., by issuing a Bull exhorting them to suffer death rather than take the oath of supremacy. It is no wonder that Archbishop Usher and the Protestant prelates should have come to the aid of the Government and issued a declaration of their views in religious form, asserting that "the religion of papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical; their Church, in respect to both, apostatical. To give them, therefore, a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine is a grievous sin." If the Irish Protestants, who behaved with such friendliness towards the Irish Catholics, had been settled in Spain at that moment, and if the Spanish bishops had made such a declaration in regard to them, they would have been burned at the stake, tortured, or sent to the galleys to a man.

But in Ireland practically no action was taken on the resolution passed at Usher's assembly. We must not believe the hypocritical cant that is written and spoken about the persecution of priests in Ireland. We must remember the prosperity and

power enjoyed by the Catholics at the accession of Charles I., when the Pope called upon them, under an implied threat of eternal damnation, to refuse to take the oath of allegiance. The law dealt leniently with the priests in Ireland as compared with the priests in England. There was a law actually in force in England at the time which "doomed all Catholic priests to the gallows," but there was no such law in force in Ireland. We are driven at every stage of this history to recognise the exceptional toleration which Irish Catholics received from Irish Protestants.

Pope Urban's Bull, forbidding Catholics to take the oath of allegiance to Charles I., was issued because it was known that the weak and dishonest king's bias was towards the sacrificing priesthood of Rome, and it was intended to strengthen him in his struggle with the English Protestants. In self-defence against the recrudescence of foreign superstition and tyranny, the Puritan Party organised the Protestants of England; while, in Scotland, those who had sworn the national covenant against popery successfully placed themselves, by open rebellion, at the head of the Government; and the army of the Covenanters was a terror, not only to Charles I. on his throne, but to the papist party in Ireland who had so long thriven under the lenient sway of the Irish Protestants.

We hear a great deal of the harshness of Strafford in Ireland; but Strafford's Government was the result of Pope Urban's Bull. Strafford did not persecute the Catholics. He saw that they were *mauvais sujêts* because of their religion. He was, in the words of Professor Gardiner, "benevolent but

thoroughly unsympathetic" to the Irish Catholics. It would be strange indeed if he sympathised with the pro-paptist political party. "I see plainly," wrote Strafford, "that so long as this kingdom continues Popish, they are not a people for the crown of England to be confident of."

The Commons of England, confronted with the imminent peril of a re-kindling of the sacrificial fires which signalised the reign of Mary, determined "to put an end to all toleration of popery." Charles I. was plainly given to understand that England would never again submit to the secular rule of a sacrificer, be he called Wolsey or Laud. Roman Catholic officers were driven from the army, but not more thoroughly than the French Government is weeding them out of the French army at present. The Irish Presbyterians, emboldened by the success of their kinsmen in Scotland, petitioned Parliament to extirpate prelacy of all kinds, as well as popery, in Ireland.

The Irish Catholics took advantage of the commotion to declare themselves the enemies of the people of Great Britain and the friends of the Continental priests. A Catholic rebellion broke out in Ulster; and the Lords Justices informed the Privy Council that the rebels "had seized the houses and estates of almost all the English in the counties of Monaghan, Cavan, Fermanagh, Armagh, Tyrone, Donegal, Leitrim, Longford, and a great part of Down." But the Irish rebellion did not succeed as the Scotch rebellion had succeeded. The Irish were fighting, not for a noble principle, not for mental freedom for themselves and their children, but for loot and for revenge and in the interests of

foreign sacrificers who were using them as tools wherewith to achieve their own bad ends. Warner, whom Mr. Lecky describes as "a very honest, moderate, and painstaking writer," estimates the number of Protestants killed at about 13,000. A further confiscation of lands naturally followed upon these proceedings, 2,500,000 acres being assigned by an Act passed in 1641 "to English adventurers in consideration of small sums of money which they raised for the subjugation of Ireland."

Once again the Irish friends of the Pope and his political allies failed, as they have ultimately failed everywhere; but they were not persecuted. Though the English Parliament had decreed the extirpation of popery in Ireland, the Act remained a dead letter. Nay, such was the toleration of the Protestants, that we find the Roman Catholic bishops and priests in Ireland publicly convening and holding a synod. "In May, 1642," says Mr. Lecky, "a general synod of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland was held at Kilkenny, in which they unanimously declared the war against the English Parliament to be just and lawful," as it was waged for "the defence of the Catholic religion and for the maintenance of the Royal prerogative." The priesthood took it upon themselves to declare war upon the people of England without even consulting the Irish Catholic laity. Nay, they went further, for "they resolved to send ambassadors to the Pope, and the Kings of France and Spain; and they took active measures to organise their party." Even Mr. Lecky, who is so dearly loved by the priests, says: "From the beginning of the rebellion there is no

doubt that priests were connected with it; they exerted all their spiritual influence in its favour, and they were sometimes associated with its worst crimes."

The discord between Protestant and Catholic, at every stage of our unhappy history, was fomented either by Irish priests acting under foreign inspiration, or by imported foreign ecclesiastics, who, as Mr. Lecky euphemistically puts it, kept on "fanning the devotion" of the lowest residuum of the population. It is false to say that the poor, deluded Irish laymen of those days were attached to the sacrificing priesthood of Rome, or that it was in their zeal for the Roman religion that they embarrassed the English people in the midst of the great struggle for human liberty which was then proceeding. The poor Irish did not know the essential point at issue between Protestants and Catholics. The bulk of the poor Irish do not know it to this day. They hated the English who had settled in the lands. They hate them still at the opening of the twentieth century.

A contemporary authority named Clogy, whom Mr. Lecky regards as "decisive," says that "the Irish hatred was greater against the English nation than against the English religion," and that "the English and Scotch papists suffered with the others, and that the Irish sword knew no difference between a Catholic and a heretic." The priests "fanned" this hatred of the Irish for the English with superstitious breaths and blasts from the furnace at Rome. They fan it still. It was the English religion the priests hated. It is the English religion they hate to-day.

What did those outlawed Irish raparees know

about constitutional law? Yet they are depicted for us in sacerdotal resolutions, passed at the time, as heroes fighting for the Royal prerogative of the King of Great Britain against the expressed will and judgment of the people of Great Britain! They are portrayed for us as champions of the divine right of Charles Stuart, forsooth, when the fact is that they would have championed the divine right of the Pope, or the King of Spain, or the Grand Turk, if only, in doing so, they might crack the head of an English settler and get back the holdings from which they or their fathers had been evicted.

It was the foreign priesthood who regulated their "Risings" as silently and secretly as the moon regulates the flowing and ebbing of the tides. When "a truce was signed between the King and the confederate Catholics in September, 1643," says Mr. Lecky, "the complete reconciliation of the great body of the Irish and of the Loyalists was long delayed by the arrogant pretensions and the most disastrous influence of Rinuccini, the Papal Envoy."

It was after such an exhibition of Irish Catholic hostility towards English Parliamentarians, after such a display of alleged zeal for the divine right of Charles Stuart and the Pope of Rome, that Oliver Cromwell, having excuted the King and spurned the Pope, came to Ireland to handle the sacrificing braves and their lay dupes who had drawn their dirks for Pope and King.

The ordained instigators of rebellion little foresaw what they were about to receive from the great English commoner. They relied upon their past experience of inoperative laws, and looked again for kindly treatment at the hands of Irish and

English Protestants. Europe had never before produced a militant Christian of Oliver Cromwell's calibre. The priests felt sure that their own sacred persons at least would go unscathed. "But," says Mr. Lecky, "Rebel and Royalist sank alike under the sword of Cromwell." Yes, and it is even more satisfactory to note that the priest who instigated the crime was punished no less than the layman who committed it.

No student of European history can join in the crocodile tears which are shed daily in Ireland over the Cromwellian massacres. Those so-called butcherings were as water is to wine compared with the outrages done to humanity in the Netherlands by that pious Spaniard the Duke of Alva, who boasted that, in six years, "besides the multitudes destroyed in battle and massacred after victory, he had consigned 18,000 persons to the executioner"; or compared with the exploits of Tilly, who was strictly educated for the priesthood by the Jesuits; or of Wallenstein, another pupil of the Jesuits.

I advise young men to read Cromwell's Letters from Ireland at first hand in Carlyle, and not to be satisfied with the interpretations put upon them by the milk-and-water Mr. Lecky. Cromwell did not butcher the lowly and spare the high-born; he did not destroy the layman and preserve the priest. "This hath been a marvellous great mercy," he writes to John Bradshaw, President of the Council of State. "The enemy being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this garrison (Drogheda) almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor."

It was not the Irish Catholics merely that Cromwell was fighting against, but the best of what was left of the Royalist army as well. "Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant" (September 17, 1649), he writes to the Speaker of the House of Commons, "we began the storm; and after some hot dispute we entered, some 700 or 800 men. . . . The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword." Cromwell does not seek to shirk any of the responsibility for what he believed to be a virtuous deed done in the service of humanity. "Divers officers and soldiers fled over the bridge, where about 100 of them possessed themselves of St. Peter's Church steeple. These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, *God damn me! God confound me! I burn, I burn.*"

Cromwell goes on to say: "It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that the last Lord's Day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there; and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety." "All their friars," he adds, "were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, and, when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter. he confessed

he was a friar, but that did not save him." If one could forget that even priests are our brethren, one might be tempted to regret that Monsignor Rinuccini did not fall into Cromwell's hands. If some condign punishment had been meted out to that fomenter of trouble, it might have obviated much subsequent severity on Cromwell's part. It is a waste of labour to engage in a calumniation of Cromwell; for the Protector is the chief witness against himself in recording all those deeds about where there has been so much fruitless controversy.

The Cromwellian war in Ireland lasted until 1652; and, notwithstanding that thousands of them were killed, the fact remains that the Irish Catholics were spared once more. "To hell or Connaught" is held up to us as the mandate of an odious tyrant. The world is accustomed to regard Connaught as a barren desert, because tourists only visit the mountainous districts of the province; but, in reality, it contains hundreds of thousands of acres of the most fertile land in Ireland. Mr. John Dillon, The Macdermot, Bishop Clancy, The O'Conor Don, Archbishop Healy, Mr. William O'Brien, the Earl of Dudley, and many other notabilities, who would not at all like hell as a place of residence, voluntarily reside in Connaught at the present day. I venture to say that if the Danes, or the Finns, who are at this moment being persecuted by the Holy Catholic sacrificing priesthood of Russia, could settle themselves in Connaught, they would consider themselves happy beyond their wildest imaginings; or if the Moors of Spain had been assigned a tract of Spanish land of equal size and fertility with Connaught, history would ring with praises of the clemency of the Spaniards.

Cromwell assigned a great deal of land in Ulster, Munster, and Leinster to English "adventurers," that is, to people who would be called holders of Consols nowadays, creditors of the State. He gave more land in those provinces to the soldiers of his army in lieu of pay. Can he be censured for so doing? Had not the bishops and priests at the Synod of Kilkenny in 1642 declared war against the Parliamentarians? If Cromwell had been defeated, and if Charles I. had been victorious, what would have been the treatment meted out to the Protestants by Signor Rinuccini and the members of the Kilkenny Synod? It was impossible to levy a war indemnity on the beaten Papist Party, as Germany, after the war of 1870, levied her indemnity of £400,000,000 upon France. Cromwell, therefore, indemnified his party in the only feasible way. If the beaten side did not anticipate such consequences, it only shows how irrational they were and how entirely they had been cajoled by their sacerdotal prompters.

Mr. Lecky says, "The Cromwellian settlement is the foundation of that deep and lasting division between the proprietary and the tenants which is the chief cause of the political and social evils of Ireland." I differ with him, and I hold that it was the Italian-Spanish sacerdotal settlement in Ireland which led not only to the Cromwellian settlement, but also to the settlements in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and which must be regarded as the first cause of all the ills of Irish Catholics.

During Cromwell's reign the Papist Party in Ireland kept up a constant correspondence with Charles II., who was one of themselves. Under

such circumstances it was only natural that the corporations of Ireland should have been manned with Protestants by Cromwell, and that, when the Restoration was accomplished in 1660, the Irish House of Commons should have been entirely Protestant. Mr. Lecky does not seem to think so; but it is hard to say whether Mr. Lecky gives adequate consideration to Cromwell's position. Indeed, Mr. Lecky and the priests always seem to expect that, at every crisis, Queen Elizabeth, James I., Strafford, and Oliver Cromwell should have acted like fools and should have allowed themselves to be circumvented at every turn by the Roman and Spanish conspirators who were endeavouring to capture the United Kingdom.

There is a great deal of the same priestly presumption of foolishness in others to be noticed amongst politicians of the present day. Our leading Irish politicians seem to think that all of us who live in Ireland are fools, and that those who may not be fooled can be bribed—one by a second-class place for a near relative, another by some social attention from Sir Horace Plunkett, a third by a blundering threat from Sir Antony McDonnell. In my opinion, the man who can harbour such thoughts cannot be very wise; he is only measuring other people's corn by his own bushel. There may be much folly and incapacity in Ireland to-day, as there was in those past times which we have been considering. Our priest-paid Nationalist Members of Parliament and the silly Protestant Nationalist members may perhaps tempt one to regard this country as an island of fools. But it is not so; there are some wise and good and

sensible men left to us yet, and this North-east corner of Ireland in which we are assembled to-night contains many thousands of them.

Oliver Cromwell died peaceably in his bed; Richard Cromwell quietly resigned the protectorate; and Charles II. was restored with *éclat* in 1660. But once again the hopes of the Papist Party and their Irish dupes were dashed to pieces. By the first Act of Settlement, passed in the fourteenth year of Charles II.'s reign, four-fifths of the Irish land remained in possession of Protestant landlords, including two-thirds of the best land, the tenants being for the most part Irish Catholics. Charles II. was not an estimable character. A papist himself, he took a public oath to extirpate papacy. A Protestant by virtue of his office, he swore to maintain the Protestant religion, though he had sworn a private oath to his Continental backers that he would subvert it. He was dispensed by the Pope from all the obligations of conscience, honour, and duty. Was it likely that such a man would keep his word with the Irish Catholics? Is it any wonder that, instead of finding themselves in the ascendant after the Restoration, it should be recorded of the Catholics that "the downfall of the old race in Ireland was now all but accomplished"?

Fooled again! Such must be the verdict of any sensible man upon their case. Fooled by the papist plotters on the Continent, who now forgot the Irish and concentrated all their wiles upon screwing Charles's courage up to the sticking-point of re-establishing a Roman sacrificial priesthood in England. But the deceived Irish Catholics had a quiet time for some years. Peace, mild govern-

ment, and "great religious toleration," according to Mr. Lecky, prevailed in Ireland. But the unteachable Irish Roman Catholics were unable to appreciate the blessings they enjoyed. James II., who succeeded to the throne in 1685, was an open papist. And the Roman priesthood, elate with triumph, proceeded to act on the assumption that the English people were all fools who had quite forgotten the principles of the Reformation, the burnings in Queen Mary's reign, the execution of Charles I., and the eleven years' reign of Cromwell. The foreign sacrificers began to arrogate secular and religious power to themselves in England, and looked forward to a revival of the glories of Wolsey. But, once again, their assumption of popular idiotcy proved inaccurate. The English people, determined to have no more sacrificing, not only bundled out the sacrificers, but chased the King himself along with them out of the kingdom.

Then the papist plotters turned their attention once more to Ireland. James II. landed at Kinsale on March 12, 1689, and summoned a Parliament which was composed entirely of Catholics. Tyrconnell, a descendant of the pious tyrant who fled to Rome to die amongst the sacrificers in Elizabeth's reign, came to the front again. "His violent Catholic policy during the months that preceded the Revolution," says Mr. Lecky, "had produced a widespread panic amongst the Protestant population." Policy is the mild substantive employed by our historian when Tyrconnell and James II. are the heroes—James Stuart, of whom it has been truly written by another historian that "he possessed the vices of his race without its virtues and redeem-

ing points, and in him the propensity to despotism developed itself in a form unmitigated by any mildness or amiable weakness of temper, unenlightened by any gift of foresight or practical wisdom, and unadorned by any personal accomplishment."

Such was the knave to whose evil cause the papist plotters now committed the credulous Irish Catholics. An Act of Attainder was passed by this Catholic Parliament, attainting over two thousand Protestant landowners of high treason. All the Protestants who could do so fled out of the country and joined the Prince of Orange.

We need not dwell upon the landing of William of Orange at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, or upon the victory of the Boyne on the 1st of July in the same year. King William came to this country like a second Cromwell.

> "Behold the crimson banner float
> O'er yonder turrets hoary;
> Proclaiming days of mighty note
> And deeds of deathless glory."

Mr. Lecky sorrowfully says "the heroic defence of Londonderry had already turned the scale in favour of William, and the disaster of the Boyne"—to Mr. Lecky it was a disaster, not a victory—"and the surrender of Limerick destroyed the last hopes of the Catholics. They secured," says Mr. Lecky, "as they vainly thought, by the treaty of Limerick, their religious liberty."

Now these words are only intelligible if we suppose them to have been written on the assumption that William of Orange was a fool, and that

the English people who had expelled James II. and placed William III. on the throne were all fools. Unless King William and the Protestants were fools how could they be expected to give James and the sacrificers full religious liberty again, immediately on the completion of the onerous task of overthrowing popery?

"Great confiscations," says Mr. Lecky, "followed the Revolution and completed the ruin of the old race." Yes, the Irish dupes were ruined, but the Rinuccinis were safe on the Continent, whither the Irish leaders had to follow them into exile. Would Mr. Lecky have had them endowed and rooted in the soil and handsomely pensioned off by King William and the Protestants? Would he have had a magnificent yearly income paid to James Stuart while he dragged out his dishonoured days in France, from 1690 to his death in 1701? To condemn, as Mr. Lecky does, the rational precautions taken by King William and the Protestants against a fresh outbreak of popery in the United Kingdom is to presume upon our credulity. To stigmatise the stringent laws against papists, during the century following the death of James II., as the outcome of fanatical religious bigotry, or to describe them as persecution in the nature of Queen Mary's sacrificial fires or the Spanish Inquisition, is to use the language of falsehood or of peevish impotency. The character of King William III. can stand the test of criticism. His selection as their sovereign proves the sound judgment of Englishmen. "It is not possible," says one of his biographers, "to doubt his great intellectual and moral qualities, clear-sightedness, courage (often to rashness in the

field), decisiveness and indomitable energy, and persistency of purpose."

William III. died on the 8th of March, 1702, seven months after James Stuart had expired in exile at St. Germains. Queen Mary II., James's daughter and William's wife, had been dead since 1694; and, as there was no issue, the sovereignty devolved upon James's second daughter, Queen Anne.

Now Queen Anne, though she bore thirteen children to her husband, the Prince of Denmark, had no living issue, for all her offspring had died in infancy. Therefore James II.'s son by his second wife, Mary of Modena, a Roman Catholic princess, was plotting to obtain the succession at Anne's death. And when the strong hand and cunning brain of William III. were lost to the nation, and when the sovereign power was vested in a woman, the Papist Party grew jubilant. Fresh schemes were devised for a restoration of the Stuarts and a re-establishment of the sacrificial priesthood of Rome in England.

Ireland, always the arena of the Roman and other foreign conspirators, had to be watched with especial stringency during the closing years of William's reign, during the ten years' reign of Anne which terminated in 1713, and all through the eighteenth century.

It was during the eighteenth century, commencing with the Act of the second year of Anne's reign, that the penal laws against Irish Catholics, about which we hear so much in all the priests' daily and weekly newspapers, were enacted. But there are two points in connection with those laws

which seem to be absolutely lost sight of—(1) the conduct of the Irish Catholics during the 170 years preceding their enactment, which was such that those laws were not only justified but were indispensable if the independence of the United Kingdom was to be preserved; and (2) the persecution of Protestants which was in full swing on the Continent at that time.

During the first decades of the eighteenth century the United Kingdom was at war with the powerful King Louis XIV. of France, a most immoral, treacherous, and licentious man, and a pious believer in the sacrificing priests of Rome. Every schoolboy knows that in 1703 our General, Marlborough, and the allied armies, defeated Louis's army at Blenheim; in 1706 at Ramillies; in 1707 at Oudenarde; and in 1709 at Malplaquet. But schoolboys are seldom reminded that the Roman priesthood and the deceived Irish Catholics sided with Louis XIV. and against the United Kingdom all through that harassing campaign which put such a strain on British resources.

George I. came to the throne in 1713. Marlborough, whose genius did so much to preserve England and Protestantism, died in 1722. George II., who became king in 1727, was, like his father, a stranger to the English people. The Stuarts and their ecclesiastical friends were constantly urging on the European Powers to embarrass England. Louis XV. was again at war with England.

George II. took the field in person and caused the French to retire at Dettingen in 1743. His son, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Allies again

engaged the French at Fontenoy in 1745; and it was the boast of the Irish that to them was due the glory of defeating the English in that battle. Every priests' debating society and sodality in Ireland, even at the present day, rings with vainglorious recitations of the prowess of the Irish at the battle of Fontenoy.

Later on in the eighteenth century, before Napoleon became Emperor of France, the Irish were found plotting with him and inviting him to invade Ireland. In 1798 the French General, Humbert, landed at Killala and, assisted by the Irish insurgents, compelled the English troops under General Lake to retreat. Two years previously a large French fleet, under Admiral Hoche, had unsuccessfully endeavoured to effect an invasion at Bantry Bay. In 1801 a mutiny broke out in the Bantry Bay squadron of the British fleet.

The Irish Catholics proved themselves at every crisis of the history which we have gone over to-night, from 1527 down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, to be the enemies of the United Kingdom. But, in spite of it all, they were spared and treated as brothers by their Protestant fellow-countrymen. If they were subjected to penal laws, it was only what they might have expected, if they were rational men. It was not vindictiveness, or cruelty, or religious bigotry which inspired the enactment of those laws by the majority of the people of the United Kingdom, but rather the imperious dictates of self-preservation which has been called the first law of nature. "Persecution in Ireland," says Mr. Lecky, "never approached in

severity that of the Huguenots by Louis XIV., and it was absolutely insignificant compared with that which had extirpated Protestantism and Judaism from Spain."

I should like to have an opportunity of devoting an entire lecture to the penal laws of the eighteenth century, and my next public address will be on that subject. But to-night I have devoted myself to the more important task of putting before you in a brief form the antecedent conduct of the Irish Catholics from the commencement of the distinction between "Protestant" and "Catholic" in these realms. Without that knowledge it would be useless to enter upon a minute discussion of the penal code of the eighteenth century.

For my own part, I believe the Irish Catholics, by keeping up the memory of those laws, are nursing an altogether unjustifiable enmity against their Protestant brothers. It would be better as well as nobler to forgive and forget and be industrious in present matters. Since Irish Catholics worship God by sacrifice before an altar, let them act upon the words of Christ spoken of old to the Jews: "Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother; and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

## CHAPTER XI

### THE IRISH "CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION"

THE Catholic Association alluded to more than once in the preceding chapters began to attract universal attention in the month of December, 1903. Though not avowedly a secret society, it was an organisation with two arms—a secret department by which nine-tenths of its work was performed, and a public department which seems to have been only maintained to save appearances. When the Association was started a good many respectable Catholic laymen became members of it. But they soon discovered that, as a man cannot touch pitch without being defiled, so neither can a citizen associate himself with priests in such an undertaking without having cause to regret it. An alliance between the priests and the laymen resembles the partnership between the giant and the dwarf narrated in the fable. Some of the senior lay members of the Association, whose names were allowed to appear in print, deserve public condemnation; as compared with others who were indiscreet young men animated by a hope of advancing their own prospects under the patronage of the priests.

But the Association had not been long in existence before the senior laymen, whom I have in

my mind, found themselves mixed up in reprehensible proceedings and would appear to have ceased to be active members of the Association. A system of secret spying and informing was established in Dublin and in many other parts of the country. Catholic young men, for instance, lodging in Protestant houses, were cogently induced to change their quarters into lodging-houses kept by Roman Catholic landladies. Poor Catholics were ordered to withdraw their custom from Protestant shopkeepers in Catholic neighbourhoods. Protestant servants were worried and embarrassed by their Catholic fellow-servants; for it is, perhaps, amongst the domestic servant class that the priest exercises his greatest power. I never remember to have seen such a crusade of religious bigotry in Ireland. During the old days of the Land League and National League, a man was never persecuted or embarrassed because of his religion. Mr. Parnell, the leader of that movement, was himself a Protestant, and Protestants were welcomed with open arms into the confidential councils of the leaders of the agitation.

In the district of County Cork, where I then resided as a boy, Protestants were few and far between; but, unless they were landlords or land-agents, they did not suffer to any special degree from the agitation, and continued to discharge all their social and religious duties without obstruction. I remember that, when the Land League was at its height, the Protestant farmers and the Catholic farmers used to meet together at dances, wedding parties, and other festivities with unimpaired friendliness. Since that time the priest has been crushing

all the life and gaiety out of Ireland. Social intercourse between Protestant and Catholic has been diminishing. Religious intolerance amongst Catholics, which was then little known, is now becoming the rule rather than the exception. It is not that the lay Catholics naturally entertain feelings of vindictiveness towards the Protestants; it is simply that the priests and the superstitions which they teach wield a more baneful influence over the Irish Catholics of to-day than they did over the Catholics of a quarter of a century ago.

The campaign of religious persecution opened by this Catholic Association was, therefore, a novelty to me, though I have not been an inattentive observer of events in Ireland for the last twenty-five years. But, as the career of the Catholic Association is criticised in my speech, which is printed in full in this chapter, I need not discuss its operations further. Suffice it to say that Protestant fears had been aroused, to a degree unparalleled in living memory, by the publication of a Handbook fully setting forth the system of religious boycotting to be enforced henceforward by the Catholic Association.

So much ashamed of themselves did the leaders of the Catholic Association appear to be, that not one of them signed his name to this Handbook. If they counted upon its publication being received in silence by the Protestants, they were destined to be rudely undeceived. Immediately on the appearance of the Handbook, the Protestants of Dublin, of all denominations and all ranks, expressed their condemnation of it in forcible terms by every method open to them. The daily and weekly

newspapers overflowed with letters giving vent to the indignation, hopes, and fears of the manufacturers, shopkeepers, and tradesmen belonging to the various Christian Churches of the Reformation. One Protestant weekly journal, published in Dublin, delivered, in several consecutive issues, an attack in force upon the Association and its promoters.[1]

It was under such circumstances that I was asked to address a meeting to be held in the Christian Union Buildings, Dublin, on January 22, 1904, under the auspices of the Protestant Defence Association. The chairman of the proposed meeting was to be my friend Sir Robert Jackson, C.B., with Mr. R. L. Crawford as honorary secretary. The reader will remember that Sir Robert Jackson had presided at my first public lecture, while Mr. R. L. Crawford had then also acted as honorary secretary. I therefore acceded at once to their request that I should deliver an address at this demonstration.

The meeting received little advertisement in the newspapers of Dublin; and, though its promoters assured me that it promised to be of large dimensions, I had small hope of finding a crowded audience when I should arrive on the platform. The apparent indifference of the newspapers of all politics led me to expect that the public would not attend. The only advertisement which attracted my notice was contained on a solitary cart which I saw parading College Green on the afternoon of the 21st of January, the day before the meeting. It bore a legend in black and red letters to the effect that a Protestant Defence Demonstra-

[1] *The Irish Protestant.*

tion was to be held in the Christian Union Buildings to discuss the Catholic Association; that Sir Robert Jackson was to take the chair; and that the meeting would be addressed by the "Author of *Priests and People*." I prepared my address, nevertheless, with as much care as if I had expected a meeting as large as the audience which heard my lecture on "North and South" in Belfast in December, 1902, or that which had listened to my lecture on "Religion and Education" in Liverpool in October, 1903.

Accompanied by Major-General Dillon and his three daughters (Mrs. Fuge, Miss H. G. V. Dillon, and Miss L. Dillon) and my wife, I arrived at the Christian Union Buildings about twenty minutes past seven p.m. on the evening of the meeting, and found an immense number of people streaming into the hall through the early door, at which a charge of sixpence was made. I also saw a dense crowd of people standing at the free door, which, it was announced, would be thrown open at 7.30 p.m. We ourselves succeeded in gaining admission by the early door, and, to my amazement, I found that the building was already almost filled. I could see that the men at the office and at the doors were unable to cope with the stream of applicants for tickets. The greatest bustle and excitement prevailed everywhere; the platform was already crowded; the vast galleries were almost full; the body of the hall was fast becoming congested; but still the stream of people continued to flow in.

At 7.30 the free door was opened, and an enormous wave of people rushed into the back parts of the hall. Having allowed the free door to remain open for a few minutes, it was then forcibly closed;

and fully two thousand people, all sympathisers and anxious to take part in the demonstration, found themselves shut out of the Christian Union Buildings at twenty-five minutes to eight, or nearly half an hour before the advertised time for commencing the meeting, which was eight o'clock. It was decided that, as the hall was full to congestion, we had better begin the proceedings at a quarter to eight. This was accordingly done; and Sir Robert Jackson, myself, and the other leading sympathisers with the movement, walked on to the platform, in single file and in the order mentioned.

We were received with an outburst of enthusiasm. It was then I noticed, for the first time, that the minor hall of the Christian Union Buildings, capable of holding six hundred people, had been added to the main hall for the occasion by the removal of the partition which usually separates the apartments. I then beheld before me the largest mass of human beings that I had ever seen collected under a single roof. Not only were the two halls crowded with a sea of faces, but the galleries, and the passages over the galleries, and even the windows of the roof, were all full of expectant humanity. It was admitted by all that the assembly numbered four thousand souls, and constituted the largest indoor public meeting ever held in Dublin. I am also quite sure that it was the most respectable public meeting ever held in the capital of Ireland. Looking down through the body of the great hall, I could see representatives from every rank of life and society in Dublin, many of whose faces I knew. The residents from

the neighbourhood of Upper Leeson Street, where I live, seemed to be present in great force.

After a short address from the Chairman, in which he referred to our last appearance on a public platform together, I rose at five minutes to eight to deliver my speech. I had been requested to make my address as long as possible, as the success of the meeting depended on my performance. But, as I always prepare my addresses beforehand, and strictly adhere to the text of my typewritten manuscript, such an injunction could produce no effect upon me. I say what I intend to say, and I say no more. I had calculated that this address would occupy an hour and ten minutes in delivery if there were no breaks or interruptions. As a matter of fact, it occupied an hour and twenty minutes, owing to the frequency of the applause, which on every occasion I had to cut short by resuming my speech.

I regard the successful delivery of that address as the greatest vocal achievement of my life. I was told after the meeting by persons seated far up in the galleries, and on the ground floor at the outskirts of the meeting that every word I said was perfectly audible. I was actually informed by a chivalrous friend that even deaf people heard my words on the occasion. Certain it is that, except for the outbursts of applause, there was a dead silence in the building while I continued to speak; and I had the satisfaction of hearing my own voice ring out clearly into every nook and cranny of the two halls.

At the close of my address I received what the

newspapers would call an ovation, if it had been accorded to a popular politician; and, so stimulating was the enthusiasm of the audience, that I felt no fatigue when I retired to my seat—an unprecedented experience. I had never been confident either of my voice or my method of delivery. I am still far from confident of them; but, after my success at that meeting, I do not expect to be nervous about addressing large public gatherings henceforth, provided voice and health remain unimpaired.

The leading sacerdotal newspaper, in its garbled report of the proceedings, said that my speech was "read from a typewritten manuscript." Let me say that I make no attempt to conceal the fact. But, though I hold a typewritten manuscript in my hand while delivering my speeches, it cannot be truly said that I read my addresses. Anybody who did not see the manuscript in my hand would imagine I was speaking *extempore*. A lady, for instance, who sat some distance behind me on the platform, and who could not see that I had the manuscript in my hand, exclaimed more than once at the conclusion of some of my sentences, "Surely he is not *saying* all that!" She apparently could not believe that a speaker could express himself *extempore* in such condensed and carefully selected language. It is not easy to believe that the address which I gave that night could have been delivered as a spontaneous effort and without preparation.

I shall always continue to prepare my addresses for public meetings, because I consider it would be paying a poor compliment to the intelligence of thousands of one's fellow-citizens to bring them

together in the expectation of hearing something interesting and useful, and then to proceed to address them without careful forethought on the topic under consideration. The following is the full text of my speech:—

"Sir Robert Jackson and fellow-citizens, when I was asked, a few days ago, if I would propose a resolution at a meeting of citizens about to be held for the purpose of condemning the Catholic Association, I at once consented to do so. Beyond that I have had nothing to do with the convening of this meeting. I am not here for the purpose of defending the Protestants, because I think the Protestants should be very well able to take care of themselves. I am here, in the exercise of my rights and duties as a citizen of Dublin, and in the interests of our common Christianity and our common country, to protest against the campaign of persecution which has been opened by the Roman Catholic bishops and the regular and secular priests in Ireland.

We have met to-night in the sunrise of victory. The elections in England are spelling out from day to day the downfall of the priest in the politics of the United Kingdom. Ludlow, Ashburton, Norwich, and Gateshead have been only skirmishes proclaiming the general rout which is in store for priestcraft in Great Britain at the approaching General Election.

Do not be deceived into thinking that Protection *versus* Free Trade has been the determining issue in those contests. Most thoughtful observers are aware that the newspapers just now are not writing upon the questions which chiefly occupy the thoughts of the people. It is the Protestant

vote, as it is called, the vote for the good old cause of freedom for mankind, freedom in education, freedom in religion, freedom for the mind no less than for the body, which will decide the issue at the approaching General Election.

Trifiers and trimmers have had a long day. It is time that truth and principle and honour should once again have their turn in the politics of the United Kingdom. Whatever the Government may be which is destined to succeed the farcical collection of temporisers and dreamers who now largely constitute the Government—let the new Government be Liberal or let it be Conservative—it must be a Government pledged to uphold those sacred principles of mental freedom on which British supremacy has been built up; it must be a Government pledged to have no truckling with that exploded fraud called Priestcraft.

The members of the Reformed Christian Churches in Ireland have scored a victory over the priests in connection with this so-called "Catholic Association." Roman Catholic lay public opinion is an infinitesimal quantity; but, so far as I can see, it was against the Association, and the laymen connected with it seem to have been conscious that they were engaged in a dishonourable campaign. It is now the duty of the victors, like prudent men, to take stock of their position and be upon their guard lest the fruit of their victory should crumble to ashes in their hands.

If we consider the origin of the discredited organisation, we find that the "Catholic Association" was started through the Dominican Order or Congregation in Lower Dominick Street, Dublin,

in September, 1902, by an article or manifesto published in the *Rosary*—a monthly magazine which is their property. Two of the chief points to be noted in the manifesto were: first, that its promoters "wanted to get on top. . . . If they were satisfied with anything less than that they ought hardly to call themselves men." And, second, that "they wanted fighting Catholics to achieve that end," because, to use their own words, "they had played the game of tolerance until the game was played out."

The manifesto in the *Rosary* proclaimed that they "must be capable of pressing their opponents from every side," and of making the Dominican religion "the dividend-paying religion" of Ireland. It appears to me that that would be a work of supererogation; for the religion of the Irish priests is the best "dividend-paying" religion at present, not alone in Ireland, but in any portion of Europe outside of Russia. The priests in France, Spain, and Italy will soon be on the verge of bankruptcy; but the Greek secular priests and Greek Orders, or Congregations, as they are called, still continue to earn big dividends out of religion amongst the deluded Russians, just as the Roman secular priests and Congregations make money out of religion in Ireland and in the Irish settlements in English, Scotch, and American cities.

I search around in vain amongst the different Reformed religions, which are still allowed to exist in Ireland, for any considerable body of men who draw large dividends out of religion. I find that the poor Catholics are the only people in this country who maintain a well-equipped body of

tens of thousands of men and women on the large dividends accruing from a trade in religion. Those dividends come from two sources: first, from the devoted Catholics themselves; and, second, from well-intentioned, or inconsiderate, or time-serving Protestants who give money to our priests under the impression that they are thereby helping the poor Catholic laity. I am happy to say that the Protestants included in this category are not the men who stand highest in public esteem; neither are they the most prosperous Protestants. One could mention half a score of first-class firms, some of them world-firms, who have never been found pandering to the priests either by verbal flattery or pecuniary bribe.

There is no necessity for making religion an essential element of business. On the contrary, the first essential to success in business is to keep the religion of the petticoated Orders or Congregations at arm's length. Nowhere else in Europe or America, except in those few God-forsaken lands where the priests are still the lawgivers, prophets, dividend-drawers, and conscience-keepers of the nation, is religion intermixed with private or public business. Catholic Ireland has long been sinking to the low, intellectual level of those benighted lands, under the priest-fostering legislation of well-intentioned, but ignorant and unprincipled, British statesmen acting on the advice of local officials who cannot see farther than their own temporary comfort.

Thus the Association was begotten through one of those Roman Congregations, or bodies of monastic priests, not dissimilar in constitution to those other

Congregations of priests which are just now being expelled from France as corrupters of the youth, as sellers of State secrets to the nation's enemies, as underminers of the loyalty of the French army, as *mauvais sujêts* and evil-doers. That is how our shrewd and thrifty French neighbours deal with priests who obtrude their ritualistic handicraft into secular affairs. Now, instead of being estranged from France by this expulsion of the priestly Congregations, the United Kingdom is more friendly than ever with that country. Visits have been interchanged between our monarch and the French President, the King acting as the representative of the English people. And as if the royal visit were not sufficient evidence of our respect, a large deputation of our Members of Parliament went to France as the guests of the French nation, and were enthusiastically received. If those events represent the sentiments of the English people, then it follows that the policy pursued by Mr. A. J. Balfour in Ireland must run counter to public opinion in England; for Mr. Balfour, acting, as it would appear, under some secret compact made with the priests during his Chief Secretaryship, has been encouraging the growth of those Congregations of priests in Ireland.

The priests and their newspapers constantly allege that it is the King who is favourable to them. One of their weeklies boasted, after the recent royal visit, that the King had "wiped his boots" on the "Sourfaces." It has been stated times beyond number in the priests' newspapers that it was the King who unearthed Sir Antony McDonnell from the oblivion of the Indian Civil Service, where he had

been interred for a number of years, and installed him at the Castle to help forward the cause of the priestly Congregations. But I cannot believe that the King would be a party to such unconstitutional proceedings, and I shall continue to place the responsibility for this evil-begetting policy upon the shoulders of Mr. A. J. Balfour, who raised priestly hopes and made promises seven years ago which recent revelations and his own conscience now forbid him to perform.

Those priestly Congregations, in my opinion, wield a sinister influence in Dublin. In addition to the Dominicans in Dominick Street there are the Jesuits in Upper Gardiner Street, the Discalced Carmelites in Clarendon Street, the Calced Carmelites in Aungier Street, the Augustinians in Thomas Street, the Capuchins in Church Street, the Franciscans at Merchant's Quay, the Passionists at Harold's Cross, the Order of Mary Immaculate at Inchicore, the Order of St. John of God at Stillorgan, the Order of the Holy Ghost at Blackrock, the Marists at Lower Leeson Street, the Vincentians at Phibsborough, and the Christian Brothers at Artane; besides various branch establishments of those Congregations in other districts of the city and suburbs.

The Dublin people seem occasionally to forget the priest-overwhelmed condition of the city until they are startled, as if out of a trance, by some such occurrence as the formation of this Catholic Association. They seem to be satisfied if they are let live in quietness, if they are not actually robbed, or coerced, or cajoled by those priests who overrun the capital of Ireland to an extent unparalleled in

any other city of North Europe. But it is to be hoped that the near future will see Dublin rising out of her long trance and setting an example of courage to the rest of Ireland.

Having been thus started through a priestly Congregation, the Catholic Association seems to have commended itself to all the priests in Ireland. Any one who reads the priests' papers knows how it was pushed forward in their monthly and their weekly prints. I doubt if the annals of European journalism—even in places like Servia, Montenegro, or Bulgaria—can provide a parallel for one of those clerical sheets which execrates, as a "Sourface" and a "Saved," the name of every firm, institution, and individual who does not happen to profess the religion of the sacerdotal Congregations.

The Catholic Association was pushed forward then by these pious newspapers. A campaign of exceptional virulence was started against the Great Northern, Midland, and Great Southern Railways of Ireland. Indeed, at any moment since September, 1902, those companies could, in my opinion, have recovered from any common Dublin jury such an amount of damages as would have put a stop to the career of their calumniators, even though they had the combined treasury of the Dublin Congregations to draw upon.

Not only were railway companies attacked, but individual Dublin shopkeepers, manufacturers, and even private persons, were mentioned by name continually, insulted, and embarrassed. We all remember when the Land League paper, *United Ireland*, used to advocate boycotting, but I never recollect, even in the worst issues of *United Ireland*,

anything to surpass the insolence with which firms and individuals have been attacked by a certain priestly print in Dublin, which blew the trumpet of the Catholic Association. The Land League paper was suppressed by the Government; libel actions were brought against its proprietor and large damages recovered against him; whereas the priests' prints have received nothing but encouragement from the Government, and, if we are to believe their scribes, enjoy the especial approval of the Powers That Be. While personal attacks in such newspapers may be beneath notice, it cannot be denied that continued inquisitions into the business arrangements of firms and the domestic arrangements of individuals, founded upon the reports of spies placed in the offices of those firms and in the households of those individuals, are subversive of all civilised society.

I do not believe that any policy which depends for success upon personal attacks on individuals can ultimately succeed. We have an illustration of that fact in the fate of the Land League paper *United Ireland*, and in the general condemnation which has now overtaken the Catholic Association and its semi-official newspapers.

Now, the Catholic Association, though it was started by a manifesto in the Dominican paper, changed its character within one month of its foundation, and became a recognised department of the Roman Catholic priests' organisation in Ireland. Its programme was submitted to the Roman Catholic bishops at Maynooth, in October, 1902, one month after the initiation of the Association in the *Rosary*. We have it from Archbishop

Walsh that the bishops there and then gave the Association "as a matter of course their cordial and unqualified approval." Did they approve of the ready determination "to get on top," not by honest labour and fair competition, but by spying and coercion and boycotting? Did the hierarchy agree with the manifesto that "if they were satisfied with anything less than that they ought hardly to call themselves men"? Did they agree with the Dominican idea that "they wanted fighting Catholics,"—not working, or industrious, or Christian Catholics—and that "they had played the game of tolerance until the game was played out"? They seem to have adopted the policy that "they must be capable of pressing their opponents from every side" implying spiritual, political, social and commercial pressure. They agreed with the Dominicans, in fine, that the Catholic religion should be made "the dividend-paying religion" of Ireland.

The bishops did not rest satisfied with a resolution of approval. The Handbook tells us they "appointed a sub-committee from the episcopal body to meet the promoters of the new Association in Dublin." And, we are told, the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin and the Bishop of Waterford met the organising committee of the Association in Dublin on October 15, 1902. And at that meeting the committee allege that after "a most fruitful conference of several hours' duration a number of useful changes were made in the proposed constitution."

From that date forward, then, the Catholic bishops of Ireland, and not the Dominicans, were the managers of the Catholic Association, the approvers of its aims, the framers of its constitu-

tion, the directors of its operations. I had a personal interest in watching the early proceedings in connection with the Catholic Association, for my book *Priests and People in Ireland* was published on August 13, 1902, one month before the foundation of the Association. I was curious to see what line the priests would take; and the starting of the Catholic Association at once enlightened me. The priests acted like that famous character, Mr. Pecksniff—a *rôle* which well becomes them. "It was a special quality, among the many admirable qualities possessed by Mr. Pecksniff," writes Charles Dickens, "that the more he was found out the more hypocrisy he practised. Let him be discomfited in one quarter, and he refreshed and recompensed himself by carrying the war into another. If his workings and windings were detected by A., so much the greater reason was there for practising without loss of time on B., if it were only to keep his hand in."

I remember asking myself what was the true object of the priests in starting that Association? And I came to the conclusion and still believe that their object was to gull the lay Catholics into the belief and hope that the priests could elevate them in the social scale, could raise them to higher positions in the public service, and could advance them, by priestly ministrations, in business and in the professions. It was a new device for herding the Catholic laity under the wing of the priest; a fresh attempt to prove that, although priests and people occupied the relative positions of master and servant, still the priests would be benevolent masters to the laity, as Pecksniff was to Tom Pinch, and

would out of their graciousness and bounty assist the deceived and mindless, but lovable, Catholic laity to make a living in Ireland. The highly equipped sacerdotal organisation would come to the assistance of the laity, and thereby show how fallacious it was to contend that the priests were the enemies of the people.

Let the Catholic laity now judge, from the collapse of the Catholic Association, of how little real value are the patronage and blessing of the bishops and priests in such matters. I doubt if the bishops and priests succeeded, during the fifteen months' career of the Association, in getting a single situation for a Roman Catholic layman which either that layman, or some other better qualified Roman Catholic, would not have obtained if the Catholic Association had never been heard of.

There was nothing new in the assumption of control over the business affairs of a subject people by the priests. There was a time in Spain when the people were reduced to such a condition of impecuniosity and mental emasculation that it was the priests who used to feed the Life Guards at their monastery doors, because the King had not enough money in his treasury to pay the army. The people were reduced to such poverty that they could not pay the taxes; they were afflicted with mental paralysis, and were paying all the money they had to support the priests in luxury and riches.

That is the condition to which the Catholic laity of Ireland have long been sinking. They cannot pay their rents. In many cases our public bodies cannot pay their taxes. But they can support a priesthood which, in proportion to the size of the

country, is as numerous and as richly endowed as the priesthood of Spain used to be in the evil days of old.

The meaning of the Catholic Association, in brief, was that the priests took up the business of providing situations for Catholics and of levying dividends on the spiritless laymen who accepted office under such terms. The priesthood of Ireland and their colleagues, the nuns, are increasing every year, while the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland are diminishing. Since 1861 the priests, monks, and nuns have increased by 137 per cent.—that is to say, have much more than doubled. During the same period the Roman Catholic laity have decreased by 27 per cent.—that is to say, we are now less than three-fourths of the number we were forty years ago. The priests, therefore, require new fields for making money and require more funds from the public treasury. The Catholic Association seems to me to have been a new line of priests' business. The demand for a Catholic University, if successful, will provide the new grant of public money.

We can all read in the files of the priestly press the history of the Catholic Association, after it became a recognised branch of the Catholic Church in Ireland on October 15, 1902, with the Bishops as its sponsors and directors. During the closing months of 1902, all through 1903, and into the year 1904, it pursued its sanctified career.

In October, 1903, it held a meeting to discuss an agenda paper, one of the items of which was "Expression of opinion as to the Catholic and non-Catholic traders, contractors, and tradesmen of Dublin—(*a*) wine merchants, (*b*) grocers and pro-

vision merchants, (*c*) drapers and outfitters, (*d*) restaurant keepers, (*e*) builders, shopfitters and plumbers." Another item on the agenda was that "a deputation do wait upon the Archbishop of Dublin and solicit the active support of the entire clergy."

Although several cipher-laymen—dummies, so to speak—were connected with it, the Catholic Association was essentially a priests' organisation. Who but a priest, for instance, could have penned the following libel on the despised Roman Catholic laity of Ireland? "Freemasons have their lodges and masonic dinners," says the priest-concocted Handbook of the Association; "why have we nothing at all of that kind?" And the priestly answer is at once forthcoming :—"The drink question might be a difficulty, but it could be got over at least to some extent. The club members could dine together at stated times. The chaplain of the branch, together with the clergy of the immediate parish, should be present, and this would prevent any excess." Such a stinging libel upon the lay Roman Catholics of Ireland could only emanate from the pen of a priest. The greatest hater of popish superstitions would not express himself in such deliberately insulting terms.

Now, although the hierarchy of Ireland, as a whole, are responsible for the Catholic Association and for all its wrongs—not only upon Protestant companies and individuals, but upon the entire lay Roman Catholic community—there is one bishop in particular whom the public will hold responsible for the Association to a degree greater than any of the other bishops. Who is that par-

ticular bishop? It is naturally the Archbishop of Dublin, in whose diocese, under whose eyes from day to day, under whose fostering tolerance, this nefarious body carried on its operations at head-quarters. It was in Dublin that its newspapers were printed, published, and sold. Every act which can be traced to the Association and which was disclosed in its newspapers, is eloquent of the special responsibility of the Archbishop of Dublin.

In October, 1902, before the meeting of the bishops, Archbishop Walsh admits that he received a formal letter from the Catholic Association in which he was informed that his own chaplain had been appointed Chaplain of the Association. But I can find no evidence that Archbishop Walsh immdiately prevented the use of his chaplain's name as the official chaplain of the Association. After the Association had been in operation for fifteen months, after its Handbook had been published, after the residuum of enlightened public opinion, which is as yet tolerated in this country, had been aroused by the disclosure of the programme of the Association—then, and not till then, did Archbishop Walsh, at the request of a Dublin newspaper, explain that he had not officially appointed the official Chaplain of the Catholic Association. And, even then at that eleventh hour, what were the main grounds on which he condemned the Catholic Association? In his own words he condemned it for trade reasons, because "it had been made known to him from many quarters that enormous injury was being done to Catholic interests." He says "he could mention case after case, many of them very painful ones, in which, as a result of

what was being done in Dublin (by the Catholic Association), Catholic traders, Catholic employees, and some even of the most worthy of the Catholic charitable and benevolent institutions in this diocese have suffered substantial loss."

What an alarming discovery it must have been to find that the despised Protestants, of whose intelligence the hierarchy must have been forming such a low estimate, had struck back by closing up their purses against the priests and nuns! I strongly advise the Protestants to be in no hurry to re-open their purses to the priests. Who can fail to have observed that the Archbishop, in his interview with the *Independent*, left the Catholic Association an ample loophole of escape? "What I have to say," he is reported to have declared, "will in no way prejudice the case of the Catholic Association, in so far as its proceedings, or alleged proceedings, may have at any time to be considered by the Irish bishops collectively." A second edition of the Catholic Association's Handbook was issued last Wednesday, four days after Archbishop Walsh's condemnation! Therefore, until the public have an official condemnation of the Association from the bishops collectively, Protestants must not believe that it is extinct, and meantime they will do well to keep their purse-strings drawn tight against the priests as a body.

Which of you can have failed to observe the behaviour of our Archbishop in his difficulty? "Discomfited in one quarter he refreshed and recompensed himself by carrying the war into another." He was found breakfasting with the Jesuits at Stephen's Green on last Sabbath morning,

while his letter, condemning the Catholic Association—and promulgating, as I think, an episcopal defeat—was being read in the Catholic churches of the diocese. Breakfasting and hinting there, as if he knew something authoritative on the subject, that the Government were on the eve of entrusting the sacerdotal monopolists of Irish education with a large donation of public money for the establishment of what I should regard as a sham University in Dublin for the perpetuation of religious bigotry.

Some days previously the Jesuits had memorialised the Lord Lieutenant, graciously offering to waive their claims to be the governing body of the expected priests' University or College. But, having done so, they seem to have invited Archbishop Walsh to breakfast, as if to give him an opportunity of announcing, in explicit terms, that the Jesuits should not be excluded from an adequate share in the new University! At that breakfast, in fact, the Archbishop and the Jesuits seemed to be already dividing the spoils of the new expected University-money between them, without any consultation with the laity!

"To prevent any possible misconception of the drift of this letter," wrote the Principal of the Jesuits to Lord Dudley, in effect, on the 11th inst., "I think it right to repeat what I have already said in my evidence before the Royal Commission, that I do not advocate the continuance of the College, as it exists at present, under the management of the Jesuit Fathers." But, on the 17th inst., Archbishop Walsh declared at a public breakfast under the presidency of the Jesuit Father, in terms which, we are told, brought tears to the eyes of his host, that

"the voice of Catholic Ireland will insist that there shall be nothing in" the new University Bill "that could stand in the way of the Jesuit Fathers continuing" in their work! I cannot imagine how the Earl of Dudley can be so wanting in political insight as not to be impressed by such proceedings.

But, on that memorable Sunday, another move was made which gave further proof that inasmuch as "the workings and windings" of the Irish bishops had been detected by Dublin Protestants, so much the greater reason was there for practising without loss of time on Dublin Catholics, if it were only to keep their hands in.

Forsaking for a moment all such divines as Peter of Alcantara and Antony of Padua, Archbishop Walsh refreshed his audience with a quotation from Christ our Saviour, of whom Irish Roman Catholics have heard so little for the past three hundred years. Scripture is a risky venture for an Irish priest. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice," said Archbishop Walsh, first in English and then, forsooth, in Latin. And he went on to say: "But those words of our Lord that I have quoted for you do not stop there; they end with a promise, *Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.*" Archbishop Walsh interpreted the words "all these things" as meaning "worldly interests" and "worldly advancement."

Now I join issue with him on that point. I say that if we accept Archbishop Walsh's construction of the text, we are irresistibly driven to the conclusion that it is not "the Kingdom of God and His justice" that the devoted Irish Roman Catholics

have been seeking under the leadership of their priests for the past three hundred years; for none of "all these things" have been added unto them. Nay, wherever white men have been following the lead of those sacrificing priests, whether in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Ireland, or Russia, none of "all these things" have been added unto them. It is only in Protestant countries, or in anti-sacerdotal Catholic countries like Belgium and France, that "all these things" have been added unto Christians.

The pages of the Handbook of the Catholic Association are eloquent of the fact that none of "all these things" have been added to the Irish Roman Catholics. The confession of Archbishop Walsh himself in his circular denouncing the Catholic Association proves that even the little which the Irish Catholics possessed of "all these things" has been further diminished by the operations of that sacerdotal clique.

Archbishop Walsh went a step further then, on that memorable Sabbath morning, and requested Mr. Harrington, the devoted Lord Mayor of Dublin, to summon a meeting of citizens for next Friday, the 29th inst., to demand in the name of Dublin the longed-for grant of public money for the proposed priests' University. If the citizens of Dublin wanted that University or College, would they not have summoned a meeting themselves without waiting for the intervention of Archbishop Walsh? Even Mr. Wyndham cannot fail to answer in the affirmative.

I shall say nothing harsh of our Lord Mayor, but we all know that Archbishops and Bishops may truly apply a well-known scriptural comparison

to the Catholic laity of Ireland collectively, including our municipal dignitaries: "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked."

The forthcoming Mansion House meeting, I hold, is discredited beforehand by the fact of its having been convened on the initiative of a Catholic Archbishop. Let us hope that the priests may whistle down the wind for a University or College, or any further priest-money from the Government for educational purposes in Ireland. Despite Lord Dunraven,[1] the answer of the Treasury to the priest must in future be "Never more." Let Archbishop Walsh hold his meeting in that Mansion House of Dublin, which has been for so many years degraded to such base uses. The decisions of the meeting are already discounted. It will not even cover the retreat of the bishops in connection with the Catholic Association, or distract public attention from the victory which sane public opinion in Ireland, Protestant as well as Catholic, has just won over the priests.

We need not ask the question, then, whether or not the Archbishop of Dublin is, in an especial degree, responsible for the Dublin branch of the Catholic Association, because he has answered the question for us himself. His special responsibility for it is as clear as the special responsibility of the Bishop of Limerick for the crusade of persecution recently preached against the Limerick Jews by a Redemp-

[1] Lord Dunraven at this time addressed a long letter to the papers advocating the partition of Dublin University and Trinity College on the lines of Sir Antony McDonnell's scheme referred to in Chapter IX.

torist priest to the Arch-Confraternity of superstitious labouring men over which he presides in Limerick. Public opinion rightly holds that Bishop O'Dwyer and Archbishop Walsh are just as much responsible for the Arch-Confraternity and the Catholic Association as a district inspector would be for the official act of any constable in his district. Nay, the authority exercised by Bishop O'Dwyer and Archbishop Walsh over the ignorant Redemptorist and Dominican priests is infinitely greater than the power of the district inspector over the constable, for it is a power asserted over body and soul.

With regard to the persecution of the Jews, let me remind Bishop O'Dwyer—whom the well-intentioned Mr. Michael Davitt describes as "a bishop of splendid intellectual power," "a great Churchman," the possessor of "a clear mind and a clear reputation"—that it was the crusade of persecution preached against the Jews in France which, happily, led to the downfall of the priesthood in that country. It was always in Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic countries, never in Protestant countries, that the Jews were persecuted; and their persecution in those countries were always instigated by the priests, who persecuted Protestants with the same vindictiveness as they persecuted Jews. Writing of the so-called persecution of Catholics in Ireland in the eighteenth century, Mr. Lecky says "it was absolutely insignificant compared with that persecution which had extirpated Protestantism and Judaism from Spain." [1]

To the priest the Protestant is even more hateful than the Jew. During the progress of the Dublin

[1] See Chapter X.

municipal elections last year the priests in the Wood Quay Ward sneered at the Jews and the Loyalists of the locality in the same breath.[1]

I dissociate myself, as every intelligent Catholic should do, in the most emphatic and public manner, from the religious virulence of our bishops and priests. I denounce those bishops and priests, as a body, as the foes of Christianity, the perpetuators of sectarian discord, and the prime cause of all the misfortunes of Ireland. I do not intend to rest satisfied with mere declarations. I hope, by the grace of my fellow-citizens, to represent a constituency in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. And, if I am elected, as I hope to be, every resident of every creed within the borders of Ireland may rely upon me to act up to the professions which I have made in my books and on public platforms in Ireland and England for the past two years.

In common with all Ireland, I owe much to the Protestants. I owe to them the priceless treasure of a free mind unclouded and unawed by priestly superstitions. And I shall always deem it my duty to repay that debt and to help in putting the relationship of the Irish Protestants to the Irish Catholics in its true light before the world.

Ireland, as I said, owes a debt of gratitude to the Irish Protestants. We must not forget the prosperity of Ireland under the Protestant Parliament of Henry Grattan. We must not forget the generosity of the dominant Protestants to the subject Catholics all through the eighteenth century, when every

[1] See Chapter VI.: "North and South: Further Contrasts."

Catholic landowner of ancient family in Ireland owed his property, directly or indirectly, to the honour and high principle of his Protestant friends. We must not forget that the only bright spot in the priest-sodden history of Ireland, since the primitive Christianity of Patrick and Columbkille, is the period of Grattan's Protestant Parliament and Lord Charlemont's Protestant Volunteers. History teaches us that when the priest was down, the prospects of the country were bright. History teaches us that, since the priest began to rise in Ireland the prospects of the country have been growing darker and more hopeless for Irishmen of all creeds, but especially for Roman Catholic Irishmen.

Let us no longer shirk the truths of history. If we are to fight, let us fight with the enemy himself and not with his shadow. If we do, we shall soon discover that the enemies of Ireland are bullies and cowards, terrifiers of weak women and undeveloped children. Let us rise up, then, in the name of freedom, of honour, of principle and of duty; let us put on the armour of righteousness without fear, and, confident in the purity of our motives and the excellence of our cause, let us go forth to battle for ourselves and our children and our common country, "led by the strength of the Almighty hand," under the banner "of Him that ever was and aye shall last."

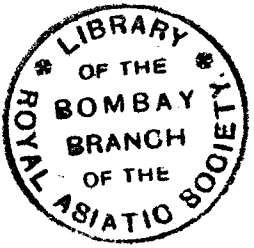
During the progress of the meeting, scenes of great enthusiasm were being enacted in the streets outside. The sympathetic crowds, who had been unable to obtain admission to the Buildings, marched up and down Lower Abbey Street singing

patriotic songs. The entire reserve force of the Dublin Metropolitan Police had been called out for the occasion; and there was a strong array of constables, not only in Lower Abbey Street, but in Sackville Street, on O'Connell Bridge, along Westmoreland Street, and in front of Trinity College, whose Provost, Dr. Salmon, had died that evening at half-past five. I was not aware of Dr. Salmon's death at the time I was delivering my address, and I heard it afterwards with great regret, as will be readily believed by all who have read my opinion concerning that eminent scholar in *Five Years in Ireland.*

When we were returning home about 11 p.m., accompanied by the Dillons, I found a cordon of police in possession of Leeson Street Bridge, the object of their presence there being apparently to cut off any attack on my house in Upper Leeson Street, in case a mob had followed me from the Christian Union Buildings to my home. It showed great strategic foresight on the part of the police to have thought of such a move; for, had any such disturbance been meditated, the mob could have been intercepted and dispersed at the bridge with the greatest ease. There was, however, no necessity for invoking the aid of the police, either in Abbey Street or Leeson Street; but, nevertheless, I cannot help feeling grateful to the Commissioner of Police for his thoughtfulness.

Everything passed off quietly, and the meeting will stand on record as the greatest demonstration, in the cause of human liberty, held in Dublin in recent years. The Catholic Association received a set-back from which it will find it difficult to

recover, and sane public opinion, Catholic as well as Protestant, found a much-needed vent in the demonstration. There were hundreds of Catholics to be seen amongst the audience, and they were as enthusiastic in their applause as their Protestant neighbours.



## CHAPTER XII

### CONCLUSION

IT will have been noticed that I referred at the end of my address in the last chapter to the persecution of Jews in Limerick. It may interest the reader to learn, from a closing illustration in reference thereto, what manner of man the Irish Regular Priest now is. The sermon, in which the crusade against the Limerick Hebrews was preached, is reported to have contained the following words: "They (the Jews) slew St. Stephen the First Martyr, and St. James the Apostle, and ever since as often as opportunity offered, they did not hesitate to shed Christian blood, and that even in the meanest and most cruel manner, as in the case of the holy martyr, St. Simeone, whom, though a mere child, they took and crucified out of hatred and derision towards Our Lord Jesus Christ. Nowadays they dare not kidnap and slay Christian children, but they will not hesitate to expose them to a longer and even more cruel martyrdom by taking the clothes off their back and bit out of their mouths. Twenty years ago, and less, Jews were known only by name and evil repute in Limerick. They were sucking the blood of other nations, but these nations rose

up and turned them out. And they came to our land to fasten themselves on us like leeches, and to draw our blood when they had been forced away from other countries." [1]

Mobbings and assaults upon Jews in the public streets of Limerick followed quick upon the delivery of this sermon; so that from more than one point of view the great Dublin demonstration was needed in defence of human freedom in Ireland. It would be difficult to over-estimate the beneficial effect produced upon public opinion in Dublin by that demonstration in the Christian Union Buildings, on the 22nd of January. Parliament was to meet on the 2nd of February, and Archbishop Walsh's meeting, to be held at the Mansion House on the 29th January, seems to have been designed as a melodramatic exhibition of the priests' strength calculated to overmaster any British Government, even though its members were the most single-eyed believers in the verities of science. But the Mansion House meeting materialised only in a gathering of priests and their subservient flatterers.

Respectable Irish Protestants, who had on former occasions honoured such gatherings with their presence, were now conspicuous by their absence. Lord Powerscourt, who attended such meetings more than once, absented himself from this meeting, and wrote to the secretaries to say that, though he was still in favour of giving higher education to Roman Catholics, he was of opinion that any educational institution now established should be "under lay control"—a statement infinitely more damaging to the priests than a declaration of un-

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, January 18, 1904.

qualified hostility. Even Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory, who was publicly advertised as one of the speakers, failed to attend.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., leader of the Irish Party, had been also advertised to speak, but he sent an apology. Once more let me say that I express no admiration for Mr. Redmond for having declined to attend that meeting. I have received more than one letter from Nationalist Catholics assuring me that Mr. Redmond is as much opposed to the pretensions of the priests as I am myself. If that statement be true, then he is, politically speaking, endeavouring to hunt with the priests and run with the laity. It may be a fact that he does not approve of the supremacy which the Irish priests claim over the education of the Roman Catholic youth ; but it is equally a fact that he has never had the courage to say so, and he is, at best, only willing to wound, but afraid to strike. As long as Irish Nationalists are content to follow such dubious guidance, they need not hope to be respected as a body politic.

It is well known that the political funds upon which the Irish Nationalist Party support themselves in force at Westminster are now collected for them by the bishops and priests. A few days after this Mansion House meeting an official letter, begging for funds for the maintenance of the Irish Party in Parliament, appeared in the Irish Nationalist newspapers, the first signature to which was the Maltese cross and name of Bishop O'Donnell of Letterkenny.[1] And the first speech which Mr. Redmond delivered in the House of Commons, on February 3rd, was almost entirely devoted to exploiting the priests'

[1] See *Priests and People in Ireland.*

cause in the domain of education. His Party had not the straightforwardness to move an amendment to the Address demanding the establishment of a Catholic University, though the Party proposed amendments on other questions. But his speech was so full of soft words for the priests that it might have been sufficient to induce an unsuspecting Government to bring in a University Bill. The Government, however, had no longer any confidence in the professions of Mr. Redmond, who now seems able to over-awe only Mr. John Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by his vauntings.

Furthermore, although Mr. MacVeagh, one of the Irish members, was so fortunate as to obtain an early date, March 4th, in the ballot for precedence amongst private bills, the Irish Party did not seize the opportunity to put down a University Bill for that date, but gave the preference to a Bill for the improvement of town tenants. The Irish party, in fact, while leaning upon the priests, is endeavouring to pose before English Nonconformists as anti-sacerdotal. But even their posturing can only proceed to a certain well-defined length;[1] for, whenever the priests crack the whip of authority, the Irish Party are compelled to throw over their Liberal friends and vote in the interests of sacerdotalism. Overwhelming proof of the truth of this statement was afforded by the action of the Irish Party on the English Education Bill, as narrated in

[1] See quotation from Archbishop Healy in Chapter II. "Mr. Balfour has already proved that as an administrator he is not afraid of Mr. Healy or Mr. Davitt, and he need not fear them in this matter either. *There is a limit beyond which even they dare not go!*"

my lecture on "North and South in Ireland" in Chapter IV., and in my lecture on "Superstition and Education," in Chapter VIII. Night and day during the debates in committee on the English Education Bill, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who represents the Irish "congested district" of Liverpool, played the part of priests' advocate and the bitter enemy of English Free Churchmen. I regard Mr. T. P. O'Connor as even more culpable than Mr. Redmond; but I need dwell no longer on him, for his political career in England is an open book which those who run may read. My position is that I object to having my young Roman Catholic kinsmen doomed to a career of ignorance and superstition, even with the connivance of such men as Mr. T. P. O'Connor acting in conjunction with the priests.

The meeting at the Mansion House was mainly productive of a barren, mediæval speech from The O'Conor Don, which I hope to deal with at another time. Of all the meetings which I remember to have been convened by the priests to strengthen their case for a Roman Catholic University, the meeting on the 29th of January, which I discredited in my speech of the 22nd, was the weakest and the poorest.

In his speech at that meeting Archbishop Walsh recited a dolorous litany of what he called the pledges made to himself and his colleagues by successive British Governments in Ireland. "My seventh and last reference, then," he said, "must be to the memorable and emphatic declaration of Ministerial policy made three years ago by the Lord Lieutenant of the day, Earl Cadogan, when

receiving a deputation from the Senate of the Royal University that waited upon his Excellency to ask for the issuing of a Royal Commission to investigate the whole question, and to suggest a scheme of reform. Lord Cadogan, in replying to that deputation, emphatically declared that in issuing the Commission, as the Government had decided upon doing, they wished to have it understood that they did not take that important step from any such motive as is not unfrequently supposed to be the motive inspiring the issuing of such Commissions. They did not mean," he said, "to shelve the question. They did not mean to hang it up. They meant to deal with it, and to do so without any unnecessary delay. Now, all this was said close upon three years ago, and here, nevertheless, we still stand as we then stood, and as we have stood since the no less encouraging statements made, as I have told you, in 1896, in 1889, in 1885, and even long before." [1]

The reader will see that these words of Archbishop Walsh corroborate in every particular the statement, as to the then existing condition of affairs, made by me in the opening chapter of this book. Archbishop Walsh appears not to know why the Government's sentiments towards him and his colleagues have so changed. His inspired newspapers attribute it to "Orange bigotry." But Orange "bigotry," as it is called, is not a novelty in Ireland. It was always there. What can have been the new power, hostile to the supremacy of the priest in education, which has arisen within the last three years, and as to the identity of which Archbishop

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, January 30, 1904.

Walsh appears to be so perplexed? Some of his friends may be able to enlighten him on the subject by a prolonged process of elimination, if his professed ignorance be genuine. It cannot have been the Boer war, or the new Fiscal campaign, or the wane of public interest in bi-metallism, or the excessive wetness of the year 1903, or any of a hundred other extraneous causes. It must have been, rather, some force within the shores of Ireland which has at length touched the spot and disclosed the cause of all Irish trouble, and changed, not alone the opinions of the Government, but also the opinions of truth-loving and liberal-minded Protestants, towards Archbishop Walsh and his colleagues. My opinion on the subject has been already expressed in my Newtown Butler speech: "If nothing else had occurred but the publication of my two books,[1] they alone were sufficient to change the aspect of the religious situation in Ireland for British Statesmen. Their immense sale at a comparatively high price proves the truth which is in them, and no sane minister of any British political party can proceed to pass religious legislation for Ireland now without taking into account the vast body of fact contained within the covers of those two books. If they do so they will be struggling against the tide of thought which is rising fast in Great Britain."

Archbishop Walsh and his friends are flogging a dead horse in attacking Orangeism as the first cause of their recent and final defeat. I am eager to proclaim that Orangeism is, in my opinion, a powerful force for good in our national resistance to the

[1] See Note at end of Chapter.

domination of the priests in Ireland; but I doubt if it would have been sufficient to stem the tide of priest-craft which had been rising in Ireland for many years and had reached its high-water mark in March, 1901.

To quote again from my Newtown Butler speech: "Prior to that date all the facts as well as all the fiction prepared for the Statesman's eye, were edited by the priests and their lay dependents, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic. No voice was to be heard in opposition to the priests' pretensions from within the Catholic ranks."

The King's Speech appeared in the evening papers of February 2nd, and the cause of truth in Ireland was found to have been victorious, for no reference was made to the establishment of a Catholic University or College, or section of a University or College, or to Irish education of any description. The defeat seems to have been a stunning one; for the priests and their friends really appear to have been deceived by dishonest intriguers professing to act on behalf of the Government. It was proved that I was right in discrediting the sanguine expectations of Archbishop Walsh expressed at the Jesuit breakfast in Stephen's Green.

A week before the meeting at the Christian Union Buildings, I had sent to Lord Londonderry a duplicate of the summary which constitutes the third chapter of this book, for his information as Minister of Education. And it so happened that, on the same evening as I was speaking in Dublin, Lord Londonderry was declaring in Belfast that it had never been contemplated, to his knowledge, by any Cabinet Minister of standing to establish a Catholic University in Ireland. He went on to

say further that local contributions had been forthcoming in all cases of new educational foundations in England, and the same rule would have to be applied in any case that might arise in Ireland in connection with University education.

The *Times*, at the critical moment, had also found it necessary to administer a rebuke to the intriguers who were raising the sinister hopes of the Irish priests. "Nothing, as Mr. Wyndham must perceive, but at least such a degree of agreement in Ireland as served for the basis of the last Land Act," wrote the *Times*, "could justify the Prime Minister in giving his consent to the adoption by the Government of an Irish University Bill. It is perfectly notorious that no approach to such an agreement exists or can be brought about in Ireland. To allow the statement to circulate without contradiction that the Government intends to raise the question can but lead to a disappointment which may bring bitter fruits to those responsible for it."[1] Unfortunately the "bitter fruits" which are sure to constitute the crop resultant from the seeds of dishonest expectations sown so plentifully by members of the Irish Government during the period covered by this book will not be eaten by the political intriguers, but by the lay Roman Catholic body-politic in Ireland. When Mr. Wyndham, Sir Antony M'Donnell, and Sir Horace Plunkett are disporting themselves in fresh fields and pastures new, the poor Irish will be chewing the bitter cud of perplexity and discontent.

So keenly did the priests feel their defeat on the publication of the terms of the King's Speech, that they were afraid to give vent to their chagrin lest

[1] *Times*, January 20, 1904.

they should fall in the estimation of their flocks, as the consequence of having been spurned by the British Government and the Irish Protestants. The thousands who had listened to my speech in the Christian Union Buildings must have been reminded of my reference to France by the opening words of the Speech from the Throne :—"My Government has concluded with that of the French Republic an agreement which will, I trust, do much to promote the recourse to arbitration in cases of international dispute. Apart from its intrinsic value, the agreement affords a happy illustration of the friendly feelings prevailing between the two countries, of which striking proofs were given during my visit to France, and that of the President of the French Republic to Great Britain, and of which further evidence has been furnished by a recent exchange of international courtesies."

That passage, in the same King's Speech which omitted all reference to the Irish Catholic University, must have been bitter reading indeed for the priests all over the United Kingdom. It proved to my hearers that I had accurately gauged the relationship between this country and the French Republic.

Fearing to confess their defeat, the priests and their newspapers, for a day or two after the King's Speech, carried on a campaign of concealment so as to prevent the laity from discovering the facts. They actually alleged that the Government meant to practise the gross deception of introducing a University Bill *sub rosa*, although it had not been referred to in the King's Speech! Nothing could better illustrate the low degree of political intelligence which exists amongst the Catholic Irish than

this assumption by the priests and their daily newspapers that the people would believe such a canard. But even this prop was forcibly knocked away from them by the speech of Mr. Wyndham in reply to Mr. Redmond in the House on the 3rd of February.

It will be remembered that in my Newtown Butler address, reported in Chapter IX., I had said that "No sane minister of any British political party can proceed to pass *religious legislation* for Ireland now"; and I went on to say of Mr. Balfour that, "however predisposed he may have been towards a priest-governed Roman Catholic University in 1898, he may not be so eager to-day to attempt new *legislation of a quasi-religious character* in the priests' interest in Ireland." Mr. Wyndham, in his speech in the House on February 3rd, almost reiterated these words. He said,[1] "I may say that the Government do not mean to bring in any measure dealing with the University Question, and I think that, in my opinion, the Goverment are doing right. It is not *upon a religious question* that it could put upon the party who support the Government the duty of voting for such a measure. I have not heard that any supporter of the Government is wounded in his conscience by our not bringing in a Higher Education Bill. I hold most strongly, and the Government hold, that we have no right to put a pressure on party discipline or party comradeship in respect of a question of this character."

After that declaration the priests seem to have decided to lie down under their defeat for the present and retire within their altar rails for the

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 4, 1904.

performance of their mysteries and sacrifices until another favourable opportunity may arise for extracting money from the Government.

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NOTE REFERRED TO ON PAGE 333.—Under the heading of "The Moral of Gateshead" the *Daily News* of January 30, 1904, published the following remarkable letter :—

"SIR,—Many of us who supported Home Rule have read Mr. Michael McCarthy's remarkable books, *Five Years in Ireland* and *Priests and People in Ireland*, and are compelled by the facts set forth in these volumes to admit that Home Rule now means Rome Rule. It is clear now that in Ireland, wherever Romanism predominates, the priests have, for their own purposes, captured the schools, the infirmaries, orphanages, reformatories, and Boards of Guardians. And it is now, I think, made distinctly evident by Mr. McCarthy's books that they have captured the Home Rule Movement.

"If the Irish Nationalists have any answer to offer to Mr. McCarthy, it is long overdue. And I fear that, so far as Nonconformists are concerned, they have let judgment go by default, so that, on what appears to be abundant and competent testimony, we must reckon that Home Rule now means Rome Rule, and vote accordingly.

"Yours, &c.,

"D. K. AUCHTERLONIE.

"Craigdam Manse, Aberdeenshire."

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